

INDEX

	A	PAGE
ADAMS, JACK. "Can a Criminal Make Good?"		409
"A GOOD TIME." By Grace Mary Golden		267
AINSWORTH, EUSTACE. "The Lady on the Roof"		1075
ALL ABOUT ICES. By M. Stuart Macrae		849
ALMOND BLOSSOM (Poem). By Grace Mary Golden		502
AMERICA, A HOLIDAY IN. By Agnes M. Miall		833
AMERICAN WOMEN SPOILT? ARE. By Agnes M. Miall		1083
AMY ROBSART, THE TRAGEDY OF. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.		455
ANDREWS, JAMES C. : "The Whitewashing of Copper Nob" "That Ruffian Bolter"		746 882
ANIMALS OF BRITAIN, WILD. By C. S. Bayne		791
ARE AMERICAN WOMEN SPOILT? By Agnes M. Miall		1083
ARMY OF HELPERS, THE NEW. By Mrs. George Sturgeon 84, 107, 204, 371, 469, 553, 670, 763, 861, 955, 1053, 1140		
"AXE" IN THE HOME, THE. By the Editor		56

13

BAREHAM-HILL, H.	"The Story of Life Assurance"	667
BARTERING OF BOYS AND GIRLS,	THE. By Our Special Commissioner ...	67
BATTEN, H. MORTIMER :		
	"The Long Valley Stag"	53
	"Mother Snow and Her Children" ...	106
	"The Vagabonds"	326
	"The Sorties of Suisse"	544
	"Brac of the Blue Underworld" ...	703
BAYNE, CHARLES S. :		
	"Marriage Customs Among Plants" ...	684
	"Wild Animals of Britain"	791
BAYNES, ERNEST HAROLD. "The	Truth About Vivisection"	1003
BECAUSE IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE.		
By J. J. Bell		159
BEDOVIN, IN THE HANDS OF THE.		
By the Rev. H. S. McClelland ...		904
BELL, J. J. "Because it was Christ-	mas Eve"	159
BESIDE THE STILL WATERS. By	the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D. :	
	"Bravado or Fear"	77

		PAGE
BEHIDE THE STILL WATERS (<i>continued</i>):		
"A Christmas Message"	165	
"The Pathos of the Passing Year"	256	
"Is Goodness Hereditary?"	351	
"The Meaning of the Cross"	459	
"Proverbs and a Proverb"	557	
"Meeting Life with no Reserves"	633	
"Experience Worketh Hope"	758	
"Singing and Serving"	855	
"The Need for a Foundation"	952	
"The Good Samaritan"	1031	
BEHIND OURSELVES. <i>By the</i>		
<i>Editor</i> 71, 261, 354, 550, 646, 743,	839, 1028,	1122
BOYS AND GIRLS, THE BARTERING		
OF. <i>By Our Special Commissioner</i>		67
BRAC OF THE BLUE UNDERWORLD.		
<i>By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.</i>		703
BRADLEY, ALICE. " <i>Running a Tea</i>		
<i>Room</i> "		766
BRENDON, J. A., B.A., F.R.Hist.S.		
" <i>Historical Mysteries</i> " 73, 151, 223,	333, 455,	629
BRIGHTENING THE VILLAGES. <i>By</i>		
<i>Enid A. Guest</i>		852
BROOKE, ARTHUR. " <i>The Whole Art</i>		
<i>of Saving</i> "		36

C

CAINE, WILLIAM. "A Presentation Portrait"	655
CAN A CRIMINAL MAKE GOOD? By Jack Adams	409
CAREER OF THE WHITE BUTTER- FLY, THE. By Mrs. M. H. Craw- ford	597
CASTLE, CHRISTINE. "The Studio Baby"	813
CAUSETTE'S CAPTIVE. By D. H. Parry	1114
CHANGE IN PETS, A. By Ignatius Phayre	809
CHAUNDLER, CHRISTINE. "Moving House"	541
CHILD'S FROCK IN SHETLAND FLOSS. By Ellen T. Masters ...	1033
CHILD'S SUIT FOR SEASIDE WEAR. By Ellen T. Masters	845
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS. By G. Clarke Nuttall	155
"CLAIMS." By Anne Weaver ...	427
COLEMAN, FREDERIC, F.R.G.S. "The Problem of the Pacific" ...	3
COMING OF THE SKYSCRAPER, THE. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald ...	1111

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
COOKERY PAGES. By M. Stuart Macrae:		DYKE, WATSON. "The Joy of the Faithful"	413
"Dinner—and No Fuss"	652		
"Tea in the Garden"	755	E	
"All About Ices"	849	EFFICIENCY AND HUSTLE. By Agnes M. Miall	1019
"The Impromptu Picnic"	949	ELECTIONS IN LITERATURE, PARLIAMENTARY. By A. B. Cooper ...	625
"Jams Not Seen in Shop Windows" ...	1035	ELIAS, FRANK. "Rails and Romance" ...	357
"When We Make Pastry"	1125	EMOTION MERCHANT, THE. By Michael Kent	401
COOPER, A. B.:		ENTENTE CORDIALE, A NEW. By E. Stewart Smith	421
"Sixty Years Back"	59	EUROPE, THE HAPPY HEART OF. By Marie Harrison	1069
"The Rose of Friendship" (Poem) ...	393		
"Parliamentary Elections in Literature"	625	F	
COUNTRY LIFE, THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE IN. By Guenn F. Newnham	434	FITZ-GERALD, W. G. "The Coming of the Skyscraper"	1119
CRAWFORD, MARION H.:		FLAT OPPOSITE, THE. By Anne Weaver	299
"Preparing for Winter"	48	FOREST, THE (Poem). By Grace Mary Golden	112
"The Career of the White Butterfly"	597	FOUNDLING, THE. By Austin Philips ...	99
"Insect Workers and Fighter:" ...	697	FRAGRANCE AT EVENING TIME. By H. H. Thomas	959
"Twilight, Toads and Other Things"	891	FURNITURE, PAINTED. By W. Palmer Jones	526
CRIMINAL MAKE GOOD? CAN A. By Jack Adams	409	FUTURE OF GERMANY, THE. By a Diplomat	296
CROCHET HANDBAGS. By Ellen T. Masters	943		
CUTTING DOWN OF EDUCATION, THE. By a "Quiver" Reader ...	370	G	
		GARDEN BEAUTIFUL, THE. By H. H. Thomas 467, 566, 664, 761, 858, 959, 1038	
D		GERMANY, THE FUTURE OF. By a Diplomat	296
DARK HOUSE, THE. By I. A. R. Wylie 11, 173, 269, 337, 437, 559, 636		GIRL IN THE HOP GARDEN, THE. By Austin Philips	963
DAUGHTER OF THE LEGION, A. By Violet M. Methley 87, 121, 227, 377, 473, 533		GODWIN, GEORGE:	
DAUGHTER, THE HOME. By Grace Mary Golden	530	"A Nation in Bankruptcy"	607
DECAY OF HOME LIFE, THE. By W. Kingscote Greenland	235	"The Riddle of Russia"	721
DECORATIONS, CHRISTMAS. By G. Clarke Nuttall	155	GOLD BROOCH, THE. By George Manning-Sanders	600
DE GERON, AIDAN. "In an Office" ...	518	GOLDEN, GRACE MARY:	
DENNING, VEN. "More Secret Diplomacy"	249	"The Forest"	112
DINNER—AND NO FUSS. By M. Stuart Macrae	652	"A Good Time"	267
DINNER OF HERBS, A. By Anne Merwin	771	"Almond Blossom" (Poem)	502
DISDAINFUL SHE, THE (Poem). By P. I. C.	58	"The Home Daughter"	530
DOMESTICITY BY ELECTRICITY. By Alan Sullivan	574	"Yesterday's Rain" (Poem) ...	696
DO WE REALLY READ? By W. Scott King	79	GOODENOUGH, F. W. "Hot Water—Ever Ready"	374
DREAM AND THE BUSINESS, THE. By Edward Skillito, M.A.	930	GRAND DOLL-DRESSING COMPETITION	362
DREAM HOUSE, MY. By E. Guy Dawber, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and the late Ernest Newton, C.B.E., R.A.	503	GREENLAND, W. KINGSCOTE:	
DUNCAN, F. MARTIN, F.Z.S. "Insect Camouflage"	1111	"The Decay of Home Life"	235
		"Mind Healing"	817
		GUEST, ENID A. "Brightening the Villages"	852

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
H		INSECT CAMOUFLAGE. By F. Martin Duncan, F.Z.S. ...	1111
HALL, THORNTON:		INSECT WORKERS AND FIGHTERS. By Marion H. Crawford ...	697
"Wives Who 'Make' Their Husbands" ...	936	INTERVENER, THE. By Ellen Ada Smith ...	239
"Will the Modern Girl Make as Good a Wife as Her Mother?" ...	1099	IN THE HANDS OF THE BEDOUIN. By the Rev. H. S. McClelland ...	904
HAPPY HEART OF EUROPE, THE. By Marie Harrison ...	1069		
HARDER WAY, THE. By Austin Philips ...	896	J	
HARRISON, MARIE:		JEW OR ARAB—WHO SHOULD HOLD THE HOLY LAND? By Harold J. Shepstone ...	395
"The Revival of Home Life" ...	515	JONES, W. PALMER. "Painted Furniture" ...	526
"Why do Women Fail in Business?" ...	781	JOY OF MEREDITH'S COUNTRY, THE. By C. R. Stiles, F.R.G.S. ...	737
"What Makes a Happy Marriage?" ...	985	JOY OF THE FAITHFUL, THE. By Watson Dyke ...	413
"The Happy Heart of Europe" ...	1069		
HISTORICAL MYSTERIES. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S. ...	73	K	
151, 223, 333, 455, 629		KENT, MICHAEL:	
HOLIDAY IN AMERICA, A. By Agnes M. Miall ...	833	"The Seven Joys" ...	137
HOLIDAYS APART. Readers' Opinions	1051	"The Ninth Wave" ...	216
HOLY LAND? JEW OR ARAB—WHO SHOULD HOLD THE. By Harold J. Shepstone ...	395	"Peter's Progress" ...	306
HOME DAUGHTER, THE. By Grace Mary Golden ...	530	"The Emotion Merchant" ...	401
HOME LIFE, THE DECAY OF. By W. Kingscote Greenland ...	235	"Love Among the Lions" ...	976
HOME LIFE, THE REVIVAL OF. By Marie Harrison ...	515	KERNAHAN, COULSON. "Why the Nightingale Sang in the Morning" ...	716
HOME-MADE VIOLIN, THE. By "Quarmby" ...	363	KING, W. SCOTT. "Do We Really Read?" ...	79
HOME SIDE OF PROHIBITION, THE. By a Special Investigator ...	585		
HONOURABLE "MRS. SMITH," THE. By Anne Weaver ...	990	L	
HOT WATER—EVER READY. By F. W. Goodenough ...	374	LADY ON THE ROOF, THE. By Eustace Ainsworth ...	1075
HOW TO KEEP THE HOUSE WARM IN WINTER. By Mrs. Robert E. Noble ...	1128	LISTENER'S CHRISTMAS, THE. By D. H. Parry ...	145
HUMOURS OF A PETS' HOSPITAL. By a Lady Vet. ...	973	"LISTENING-IN." By A. C. Marshall	1135
HUSBANDS, WIVES WHO "MAKE" THEIR. By Thornton Hall ...	936	LONG VALLEY STAG, THE. By H. Mortimer Batten ...	53
HUSTLE, EFFICIENCY AND. By Agnes M. Miall ...	1019	LOVE AMONG THE LIONS. By Michael Kent ...	976
HUTTON, JOHN A., D.D. "Beside the Still Waters" 77, 165, 256, 351, 459, 557, 633, 758, 855, 952,	1031		
I		M	
ICES. ALL ABOUT. By M. Stuart Macrae ...	849	MCCLELLAND, THE REV. H. S. "In the Hands of the Bedouin" ...	904
IMPROMPTU PICNIC, THE. By M. Stuart Macrae ...	949	MACRAE, M. STUART:	
IN AN OFFICE. By Aidan de Gernon	518	"Dinner—and No Fuss" ...	652
INDIAN CARPET, THE. By F. E. Penny ...	509	"Tea in the Garden" ...	755
INGE, CHARLES:		"All About Ices" ...	849
"A Winner by Instinct" ...	660	"The Impromptu Picnic" ...	949
"Whispers in Ink" ...	325, 702, 1074	"Jams Not Seen in Shop Windows" ...	1035
		"When We Make Pastry" ...	1125
		MAN IN THE BROWN CLOAK, THE. By Anne Weaver ...	797
		MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S. ...	333
		MAN WHO COULD SHOVEL, THE. By Reuben Maury ...	1131
		MAN WHO FAILED, THE. By May Wynne ...	841

INDEX

MANNING - SANDERS, GEORGE.	PAGE
"The Gold Brooch"	600
MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.	151
MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG PLANTS. By Charles S. Bayne ...	684
MARRIAGE? WHAT MAKES A HAPPY. By Marie Harrison ...	985
MARSHALL, A. C.:	
"On the Roof of the World" ...	129
"Nurses of Our Ocean Highways" ...	923
"Listening-In"	1135
MARY STUART AND THE CASKET LETTERS. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.	73
MASTERS, ELLEN T. Needlecraft Pages:	
"Quick and Easy Crochet Jumper" ...	753
"Child's Suit for Seaside Wear" ...	845
"Crochet Handbags"	943
"Child's Frock in Shetland Floss" ...	1033
MAURY, REUBEN. "The Man Who Could Shovel"	1131
MAUVE MICRASTER, THE. By G. Appleby Terrill	195
MEAGHER, MAUDE. "Where Thrift Does Not Pay"	877
MEREDITH'S COUNTRY, THE JOY OF. By C. R. Stiles, F.R.G.S. ...	737
METHLEY, VIOLET M. "A Daughter of the Legion" 87, 121, 227, 377,	473, 533
MERWIN, ANNE. "A Dinner of Herbs"	771
MIALL, AGNES M.:	
"Pantomime Days"	244
"A Holiday in America"	833
"Efficiency and Hustle"	1019
"Are American Women Spoilt?" ...	1083
MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE, A. By Dora J. Owen	1023
MIND HEALING. By W. Kingscote Greenland	817
MODERN GIRL MAKE AS GOOD A WIFE AS HER MOTHER? WILL THE. By Thornton Hall	1099
MORE SECRET DIPLOMACY. By Ven Denning	249
MOTHER-SICK. By Brenda Elizabeth Spender	113
MOTHER SNOW AND HER CHIL- DREN. By H. Mortimer Batten ...	106
MOVING HOUSE. By Christine Chaundler	541
MUSK AND CLOVE CARNATIONS. By H. H. Thomas	858
N	
NATION IN BANKRUPTCY, A. By George Godwin	607

NEEDLECRAFT PAGES. By Ellen T.	PAGE
Masters:	
"Quick and Easy Crochet Jumper" ...	753
"Child's Suit for Seaside Wear" ...	845
"Crochet Handbags"	943
"Child's Frock in Shetland Floss" ...	1033
NEW ARMY OF HELPERS, THE. By Mrs. George Sturgeon 84, 167, 264, 371, 469, 553, 670, 763, 861, 955, 1053,	1140
NEW ENTENTE CORDIALE, A. By E. Stewart Smith	421
NEWNHAM, GUENN F. "The Women's Institute in Country Life" ...	434
NINON. By Margaret Peterson 483, 611, 725, 821, 915, 1003,	1087
NINTH WAVE, THE. By Michael Kent	216
NOBLE, MRS. ROBERT E. "How to Keep the House Warm in Winter" ...	1128
NURSES OF OUR OCEAN HIGH- WAYS. By A. C. Marshall	923
NUTTALL, G. CLARKE. "Christmas Decorations"	155

O

OCEAN HIGHWAYS, NURSES OF OUR. By A. C. Marshall	923
ON A FAR AND WILD FRONTIER. By Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, F.R.G.S.	204
ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD. By A. C. Marshall	129
ORDER OF THE BATH, THE. By Herbert D. Williams	571
OWEN, DORA J. "A Midnight Adven- ture"	1023

P

PACIFIC, THE PROBLEM OF. By Frederic Coleman, F.R.G.S.	3
PAINTED FURNITURE. By W. Palmer Jones	526
PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, THE. By F. Primrose Stevenson	315
PANTOMIME DAYS. By Agnes M. Miall	244
PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS IN LITERATURE. By A. B. Cooper	625
PARRY, D. H.:	
"The Listener's Christmas"	145
"Causette's Captive"	1114
PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE, THE. By Dorothy Rose	675
PENNY, F. E. "The Indian Carpet" ...	509
PETERSON, MARGARET. "Ninon" ... 483, 611, 725, 821, 915, 1003,	1087
PETER'S PROGRESS. By Michael Kent	306
PETS, A CHANGE IN. By Ignatius Phayre	809
PETS' HOSPITAL, HUMOURS OF A. By a Lady Vet.	973

INDEX

	PAGE		PAGE
PHAYRE, IGNATIUS. "A Change in Pets"	809	S	
PHILIPS, AUSTIN:		SAVING, THE WHOLE ART OF. By Arthur Brooke	367
"The Foundling"	99	SEVEN JOYS, THE. By Michael Kent	137
"The Young Man Who Talked to Tramps"	709	SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS? WHO WROTE. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.	223
"A Storm in a Soul"	785	SHAH, SIRDAR IKBAL ALI, F.R.G.S. "On a Far and Wild Frontier" ...	204
"The Harder Way"	896	SHEEP'S CLOTHING. By Alice Garland Steele	387
"The Girl in the Hop Garden" ...	963	SHEPSTONE, HAROLD J. "Jew or Arab—Who Should Hold the Holy Land?"	395
"The Return"	1059	SHILLITO, EDWARD, M.A. "The Dream and the Business"	939
PICNIC, THE IMPROMPTU. By M. Stuart Macrae	949	SHOLL, ANNA MCCLURE. "The Wedding Dress"	927
PLANTS, MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG. By Charles S. Bayne ...	684	SIMON. By Joan Sutherland	579
POLES ASUNDER. By W. Pett Ridge	63	SIXTY YEARS BACK. By A. B. Cooper	59
PREPARING FOR WINTER. By Marion H. Crawford	48	SKYSCRAPER, THE COMING OF THE. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald ...	1119
PRESENTATION PORTRAIT, A. By William Caine	655	SMITH, ELLEN ADA:	
PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC, THE. By Frederic Coleman, F.R.G.S. ...	3	"The Intervener"	239
PROHIBITION, THE HOME SIDE OF. By a Special Investigator ...	585	"Reckoning Without the Host" ...	461
PROUD MISS HARTINGTON. By Brenda Elizabeth Spender	291	"The Way It Happened"	589
Q		SMITH, E. STEWART:	
"QUARMBY." "The Home-made Violin"	363	"The Y.M.C.A.: A Straight Talk" ...	321
QUICK AND EASY CROCHET JUMPER. By Ellen T. Masters ...	753	"A New Entente Cordiale"	421
R		SORTIES OF SUISSE, THE. By H. Mortimer Batten	544
RAILS AND ROMANCE. By Frank Elias	357	SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, OUR. "The Bartering of Boys and Girls" ...	67
RECKONING WITHOUT THE HOST. By Ellen Ada Smith	461	SPENDER, BRENDA ELIZABETH:	
RETURN, THE. By Austin Philips ...	1059	"Mother-Sick"	113
REVIVAL OF HOME LIFE, THE. By Marie Harrison	515	"Proud Miss Hartington"	291
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILLIE. "Robin Hood"	867, 1041, 1143	STEELE, ALICE GARLAND. "Sheep's Clothing"	387
RIDDLE OF RUSSIA, THE. By George Godwin	721	STEVENSON, F. PRIMROSE. "The Palace of Westminster"	315
RIDGE, W. PETT. "Poles Asunder" ...	63	STILES, C. R., F.R.G.S. "The Joy of Meredith's Country"	737
RIGG, K. F. "Rosaline"	209	STORM IN A SOUL, A. By Austin Philips	785
ROBIN HOOD. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds	807, 1041, 1143	STORY OF LIFE ASSURANCE, THE. By H. Bareham-Hill	667
ROSALINE. By K. F. Rigg	209	STUDIO BABY, THE. By Christine Castle	813
ROSE, DOROTHY. "The Path of Least Resistance"	675	STRANGE CASE OF JESSAMINE LYND, THE. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson	37
ROSE OF FRIENDSHIP, THE (Poem). By A. B. Cooper	393	STRANGE STORY OF HANNAH LIGHTFOOT, THE. By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.	629
ROSES, PINKS AND FLEUR-DE-LIS. By H. H. Thomas	761	STURGEON, MRS. GEORGE. "The New Army of Helpers"	84, 167, 264, 371, 469, 553, 670, 763, 861, 955, 1053, 1140
RUNNING A TEA ROOM. By Alice Bradley	766	SULLIVAN, ALAN. "Domesticity by Electricity"	574
		SUTHERLAND, JOAN. "Simon"	579

INDEX

T	PAGE	WHEN WE MAKE PASTRY. <i>By M. Stuart Macrae</i>	PAGE
TALBOT, ETHEL. " <i>The Voice of Heaven</i> "	945	WHERE THRIFT DOES NOT PAY. <i>By Maude Meagher</i>	877
TEA IN THE GARDEN. <i>By M. Stuart Macrae</i>	755	WHISPERS IN INK. <i>By Charles Inge</i>	1074
TEA ROOM, RUNNING A. <i>By Alice Bradley</i>	766	WHITE BUTTERFLY, THE CAREER OF THE. <i>By Mrs. M. H. Crawford</i>	597
TERRILL, G. APPLEBY. " <i>The Mauve Micraster</i> "	195	WHITEWASHING OF COPPER NOB. THE. <i>By James C. Andrews</i>	74
"THAT RUFFIAN BOLTER." <i>By James A. Andrews</i>	882	WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS? <i>By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.</i>	223
"THE QUIVER" PARLIAMENT. " <i>The Cutting Down of Education</i> "	259	WHOLE ART OF SAVING, THE. <i>By Arthur Brooke</i>	367
THING WE PLAN, THE. <i>By Anne Weaver</i>	1102	WHY DO WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS? <i>By Marie Harrison</i>	781
THINGS VICTORIAN. " <i>The Quiver's</i> " <i>Diamond Jubilee Symposium</i>	27	WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SANG IN THE MORNING. <i>By Coulson Kernahan</i>	716
THOMAS, H. H. " <i>The Garden Beautiful</i> " 467, 566, 664, 761, 858, 950,	1038	WILD ANIMALS OF BRITAIN. <i>By C. S. Bayne</i>	791
THRIFT DOES NOT PAY, WHERE. <i>By Maude Meagher</i>	877	WILLIAMS, HERBERT D. " <i>The Order of the Bath</i> "	571
TRAGEDY OF AMY ROBSART, THE. <i>By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.</i>	455	WILLIAMSON, MRS. C. N. " <i>The Strange Case of Jessamine Lynd</i> "	37
TRUTH ABOUT VIVISECTION, THE. <i>By Ernest Harold Baynes</i>	1003	WILL THE MODERN GIRL MAKE AS GOOD A WIFE AS HER MOTHER? <i>By Thornton Hall</i>	1099
TWILIGHT, TOADS AND OTHER THINGS. <i>By M. H. Crawford</i>	891	WINNER BY INSTINCT, A. <i>By Charles Inge</i>	690
V		WINTER, PREPARING FOR. <i>By Marion H. Crawford</i>	48
VAGABONDS, THE. <i>By H. Mortimer Batten</i>	326	WIVES WHO "MAKE" THEIR HUSBANDS. <i>By Thornton Hall</i>	936
VILLAGES, BRIGHTENING THE. <i>By Enid A. Guest</i>	852	WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS? WHY DO. <i>By Marie Harrison</i>	781
VIVISECTION, THE TRUTH ABOUT. <i>By Ernest Harold Baynes</i>	1003	WOMEN OUGHT TO KNOW, WHAT ALL. <i>By a Barrister</i>	213
VOICE OF HEAVEN, THE. <i>By Ethel Talbot</i>	945	WOMEN SPOILT? ARE AMERICAN. <i>By Agnes M. Miall</i>	1083
W		WOMEN'S INSTITUTE IN COUNTRY LIFE, THE. <i>By Guenn F. Newenham</i>	434
WAY IT HAPPENED, THE. <i>By Ellen Ada Smith</i>	589	WYLIE, I. A. R. " <i>The Dark House</i> "	636
WEAVER, ANNE: " <i>The Flat Opposite</i> "	299	WYNNE, MAY. " <i>The Man Who Failed</i> "	841
"Claims"	427		
" <i>The Man in the Brown Cloak</i> "	797		
" <i>The Honourable Mrs. Smith</i> "	990		
" <i>The Thing We Plan</i> "	1102		
WEDDING DRESS, THE. <i>By Anna McClure Sholl</i>	927	Y	
WESTMINSTER, THE PALACE OF. <i>By F. Primrose Stevenson</i>	315	YESTERDAY'S RAIN (<i>Poem</i>). <i>By Grace Mary Golden</i>	696
WHAT ALL WOMEN OUGHT TO KNOW. <i>By a Barrister</i>	213	Y.M.C.A.: A STRAIGHT TALK, THE. <i>By E. Stewart Smith</i>	321
WHAT MAKES A HAPPY MARRIAGE? <i>By Marie Harrison</i>	985	YOUNG MAN WHO TALKED TO TRAMPS, THE. <i>By Austin Phillips</i>	700

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The reputation of THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., and their goods is world-wide, and has been founded on VALUE, QUALITY, and FAIR DEALING. For upwards of half a century The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., have been sending their blankets to all parts of the world on the System of "Perfect Satisfaction or money back in full." Sensational bargains are being offered by the Company. Anticipate your requirements for the future. It will save you money and time. The great convenience of buying in your home will be appreciated. All goods are sent carriage paid and can be delivered at once.

THIS IS "EVERYBODY'S BEST WAY" TO BUY BLANKETS

DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY



BLANKETS
DIRECT FROM
WITNEY

Wherever the English language is spoken, there you will find THE WITNEY BLANKET COMPANY'S satisfied customers.

You can get the genuine article direct from the looms, and you may have first a dainty set of samples, which may be viewed at home in leisure.

Take the opportunity now of the offers made and fill in the coupon and be one of the fortunate people to obtain Genuine Witney Blankets at DIRECT FROM FACTORY PRICES. Every Blanket a mass of comforting warmth. A Witney Blanket spells—COMFORT.

FACTS TO REMEMBER

1. When you deal with us you deal direct with the Factory.
2. Some Thousands of Coloured Blankets and Scarlet Blankets cannot be manufactured to-day for the price we are offering them at.
3. Satisfaction given or money returned in full.
4. Patterns free, if you will fill in coupon.
5. This is Everybody's Best Way to Buy Blankets, so why go elsewhere, when you can ensure obtaining the genuine article from the WORLD-FAMOUS FIRM?
6. Our Blankets are fresh and fleecy from the Factory. They are the FINEST BLANKET VALUE IN THE WORLD.

Many tens of thousands of customers throughout the world have been satisfied with our goods, and we receive letters by the hundred testifying to the remarkable value and quality.

WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW

No Blankets made elsewhere can be called WITNEY BLANKETS. THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., deal only direct with the Public. Therefore, your orders should be sent to THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., direct

THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., Witney, Oxfordshire, allow you to view, free of all cost or obligation, samples (Dainty Miniature Blankets) of the actual articles.

Fill in the COUPON below. Direct from Witney will come a parcel of Dainty Miniature Blankets as samples of the actual articles, revealing to you in your own home the quality, variety, and value of the Witney goods.

SPECIAL COUPON

FOR FREE PATTERNS AND PARTICULARS OF WITNEY BLANKETS DIRECT FROM WITNEY.

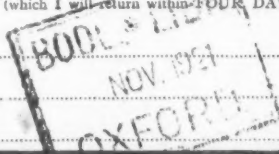
To THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., Manufacturers, WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

Please send me, post free, Miniature Blankets as patterns of Blankets direct from Factory (which I will return within FOUR DAYS).

NAME

ADDRESS

The Quiver.



THE WITNEY BLANKET CO. LIMITED WITNEY.



THE QUIVER

Prevents Indigestion

Never confuse pure, light, digestible Hovis Bread with ordinary wholemeal bread, made coarse and clammy with bran and husks.

HōVIS

(TRADE MARK)

is made of the purest, cleanest white flour with the golden germ of the wheat added to it. That is why Hovis Bread is so digestible. That addition of the natural nitrogen and organic phosphates of wheat makes

**Hovis a nourishing
and valuable food**

**YOUR BAKER
BAKES IT**



DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

Hinde's **HAIR
TINT**

For Grey or Faded Hair.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, **2/6 the Flask**. To test the superlative merits of Hinde's Hair Tint a trial bottle will be mailed for 10d. post free on application to



**TRIAL
BOTTLE 10d.**

HINDES, Ltd., 1 Tabernacle Street, City, London.

HIMROD'S

ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Sorest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthma: Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 3d. a tin.

**Delightfully
Soothing to
Sensitive Skins**
Ideal after Shaving or
for Ladies' Complexions

SorboSponge

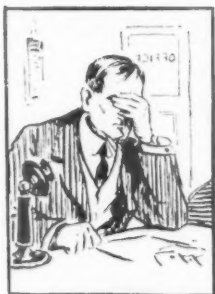
THE MOST ABSORBENT RUBBER SPONGE

**Of all Chemists &
Stores—Ask to see
them to-day.**

Prices:

Size No. 1. 1/3; No. 2. 2/-; No. 3.
3/-; No. 4. 5/-; Bath Sizes, No. 4K
7/6; No. 5. 10/6.

A MAN'S HEADACHE *Stops Business*



A Business Man's headache doesn't stop with the pain he endures. It means that the Office becomes disorganised and men are standing idle. No business man can afford to let Headache, Neuralgia or Nerve Pains interfere with his business, nor is this necessary when

Cephos^{REGD}



the Physician's Remedy, vanishes the worst headache in a few minutes. Thousands of sufferers have been cured in the most wonderful way. Unlike many ordinary headache powders, "CEPHOS" does not contain any poison, and cannot therefore affect the heart.



To be obtained of Messrs. Boots Cash Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and of all chemists, 1/3 and 3/- per Box.

If your chemist does not happen to have it in stock, send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps or P.O. addressed—

**CEPHOS, LIMITED
BLACKBURN,**

and they will send it to you post free.

Write to-day for free sample, mentioning "The Quiver."

THE QUIVER

TRY MY
Cake Royal
MAKES PERFECT CAKES

Easily! Quickly! Cheaply!



Contains all
the necessary
sweetening,
flavouring
and raising
properties.

Ask your grocer
for
CAKE ROYAL



J. & J BEAULAH LTD., BOSTON, ENGLAND.

Is Baby Satisfied?

When milk alone does not appear to satisfy Baby, add a little Ridge's Food and you will soon notice a wonderful improvement both in health and appearance. Baby will sleep well, will put on firm flesh, be happy, healthy and strong, if given the right food. When a baby has reached the age of six months, or perhaps earlier,

**Milk Alone is
Insufficient Nourishment**

Ridge's makes milk more digestible and nourishing, and is one of the oldest, best and most reliable foods for Infants and Growing Children. It is recommended by doctors and nurses everywhere and praised by thousands of grateful mothers who have proved its value. Some of the greatest men in the world were fed on Ridge's during infancy. Give Dr. Ridge's Food a fair trial and you will be satisfied with the result.

You will also save money, as Ridge's is the most economical food in the world, because it costs less and goes farthest.

Ridge's has a reputation of over 50 years, and is obtainable at all branches of Boots, Parke's, Lewis and Burrows, Timothy White, Taylors' and at over 15,000 other chemists and grocers. Insist on having Dr. Ridge's Food and accept no other.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Tins 9d., 1/6, 3/- and 6/-

Send post card for Free Book to Dept. Q.,

ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.16.

Save
time and
money
by
learning
**DUTTON'S 24 HOUR
SHORTHAND**

Only 6 Rules and 20 Characters.—A Knowledge of Dutton's Shorthand will enable you to **EARN MORE MONEY.** Complete Theory Learned in 24 Hours. Send stamp for 20-page Illustrated Booklet and Specimen Lesson to
DUTTON'S COLLEGE (Desk 42), SKEGNESS.
Lond. 41, St. Russell St. W.C.1. Manchester 5, Pic. Adg. St. Mary Gate.

PEACH'S CURTAINS

LATEST REDUCED PRICES. Direct from the Looms.
Send Post Card for Free Catalogue of Autumn Furnishings.
Lace Curtains, Patent Hem Curtains, Muslins, New Colours for Casements (Patterns Free), Cretonnes, Linens, Hosiery, Underwear.

Estimates for Casement Curtains and Blinds.

S. PEACH & SONS, 120 The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

All the Kiddies enjoy reading

Little Folks

it's so full of jolly clean yarns and bright articles—you can get it for 1/- monthly, where they sell "The Quiver."

☐ ☐ **The House of Cassell** ☐ ☐



**ENGLISH HAND MADE LACE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

Collars, Handkerchiefs, Tea Cloths, Edgings, Motifs, D'oyles, Yard Laces and Insertions, etc. Hand-sewn Linen and Ribbons of beautiful design and workmanship. Illustrations free.

MRS. ARMSTRONG, Lace Maker, Olney, Bucks.



MOST BRILLIANT LIGHT IN THE WORLD.

COSTS HALFPENNY PER HOUR
BURNS ORDINARY PETROL
LIGHTS WITH MATCHES
NO TORCH REQUIRED

(POST FREE COMPLETE)

CQ 307 Ribbed Shade 79/6
CQ 329 As illustrated 82/6
CQ 318 } Decorated
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300 CANDLE
POWER
A
WONDERFUL
LAMP

Coleman Quick-Lite

GENERATES ITS OWN GAS FROM ORDINARY PETROL,
AND LIGHTS WITH COMMON MATCHES—NO SMOKE OR
ODOUR—ABSOLUTELY SAFE—CONVENIENT—CLEAN—AND
ECONOMICAL.

HURRICANE LANTERN—Wind and Storm Proof.

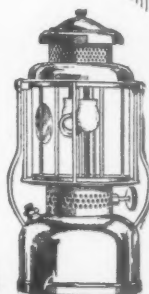
LQ 327 70/-

BRACKET LAMPS CHANDELIERS

THE COLEMAN QUICK-LITE CO., LTD.,

1 ELECTRIC PARADE, WEST NORWOOD, LONDON, S.E.27.

SCOTLAND: 110 Buchanan Street, GLASGOW. IRELAND: 6 Lower Ormond Quay, DUBLIN



The New Patent SOUND DISCS

completely overcome DEAFNESS and
HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long
standing. Are the same to the ears as
glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, com-
fortable. Worn months without removal.
Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE R. A. WALES CO., 171 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED
Thousands of pounds worth of household and wearing
linen through not being marked with the reliable

**JOHN BOND'S
"CRYSTAL PALACE"
MARKING INK.**

IT NEVER FADES.
And can be had for use with or without heating
(whichever kind is preferred).

Sold by all Stationers, Chemists & Stores. 6d. & 1s.
Used in the Royal Households.



"Kleenoff" COOKER CLEANING JELLY For Removing Grease from Gas Ovens, etc.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock, send 2/- for 2 tins, post free, to—

THE MANAGER, THE KLEENOFF CO., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill
London, E.C.3.

1/-
per tin

OLD HATS MADE NEW AND REMODELLED TO PRESENT FASHION

The Cost is Trifling, so Don't Throw Away Your Old Hat!

VELOUR, FELT and BEAVER



SEND
YOUR
HAT
NOW

HATS REMODELLED. Your old hat can be made new,
any design you like. Incredible results have been accomplished at
A. Wright's Hat Renovating Factory (Dept. 83), Albert Road, LUTON.
The success of A. Wright's is a credit to the clever Luton hat worker.
Ladies should first send for Free Catalogue by 80 styles of latest fashionable
shapes from which they can choose the design to which they wish their old
hat remodelled and made fashionable. The cost is only 3/- to 4/6 (if
required, Hats can be dyed Black at an extra cost of 1/6 each.) Gent's Hats
also renovated—4/9 to 6/6 (except Bowler or Silk Hats). We guarantee
satisfaction in every case or refund money in full.

A. WRIGHT (Dept. 83), Albert Rd., LUTON.

THE QUIVER

STANWORTH'S
"Defiance"
 REGD
UMBRELLAS.

Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA
 in paper, tie to a board or stick, and post to us to-day with P.O. for 10/-. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our "Defiance" Union and securely packed.

Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra. A post card will bring you our illustrated Catalogue of "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 6/- upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,
 Northern Umbrella Works,
BLACKBURN.



Just pause for a moment—
 and picture your little baby when he is a few years old. Will he be big, strong and robust, or . . . ?

It all depends on the food
 you put in his bottle to-day.

A CANADIAN MOTHER:

Mrs. J.W. Pateman, 34 Harriet St., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food says, "When I first knew one of my friends her baby Jack was eight months old and dying by inches. She had tried three Foods because her Jack could not digest milk. At last I fetched her a tin of Neave's Food. At the end of a month, Jack was rapidly gaining flesh and was bright and happy. He is a lovely boy now and she declares Neave's Food saved his life." **And it did!**

EVERY MOTHER should send for **Free Sample Tin**, which will be forwarded on receipt of 3d. for postage. Booklet, "Hints About Baby," sent on receipt of post card.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & Co. (Dept. A) FORDINGBRIDGE.

Babies thrive on

Neave's Food

The Safe Food

Sold everywhere in 2/8 & 4/6 Tins; also 6d. Packets.

It is the
Jason Finish
 that makes Jason Underwear specially desirable

In the quality and protectiveness of its pure wool texture, in fit and finish, Jason ranks with the best of all-wool underwear . . . and it is made distinctive by the exquisite softness resulting from the exclusive Jason Finishing process.

Leading Drapers and Outfitters everywhere can show you Winter weights for ladies, children and men: the beautiful silky smoothness of Jason lasts throughout wear.

For those who desire the best underwear they can afford, yet cannot reach to the all-wool cost, the "Olympic" Brand has been introduced, containing a percentage of cotton, but bearing otherwise the same guarantee of quality as the regular lines.



Jason Underwear Co., Leicester.

HEALTHY WOMEN

should wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

THE CORSET OF HEALTH



The Natural Ease Corset Style 2.

9/11 pair

Postage abroad extra.

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

- No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break. No lacing at the back.
- Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with corded supports and special suspenders, detachable for washing.
- It is laced at the sides with elastic lacing to expand freely when breathing.
- It is fitted with adjustable shoulder straps.
- It has a short (9 inch) busk in front which ensures a perfect shape, and is fastened at the top and bottom with non-rusting Hooks and Eyes.
- It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

The History of the Health Corset may be set out in a few lines—it is founded on Science, improved by Experience, and beautified by Art; its perfection is the result of the co-operation of the Artist and the Expert.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, etc., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers, Actresses, and Invalids will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

"EVERY STITCH BRITISH." Support British women workers and reduce unemployment.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

No goods sent without cash, but money willingly returned if dissatisfied.

Catalogue sent with Corsets. Cross your Postal Order thus [] and make payable to the

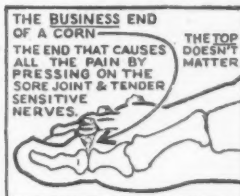
HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Room 99, Morley House, 26-28 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Take Corns off?
That's easy.
But to take 'em out??
Oh! That's different.

"Unless you use saltrated water, which does the trick every time, and also cures bunions, aching, tenderness, chilblains, or even rheumatic and gouty pains"—says

C. S. TURNER, formerly of the R.A.M.C.

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. The root just sprouts right up again, and soon your corn has a brand-new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin, anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into



tends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't

worry about the top. Get the root out permanently by using a good big handful of the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates (you can get a half-pound or so at slight cost from any chemist) dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. Just soak your feet in this for fifteen or twenty minutes, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out she'll come, root and all, like the hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression is left in the toe, and that soon closes, so there is nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again. It doesn't affect the surrounding flesh at all, but soon softens the whole of the corn. No burning or soreness, no pain, no danger, no trouble, and no days of waiting to see whether that old corn is going to leave for good or come back to stay with you a while longer. Soften callouses the same way, then scrape off, and I don't dare tell you how quick this medicated water will always drive aches, chafes, blisters, etc., away, and even cure rheumatic or gouty pains. It would sound too good to be true, but thousands of former soldiers can tell what wonderful stuff saltrated water is.

C. S. T.

President: **H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK**

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN
HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2,

which deals with larger numbers of children than any other Hospital of its kind, is almost overwhelmed with applications for admission and

URGENTLY NEEDS HELP AT ONCE

Chairman: **COL. LORD WM. CREIL, C.V.O.** T. GLENTON-KERR, Sec.

THE QUIVER

Drink Delicious
MAZAWATTEE
TEA

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

INVALID FURNITURE
 for SALE
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Write for
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE & TERMS
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40 Years' Highest Reputation.

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NORWEGIAN
COD LIVER OIL
 AT PRE-WAR PRICES
 1/-, 2/-, 3/6 per bottle.

SWEET AS CREAM. CHILDREN LIKE IT.
 of all Chemists and Stores throughout the World.
 London Depot: 9 Mincing Lane, E.C.

MASCOT
SHOES for LADIES

NOW that Autumn is here it is necessary to see that your shoes afford proper protection, keeping your feet always warm and dry. Only shoes of reliable material and good workmanship will do this, and that is why MASCOT are specially recommended. MASCOT Shoes are an insurance against the vagaries of our English climate, and yet their dainty charm of style is not affected adversely by their reliability. There is an agent near who will be pleased to show you a variety of styles.

Write for Illustrated
 Leaflet of Styles and names
 of Nearest MASCOT Agent.



TRADE MARK



M69-Glace
 Kid, 22/6.

Also in
 Oxford
 Shape, 22/6.

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.



THE GREATEST BARCAIN IN THE WORLD

HARRILL'S STORES—The Great Lancashire Bedding Firm—are again to the front with an astounding bargain in

Warm Winter Bedding

During the recent slump in cotton and woollen goods HARRILL'S were busy taking full advantage of the sacrifices which had to be made in order to realise ready money. As a result of this enterprise they are now able to offer this

Complete Bedroom Outfit for

50/-

This wonderful Bedroom Outfit contains all the following articles:—

Carr. Paid

ONE PAIR FINE TREBLE WOVEN LANCASHIRE-MADE TWILL SHEETS.

ONE PURE WHITE IRWELL VALE FLEECY BLANKET WHIPPED AND BORDERED.

ONE HEAVY SILVER GREY HEATHER COLOURED BLANKET

ONE LARGE WELL-MADE STRIPED BED TICK.

ONE MAGNIFICENT ART BEDSPREAD IN FLORAL PATTERN

TWO LOVELY FRILLED BLEACHED PILLOW SLIPS.

ONE BLEACHED LONGCLOTH BOLSTER SLIP.

ONE PAIR OF NOTTINGHAM BEDROOM LONG LACE CURTAINS IN FLORAL PATTERN.

PAIR OF MASSIVE BEDROOM CURTAIN LOOPS.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED

All Bedding for full-size double beds and all fine quality. The outfit is packed free and carriage paid, and delivered direct to your door immediately on receipt of order. The above goods would cost you £5 to buy at your local store, but HARRILL'S huge turnover and enterprise enable them to offer it to you at the amazingly low figure of 50/-.

FROM A REAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GOODS



FREE RUG

A British-made Bedroom Hearth-rug in art colours, Blue, Green and Crimson, with coloured fringe, will be enclosed with each outfit.

Every reader enclosing this advertisement with order will be presented with a really good hard-wearing Turkish Bedroom Towel as discount.

Take advantage of this Huge Bargain to-day by sending your order with remittance now to

HARRILL'S STORES,

Stretford Road :: Manchester

Warehouses: York Street, Riland Street, and Drake Street, HULME, MANCHESTER



Early Housekeeping Days

There is time just to pause to take a piece of Mackintosh's, and as she enjoys it, continuing her duties, she determines that Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe must feature in the weekly budget.

In 4-lb. Family Tins, Small Tins, and loose by weight, Confectioners everywhere are selling the original pre-war quality of Toffee de Luxe, the delicious quality that made Toffee de Luxe famous and which is unrivalled in sweetmeats.

Every bit as good as the plain Toffee de Luxe are Egg and Cream Toffee de Luxe and Chocolate Toffee de Luxe.

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe has the largest sale in the world.



MACKINTOSH'S
Toffee - de - Luxe

"The Quality Toffee"



They Have Found A better way to clean teeth

Dental science has found a better way to clean teeth. Modern authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Millions of people now already employ it.

A ten-day test is offered to anyone who asks. Get it and see the delightful effects. Learn what this new way means.

Combats the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains. The tooth brush,

used in the old ways, does not end it. So nearly everyone has it more or less.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

New-day methods

After diligent research, methods have been found to fight film. Careful tests have amply proved them. Now

they are being very widely adopted, largely by dental advice.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. They can thus be twice daily applied. And to millions they are bringing a new dental era.

Important effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It also aids Nature in three ways which faulty diet makes essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids as they form.

These things should be daily done for better tooth protection.

See the benefits

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Judge then by what you see and feel and know. Decide if the people in your home should brush teeth in this way. Cut out coupon now.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by the highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

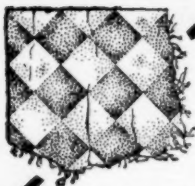
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 163 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—
Name.....

Address.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Quiver,
November,

THE QUIVER



Prevent your
LINO from
wearing out!

Before it goes too far, protect the surface by polishing it with **RONUK**. Above all, stop scrubbing, which rots the material.

RONUK

Sanitary
FLOOR POLISH

LENGTHENS THE LIFE OF LINO

Has a very pleasant smell, is an effective safeguard against disease germs and keeps the floor perfectly clean and healthy.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

When buying **RONUK**, ask to see that wonderful labour-saving device, the **RONUK HOME POLISHER**, or send for fully descriptive leaflets, to

RONUK Ltd., Portlaine, Sussex.



The Danger of Ignorance

THE great conspiracy of silence on sex matters has been tolerated too long. The result of false knowledge gathered from undesirable sources is apparent everywhere. YOU must realise the necessity of understanding, for your own guidance and happiness, and for the sake of those who look to you for help on the complex problems of sex and Nature. These books are pure, clean, and wholesome, yet they remove the veil from Nature and lay bare the wonderful secrets of life and sex.

The prices include postage and a copy of the improved "Health and Efficiency Magazine."

MATRIMONY: Its Obligations and Privileges.

By MONA BAIRD. A remarkable exposition of the truth concerning marriage. **3/-**

MANHOOD: The Facts of Life presented to Men. **3/-**

By CHARLES THOMPSON

WOMANHOOD. By MONA BAIRD. Preface by Dr. Mary Scharlieb. The true, beautiful meaning of Womanhood explained. **3/-**

BOYHOOD: The Facts of Life and Sex for Boys. By CHARLES THOMPSON, with a Preface by the Bishop of Birmingham. Teaches them cleanly and keeps them straight. **3/-**

YOUTH AND MAIDENHOOD; or Sex Knowledge for Young People. A new book by WALTER M. GALLICHAH dealing sympathetically with the difficulties of young men and women. **3/-**

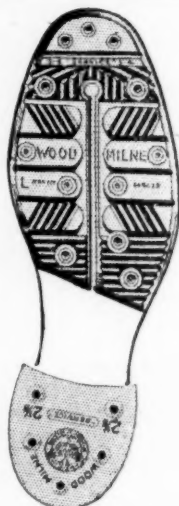
ORIGIN AND NATURE OF SEX. By LADY BLOUNT. Prefaced by Dr. C. de Lacé, Evans and many others. **3/-**

HOW TO LOVE: The Art of Courtship and Marriage. By WALTER M. GALLICHAH. The way to true happiness is by understanding. This book gives that understanding. **3/-**

SPECIAL OFFER.—The complete set of above books **18/6**, post free, including a copy of "Health and Efficiency."

Send for these important books to-day to

HEALTH PROMOTION Ltd., Dept. 45, 19-21 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



Imitated, but
never equalled

Light on your pocket and Light on your feet

They give a light and noiseless tread and keep out all damp; long walks on rough roads are pleasant instead of fatiguing. Get Wood-Milnes fitted without delay; they save leather and prolong the life of footwear. Ideal for golf and all forms of outdoor sports.

WOOD-MILNE

"SERVICE"
RUBBER SOLES & HEELS

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THE QUIVER

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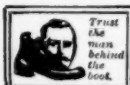
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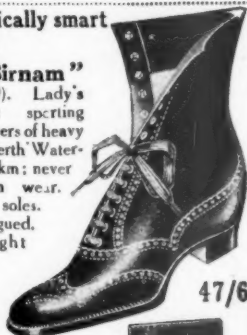


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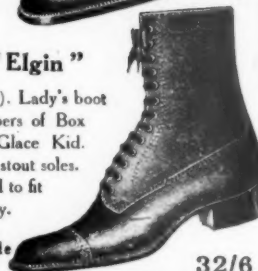
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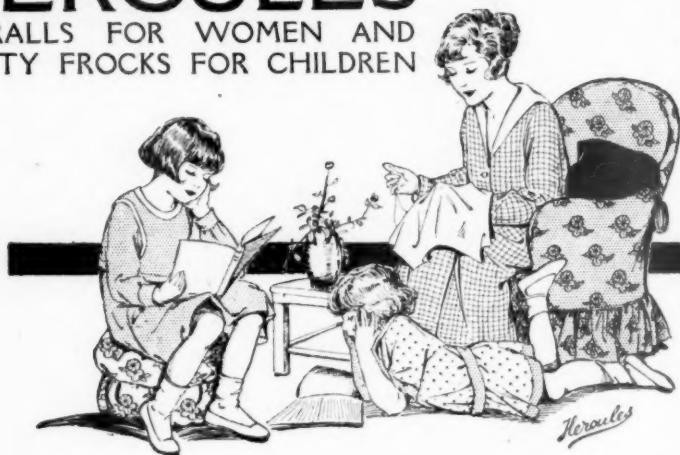
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The Quiver, November, 1921.

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THE QUIVER

IF RHEUMATIC DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA

Then watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness, and other misery disappear.

They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLESS, certified nurse.

Rheumatism can be caused in but one way. That is, by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity, is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that it must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid. Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply get a small supply of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water, or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour, or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of Alkia Saltrates the refiners enclose an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

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I SELL NICE LEATHER
in all colours at 1/3 sq. ft. Send 2d
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Nº1632

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THE QUIVER

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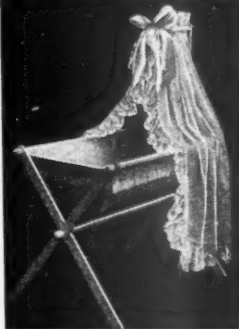
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The Editor's Announcement Page

GRAND CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Next month we shall present our Grand Christmas Number—a Christmas Number not merely in name, but in reality; full of the spirit of Christmastide.

There will be Christmas stories by such well-known writers as J. J. Bell, Austin Philips, Brenda Elizabeth Spender, Michael Kent, &c. The articles will be Christmassy, too, and the illustrations will be by the finest artists of the day.

If you like this Diamond Jubilee issue you will like the Christmas Number. Order in advance to make sure of delivery. *The Editor*
Published on November 26.

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All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Address, "The Editor, THE QUIVER,
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24 for 1/5;	12 for 8½d.	20 for 11½d.;	10 for 6d.

In Packets and Tins from all Tobacconists and Stores.

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Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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"THE QUIVER" CONTENTS, Nov., 1921

	PAGE		PAGE
The Problem of the Pacific. By FREDERIC COLEMAN, F.R.G.S. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	3	Poles Asunder. Story by W. PETT RIDGE <i>Illustrated by H. M. Brock</i>	63
THE DARK HOUSE. Serial Story. By I. A. R. WYLIE. <i>Illustrated by W. S. Bagdatopulos</i>	11	The Bartering of Boys and Girls. A Plea for Reform in our Laws of Adoption. By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.	67
Things Victorian. THE QUIVER'S Diamond Jubilee Symposium. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	27	Between Ourselves. By The EDITOR	71
The Strange Case of Jessamine Lynd. Story by MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON. <i>Illustrated by J. Dewar Mills</i>	37	Historical Mysteries. No. 1.—Mary Stuart and the Casket Letters. By J. A. BRENDON, B.A., F.R.Hist S	73
Preparing for Winter. Animals who Sleep through the Bad Times. By MARIAN H. CRAWFORD. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	43	Beside the Still Waters: "Bravado or Fear?" By the Rev. JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D.	77
The Long Valley Stag. Story by H. MORTIMER BATTEN, F.Z.S. <i>Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds</i>	53	Do We Really Read? The Problem of the Winter Evenings. By W. SCOTT KING	79
The Disdainful She. Poem by P. I. C.	55	The New Army of Helpers. Conducted by MRS. GEORGE STURGEON	84
Sixty Years Back. 1861 versus 1921. By A. B. COOPER	59	A DAUGHTER OF THE LEGION. Serial Story. Chapters I to III. By VIOLET M. METHLEY. <i>Illustrated by C. E. Brock</i>	87

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

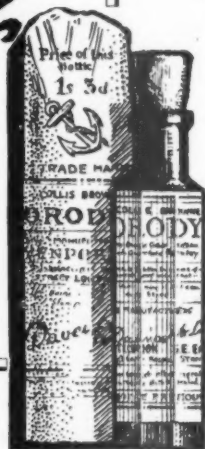
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Ninon de l'Enclos

was one of the loveliest women of her day, and one who retained her charms to an age when most of us have settled down to a resigned ugliness. Of the many passions she inspired, one of the most ardent was lit in the breast of a young nobleman when Ninon was

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Strange stories were told of the methods by which she preserved her beauty. It was generally admitted that she had a

Magic Potion

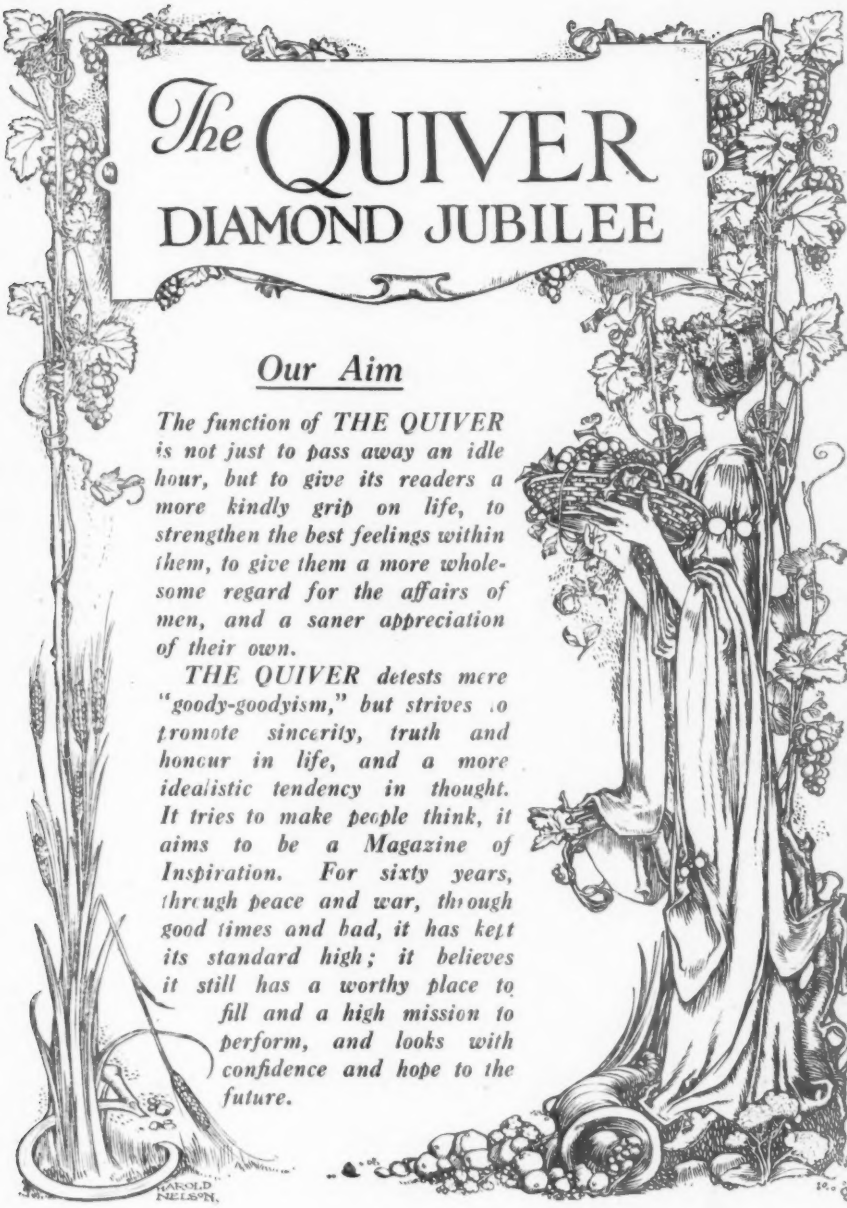
with which she daily bathed her face, and thus perpetually renewed the roses and milk of her complexion. One is tempted to wonder whether it was not a specially prepared

Wax

such as mercolized wax of our own day, which kept the glamour of youth on Ninon's cheek. There is, for any woman who will take the trouble to flake off the soiled outer cuticle invisibly and painlessly with mercolized wax, the comforting prospect of

Forty More Years of Beauty.

*Don't simply ask for complexion wax; it must be **MERCOLIZED**.
All chemists stock it.*



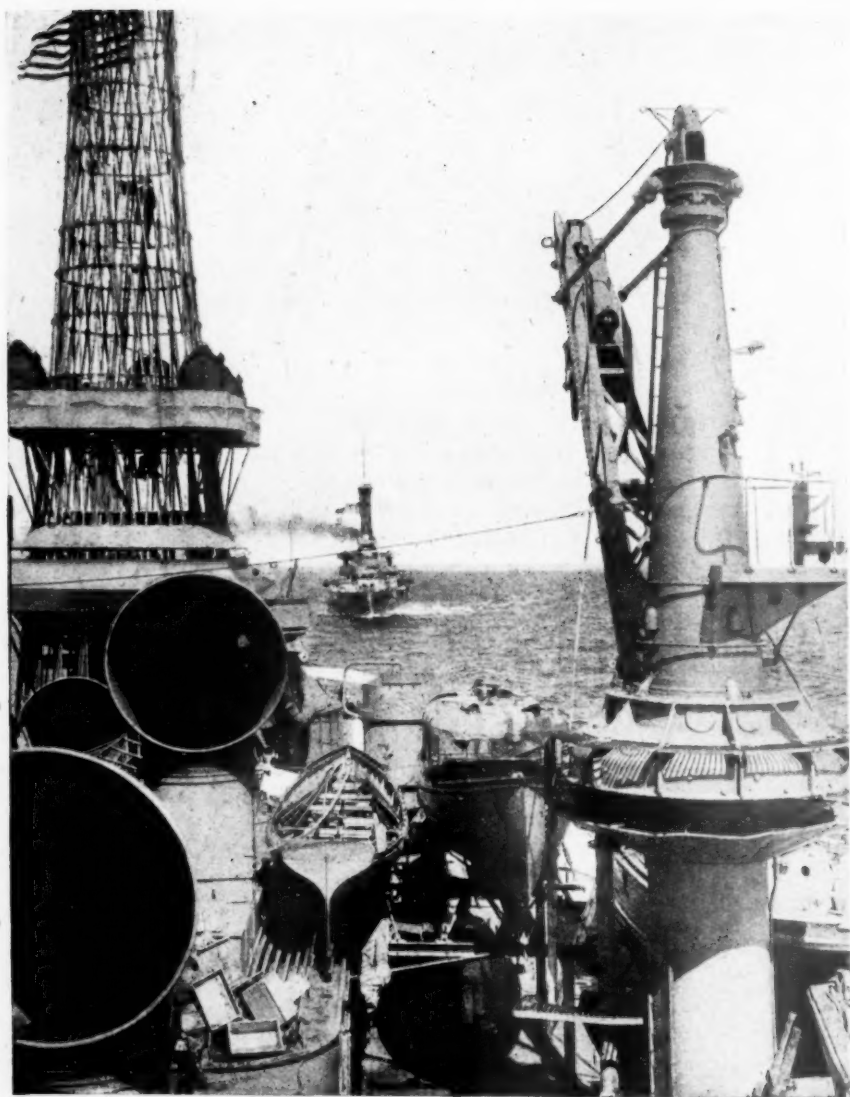
The QUIVER

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Our Aim

The function of THE QUIVER is not just to pass away an idle hour, but to give its readers a more kindly grip on life, to strengthen the best feelings within them, to give them a more wholesome regard for the affairs of men, and a saner appreciation of their own.

THE QUIVER detests mere "goody-goodyism," but strives to promote sincerity, truth and honour in life, and a more idealistic tendency in thought. It tries to make people think, it aims to be a Magazine of Inspiration. For sixty years, through peace and war, through good times and bad, it has kept its standard high; it believes it still has a worthy place to fill and a high mission to perform, and looks with confidence and hope to the future.



**Peace or
War?**

Photo:
James' Press Agency

One of the disturbing features of the times is the race in naval armaments between America and Japan. Is this mere self-protection, or is it intelligent anticipation of the time when the mastery of the Pacific will be fought for and won? Here is a characteristic view of American warships—showing the “waste-paper-basket” masts which distinguish them from other navies.

The Problem of the PACIFIC

by

Frederic Coleman, F.R.G.S.

This article aims at giving a straightforward statement of facts concerning "The Problem of the Pacific." The solution of this problem would make disarmament possible

THIS year has seen a great step forward towards the solution of the problem of the Pacific.

Twenty years ago Archibald Colquhoun declared that the mastery of the Pacific would be decided by naval supremacy, and the United States would be the dominant factor in the decision. His belief was shared by most students of Far Eastern affairs.

The Conference on Disarmament

To-day we are on the threshold of a conference, to be convened on the initiative and at the invitation of the President of the United States, which may result in the abolition of senseless international competition in naval armaments. If such a result is achieved by the statesmanship of the men who will meet around the council table at Washington the problem of the Pacific will assume far different characteristics. The cause of Democracy will have been advanced. The trend of events will have moved far towards a permanent peace in a part of the world that has for decades been looked upon as the theatre of a vast potential struggle which

might develop into warfare between East and West.

In May, 1898, I stood beside a well-known American writer on the deck of a troopship that was one of a squadron bearing the first American soldiers to sail for the Philippines in the Spanish-American War. As we left behind us the Golden Gate at San Francisco my friend said: "As we cross the three-mile limit of American shore waters we become an expedition of historical importance. For the first time in her history the United States sends soldiers abroad on a war mission.

This event has far greater significance than lies on the surface. It means a departure from precedent on the part of America, the end of which no man can foretell. It is the first step in an interest in the Pacific which the United States must take in increasing degree, whether she will or no."

He was right. The course taken by America in the Philippines, which resulted in fixing the American flag so far from home, was the only one really open to a proud and civilized nation.

Of Far-reaching Import

The advent of the United States in the Philippines was far the most important



Mr. Frederic
Coleman, F.R.G.S.

Photo:
Histed

THE QUIVER

event that had ever taken place in the Pacific. The conference called by President Harding now comes to exceed it in importance.

We can look forward to that conference and the result of its labours with all the more hope when we consider that the people of the four countries most affected by the problem of the Pacific not only desire a permanent peace, but each have far more to gain by it than they could gain by conflict.

The United States is a peaceful nation. The Chinese are lovers of peace. Australia wants peace. Japan has no desire for war, and without exception the statesmen in whose hands lie the guidance of her policies know how necessary to her progress is avoidance of war.

The two points which offer any ground for controversy are, first, the consideration of a struggle of races in which the people of the Far East might set themselves against the English-speaking world, and second, the aspirations and national ambitions and motives of the Island Empire of Japan.

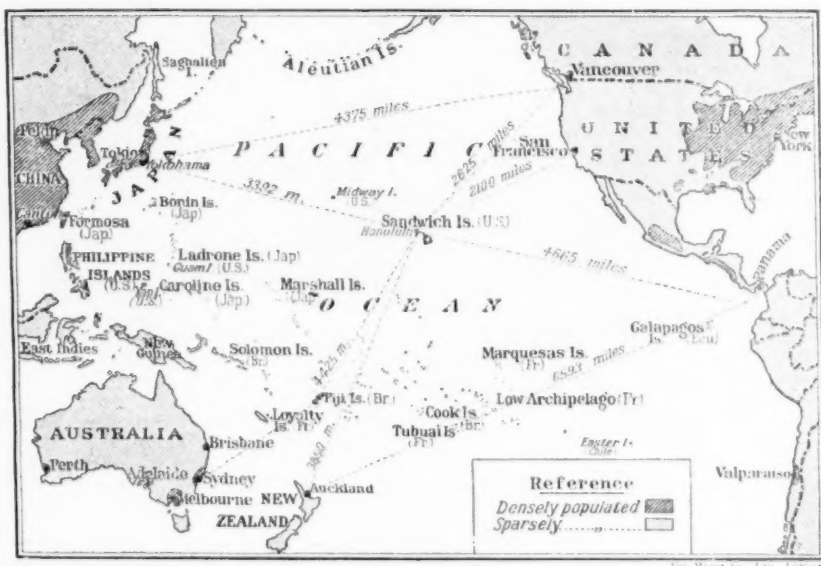
The Yellow Peril has been a fruitful topic for writers of many nationalities. That one day China and Japan might join in an endeavour to dominate the Pacific by naval

and military force is easy to prophesy. Japan's aptitude in learning lessons from the Western world and the vast resources and teeming millions of China are factors which, given a few flights of wild imagination as to what might happen in generations to come, may easily be woven into a fabric of startling dreams. It is less easy to argue what may or may not occur centuries hence than to discuss the problems of our own time.

The Yellow Peril

The Yellow Peril seemed more possible and the far future more formidable some years ago than it seems to-day, for the reason that with the passing of the years we learn more of the people of the Far East and they learn more of us. International understanding breeds international sympathy. To-day the prophets of a gigantic hand-to-hand struggle between East and West have less of a hearing than ever before. In my opinion fewer and fewer of their hearers will be stirred by their wild alarms as time passes.

Let us consider what we know of the facts as we find them in our times so far as the problem of the Pacific is concerned. We know America wants peace. No man who



Here is the problem in a nutshell. Japan, small and densely populated, seeks room for expansion. Meanwhile there are vast tracts of country on both sides of the ocean calling out for population. But Australia and the U.S.A. do not want the Asiatics. Where, then, shall they go?

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC

has even a slight knowledge of the United States doubts that. The fact that America will fight and can fight when compelled to do so, that she is a proud nation, and that her people are being educated away from a policy of isolation make her love of peace no less marked. The same statements may with equal truth be made of Great Britain and Australia.

What about Japan? A faction exists in the United States, led by a powerful group of newspapers, that can see nothing in Japan's actions or utterances that does not bear some hidden, sinister import.

Impartial examination of the history of Japan for the last two decades fails to produce evidence that in her heart of hearts she nourishes plans of war.

The Eastern Island Empire

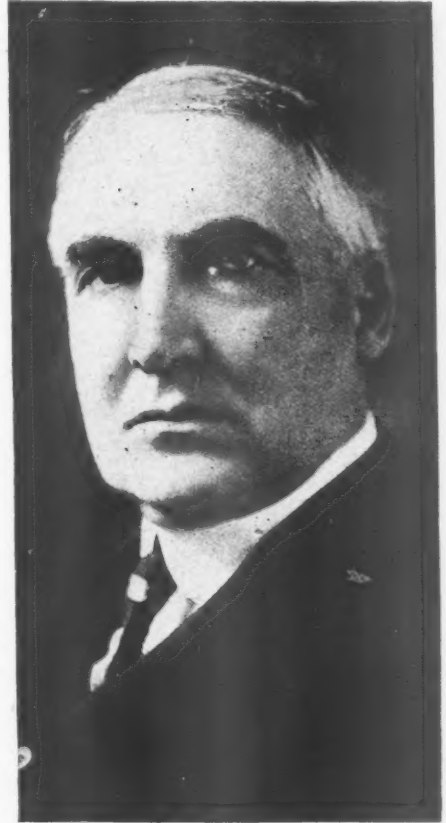
The problem of the Pacific is more vital to Japan than to any other nation involved. Japan is an Island Empire. Japan imports food for her people. Her islands do not contain sufficient raw material in the way of minerals to allow her to prosecute a war unless her navy, or that of an ally, could keep her merchant fleet on the seas. Food-stuffs and iron she must obtain from abroad in peace-time or in time of war. The Japanese know that. The Japanese know also that should a conflict come with America the British fleet would not protect Japanese shipping. The Japanese who control Japan's policies know the power and resources of the United States. If responsible Japanese statesmen have, in the face of these facts, planned an ultimate struggle with the United States, I have never been able to find evidences of it.

Matters were far different in the days of Imperial Russia. The wars fought by Japan have been for her national security rather than for territorial aggrandizement. At least, national security has been the leading factor in Japan's entrance into armed conflict. Few students of Far Eastern affairs would argue that Russia's encroachments in the Far East prior to the Russian-Japanese War of 1894 were other than a most serious menace to Japan's security. Even when that war was ended Imperial Russia was a potential menace to Japan.

Away from Militarism

Japan is so young a nation—the Japan of to-day—that her progress away from the militarism of Old Japan is phenomenal. To

watch Japan putting on European civilization as a man would put on a dress-coat has been of absorbing interest. To meet and talk to the men who have engineered the progress of Japan along new paths has gone far towards convincing me, for one, that no



President
Harding

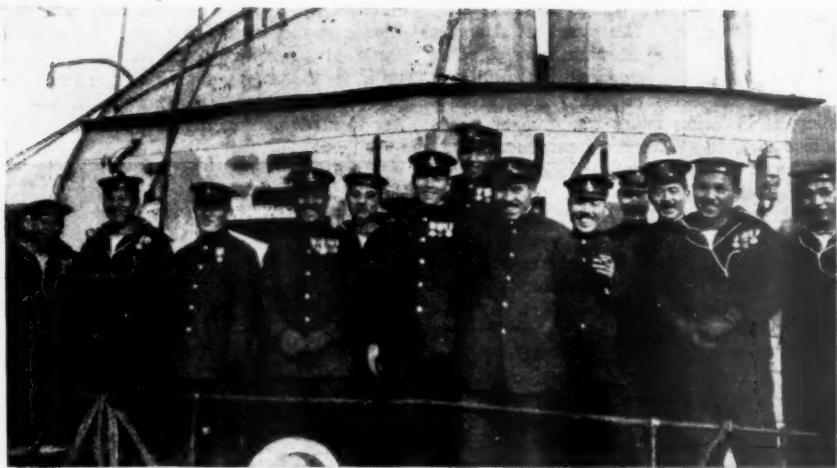
Photo :
James' Press Agency

Of the U.S.A., who has called a conference on the
Limitation of Armaments

such hare-brained policy as that of the naked sword has actuated them.

In 1901 I saw much of Count Hayashi, then Ambassador in London, when he was working on the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In his company I met Marquess Ito, Japan's Grand Old Man, the author of the Japanese Constitution. In January, 1901, Ito came to England during his tour of the world. Both Ito and Hayashi were imbued with the necessity of Japan's defence—Japan's national

THE QUIVER



A Group of Japanese Sailors. They wear the smile of peace, but in war they know how to do their duty

security. Their constant efforts were towards peace—not war.

During the late war I saw a bit of Count Terauchi, the Premier of Japan, who was an old acquaintance. I talked with Baron Ishii, then Foreign Minister, with Viscount Motono, who succeeded Ishii as Minister of Foreign Affairs, and with Viscount Chinda, then Ambassador at the Court of St. James. I gained in Japan in 1916, and again in 1917, some insight into the plans of Mr. Hara, the present Premier of Japan, and of the leaders of the Japanese opposition. Every single one of the men I have mentioned was not only an ardent advocate of a peaceful policy for Japan, but was open in condemnation of any view which might lead to enmity of Japan with the United States. Among these Japanese were their nation's greatest sons. Either one must decide that they were joined in a deep conspiracy to deceive the world at large (a ridiculous conclusion) or credence must be given their statements.

Men among those above mentioned have more than once in the past few years issued definite statements to the effect that the Japan of to-day values the friendship of America most highly, and would take the greatest precaution that the susceptibilities and desires of the United States should be met to the fullest extent possible. The statesmen of a nation that wants war do not take such action. Their nationals would not fail to voice the greatest indignation if such

utterances of their political leaders did not express the real feeling of those who supported them.

What Japan Wants

Japan wishes to be the industrial nation of the East. She wishes to gain and control the raw material of China, put it through her factories, and sell the products to China, to Australia, to India, and even to America. Her chances of importing her goods to America are not brilliant, as America has a high tariff wall. Such a policy on the part of Japan means that she must make friends of her potential customers. She has risked her friendship with China on more than one occasion by her necessities to procure China's raw material. Time and again the Japanese have bought concessions from China's unscrupulous statesmen — concessions that should never have been sold to the Japanese or any other foreigners. The crookedness of the Chinese in high office has often provided a temptation that the Japanese have seemed powerless to resist. On more than one occasion the Chinese have resented such a coup, the usual form of Chinese displeasure being a boycott of Japanese manufactured goods.

Some writers have accused Japan at times of an endeavour to make China a Japanese dependency—to govern China. In my opinion no responsible Japanese wants—or thinks possible—anything of the sort. Japan has sufficient political troubles at home. Seventy per cent. of the schools in Japan

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC

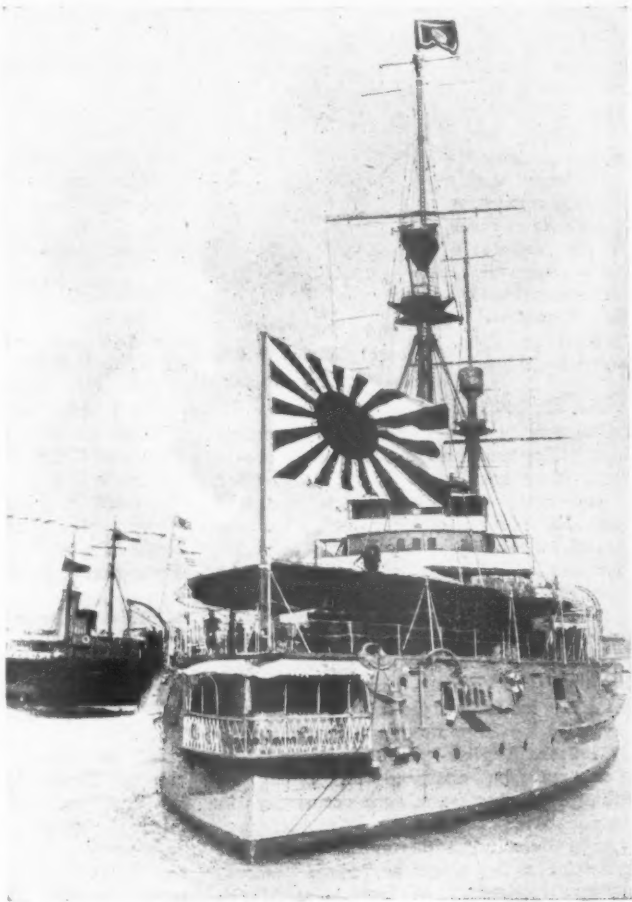
are primary schools. In Japan the boys and girls spend several years mastering the alphabet, or what stands for it. Such a condition handicaps the development of the mentality of the Japanese. Some Japanese benefited financially by the war, but Japan is still a poor country. The money made by Japan in war-time mostly went into the coffers of a few. The pockets of the poor benefited but little. In 1918 every Japanese who paid taxes in a sum equivalent to, say, an English sovereign per year had a vote. When you learn that such a franchise meant that less than five per cent. of the population had the right to go to the polls, you may gain some idea of Japan's poverty. Further, at that time the Japanese were the most heavily taxed people in proportion to their earned incomes of any people in the world.

Add to these facts the failure Japan has made of its attempts at colonization and you will see that Japanese politicians have quite sufficient problems at home without seeking additional troubles of government away from their own islands. The efforts of the Japanese Government to get the Japanese to leave Japan and take up their homes in Korea or Manchuria have fallen very flat. The Japanese love Japan and desire to live there, in spite of so rapid an increase in the population as to make statisticians wonder what is to be done with the surplus population. My view is that increasing civilization, as we know the term in the West, will decrease the birth rate. It has done so in other parts of the world.

What the U.S. Wants

The problem of the Pacific for America has two prominent factors. The United States wants to sell its manufactured goods in China and the Far East, and it is determined that it will not admit Chinese, Japanese or other "coolie" workers to compete with Americans in the labour market.

England stands with America, on much the same ground, as regards the right to do business in China. England and America both look abroad for markets for manufactured products and opportunities for their nationals to assist in the development of



A Flagbearer in the
Imperial Japanese Navy

Photo :
Stephen Cribb

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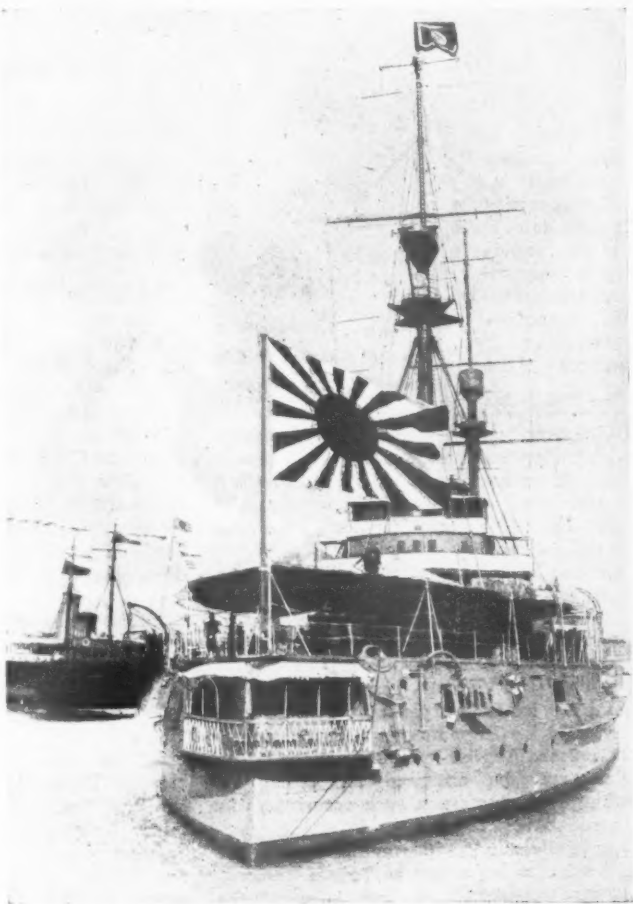
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A Flagbearer in the
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THE QUIVER

new countries. China is a great potential buyer, as are other localities in the Far East. To keep China together, to keep any part or section of the Chinese from falling under the domination of any one foreign country, is the avowed policy of the two great English-speaking nations. That is the essence of what is called "the policy of the open door in China." Japan has many advantages by which she should gain the greater share of Chinese trade. Her proximity to China, her cheap labour, the fact that her written language is the same as that of China, and that Japanese salesmen and travellers are Orientals, should weigh heavily in her favour. Japan has by no means been satisfied with these advantages, but has sought to obtain others by fair means and foul. It may be said in passing that Japan's business men have vastly different regard for Japan's fair name in the trading world than have her statesmen for the honour of Japan in international dealings.



General Chang Tso Lin
who dominates the Chinese
Government at Peking

The Open Door

The door in China must and will be kept open. England and America will see to that. Japan has always officially subscribed to such a policy, but commercial necessity and the ever-present temptation of the shameless cupidity of the Chinese Government has led to certain actions few Japanese of standing are keen to defend. The price of keeping the door open is continual watchfulness on the part of England and America. It swings shut when no one is looking, and strong suspicions that a Japanese hand has given it a push can generally be supported on investigation. Both of the English-speaking nations of the West may be criticized for taking so lethargic an interest in such occurrences in the past.

Australia stands with America against the admission to her shores of "coolie" labour. I heard arguments on both sides of the "White Australia" question when I toured Australia in 1916, but the vast majority of

Australians seemed as determined as the Californians themselves that Japanese or Chinese labour would never be tolerated. The reasons are simple. One cannot raise standards of living for labourers on the one hand and allow competition with the cheapest sort of cheap labour on the other. Some general standard of living must prevail. Conditions in the United States are much different now than years ago. To-day much less immigration is allowed. The discrimination nowadays is less against the Japanese and Chinese than against alien labour of all sorts. I think the statesmen of the nations will find a way to keep alien Eastern labour out of America and Australia that will be compatible with the dignity of Japan. I am sure there is less hard feeling throughout Japan on this subject than some people think. Agitators find it a favourite theme, but it arouses less anger among the Japanese than might be expected from the tone of Jingō writers and speakers. The whole question rests on common sense. A spirit of compromise, following a full appreciation by each country for the feelings of the other, gives promise of a possible settlement that will be acceptable to all.

The Most Difficult Phase

And what of China? Big, pacific, undeveloped, sleeping China is the most difficult phase of the problem.

How can China be dealt with? The Chinese Government does not represent the Chinese in any degree. The 400,000,000 people of China live in a group of states or provinces that are governed, if one can use the word in that connexion, by a sort of Home Rule. Local potentates govern by virtue of a retinue of rascally soldiers. The ostensible Government in Peking rules by similar methods. Its authority only reaches as far as its sword-arm.

In 1916 I met Chang Tso Lin in Mukden. He was then the Chinese governor of Manchuria. Though he had under him some 15,000,000 souls he could not read a word or write a single line. His right-



Viscount
Chinda

Photo:
Rusack

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC

hand man described him to me as "an old bandit." That was meant literally, not figuratively. Chang had an army of fair size. The Government at Peking had no influence with him. A year or so ago he moved to Peking and commandeered what was at that time called the Government of China. Chang is the power in Peking today. He is ignorant, reactionary, crooked to the last degree, and entirely unscrupulous. How can the Allies treat with a Government controlled by such a man?

Indifferent to Government

The Chinese politician of the Peking type has no influence in China save in direct ratio to the military forces such men as Chang Tso Lin put at his back. China's official representatives abroad have no political influence in China. The truth is that the Chinese are indifferent to all forms of government. They are so long-suffering, so peaceful, so industrious, that they plod

widely in China for evidence of real national interest. Politically the Chinese as a people are content to drift.

In Peking in 1916 Baron Hayashi, then Minister to Peking and now Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain, outlined to me a suggestion of which more may



Baron Hayashi

Photo: Elliot & Fry

he heard. Baron Hayashi was of opinion that England, France, America and Japan should decide among themselves that a committee of some sort, drawn from them or delegated by them, should take over China's finance, both as regards income and expenditure.

"Under such a scheme," said Baron Hayashi, "China would advance surprisingly in ten to fifteen years. China's finances might have to be run for her

by outsiders for twenty years before she could be trusted to take them over. By such a procedure, and by no other, could China see the day when the Powers would hand back to her the areas wherein they possess special rights. The day would come, too, when ex-territorial rights in China would be a thing of the past."

Baron Hayashi spoke as a Japanese observer, not in his official diplomatic capacity. I am convinced he was right.

The conference in Washington may have before it some such proposal.

Its attitude toward such a suggestion cannot be forecast. Nevertheless, to evolve some plan by which China's national finance bids fair to be rationally conducted would solve one of the knottiest of the problems of the Pacific.



Mr. K. Hara,
Premier of Japan

Photo: James' Press Agency

along in their own way, suffering the Government of the day uncomplainingly. The Chinese are such indefatigable workers and live such simple and frugal lives that they get on in spite of Peking.



Viscount Ishii

Constant borrowing by successive Governments has resulted in the hypothecation of many valuable Chinese assets. The money realized goes to the men in and behind the Government of the day. Thus Chinese national finance enters into the problem of the Pacific. What the result will be no man can say. I have sought



"From the top of the stairs Robert had watched Christine go in to dinner on his father's arm"—p. 11

Drawn by
W. S. Bugdopoulos

THE DARK HOUSE

by
I·A·R
WYLIE

I

THE cigar was a large one and Robert Stonehouse was small. At the precise moment, in fact, when he leant out of the upstairs bedroom window, instinctively seeking fresh air, he became eight years old. He did not know this, though he did know that it was his birthday and that a birthday was a great and presumably auspicious occasion. His conception of what a birthday ought to be was based primarily on one particular event when he had danced on his mother's bed, shouting, "I'm five—I'm five!" in unreasonable triumph. His mother had greeted him gravely, one might say respectfully, and his father, who when he did anything at all did it in style, had given him a toy fort fully garrisoned with resplendent Highland soldiers. And there had been a party of children whom, as a single child, he disliked and despised and whom he had ordered about unimproved. From start to finish the day had been his very own.

Soon afterwards his mother disappeared. They said she was dead. He knew that people died, but death conveyed nothing to him, and when his father and Christine went down to Kensal Green to choose the grave he picked the flowers from the other graves and sent them to his mother with Robert's love. Christine had turned away her face, crying, and James Stonehouse, whose sense of drama never quite failed him, had smiled tragically, but Robert never even missed his mother. His only manifestation of feeling was a savage hatred of Christine, who tried to take her place. For a time indeed she went completely out of his consciousness. But after a little she

came back to him by a secret path. In the interval she had ceased to be connected with his evening prayer and his morning bath, and all the other tiresome realities, and become a creature of dreams. She grew tall and beautiful. He liked to be alone—best of all at night when Christine had put the light out—so that he could make up stories about her and himself and their new mystical intimacy. He knew that she was dead, but he did not believe it. It was just one of those mysterious tricks which grown-up people played on children to pretend that death was so enormously conclusive.

One of these nights the door would open and his mother would be there. In this dream of her she appeared to him much as she had done once in Kensington High Street when he had wilfully strayed from her side and lost himself and, being overwhelmed with the sense of his smallness and forlornness, had burst into a howl of grief. Then suddenly she had stood out from the midst of the sympathetic crowd—remote, stern, and wonderful—and he had flung himself on her, knowing that whatever she might do to him she loved him and that they belonged to one another, inextricably and for all time.

So she stood on the threshold of his darkened room, and at that vision his adoration became an agony, and he lay with his face hidden in his arms, waiting for the touch of her hand that never came, until he slept.

Christine became his mother. Every morning at nine o'clock she turned the key of the pretentious mansion where James Stonehouse had set up practice for the twentieth time in his career, and called out, "Hallo, Robert!" in her clear, cool

THE QUIVER

voice, and Robert, standing at the top of the stairs in his nightshirt, called back, "Hallo, Christine!" very joyously, because he knew it annoyed Maud, his father's new wife, listening jealously from behind her bedroom door.

And then Christine scrubbed his ears, and sometimes, when there were no servants, a circumstance which coincided exactly with a periodical financial crisis, she scrubbed the floors. Robert's first hatred had changed rapidly to the love he would have given his mother had she lived. There was no romance about it. She was not omnipotent as his mother had become. He knew that she, too, was often terribly unhappy, and their helplessness in the face of a common danger gave them a sort of equality. But she was good to him, and her faithfulness was the one sure thing in his convulsed and rocking world. He clung to her as a drowning man clings to a floating spar, and his father's, "I wish to goodness, Christine, you'd get out and leave us alone," or "I won't have you in my house. You're poisoning my son's mind against me," reiterated regularly at the climax of one of these hideous rows which devastated the household, was like a blow in the pit of the stomach, turning him sick and faint with fear.

But Christine never went. Or if she went she came back again. As James Stonehouse said in a burst of savage humour, "Kick Christine out of the front door and she'll come in at the back." Every morning, no matter what had happened the night before, there was the quiet, resolute scratch of her latch-key in the lock, and when James Stonehouse, sullen and menacing, brushed rudely against her in the hall, she went on steadily up the stairs to where Robert waited for her, and they fell into each other's arms like two sorrowful comrades. Ever afterwards he could conjure her up at will as he saw her then. She was like a porcelain marquise over whom an intangible, permanent shadow had been thrown.

He knew dimly that she had "people" who disapproved of her devotion, and that over and over again, by some new mysterious sacrifice, she had staved off disaster. He knew that she had been his father's friend all her life and that his mother and she had loved one another. There was some bond between these three that could not be broken, and he, too, was involved—fastened

on as an afterthought, as it were, but so firmly that there could be no escape. Because of it Christine loved him. He knew that he was not always a very lovable little boy. Even with her he could be obstinate and cruel—cruel because she was so much less than his mother had become—and there were times when, with a queer, unchildish power of self-visualization, he saw himself as a small, fair-haired monster growing black and blacker with the dark and evil spirit that was in him. But Christine never seemed to see him like that. There was some borrowed halo about his head that blinded her. It did not matter how bad he was, she had always love and excuses ready for him. And she was literally all he had in the whole world.

But even she had not been able to make his birthday a success. Indeed, ever since that one outstanding celebration, his birthdays had all been failures, though he had never ceased to look forward to them. For days beforehand he had suspected everyone of secret, delicious plottings on his behalf. He had come down to breakfast shaking with anticipation. All through the morning he had waited for the surprise that was to be burst on him, hanging at everyone's heel in turn, and it was only towards dusk that he knew with bitter certainty that he had been forgotten. A crisis had wiped him and his birthday out altogether. And then he had cried, and James Stonehouse, moved to generous remorse, had rushed out and bought a ridiculously expensive toy, having first borrowed money from Christine and scolded her at the top of his booming voice for her heartless neglect of his son's happiness.

Christine had argued with him in her quiet, obstinate way.

"But, Jim dear, you can't afford it——"

There had been one of those awful rows.

And Robert had crept that night, unwashed, into bed, crying more bitterly than ever.

But this time he had really had no hope at all. Yesterday had seen a crisis and a super-crisis. In the afternoon the butcher had stood in the back door and shouted and threatened, and he had been followed almost immediately by a stout, shabby man with a bald head and good-natured face, who announced that he had come to put a dis-traint on the furniture which, incidentally, had never been paid for. Maud Stonehouse, with an air of outraged dignity,

THE DARK HOUSE

had lodged him in the library and regaled him on the remnants of a cold joint, and it was understood that there he would remain until such time as Christine raised forty pounds from somewhere.

These were mere incidents—entirely commonplace—but at six o'clock James Stonehouse himself had driven up in a taxi, to the driver of which he had appeared to hand the contents of all his pockets, and a moment later stormed into the house in a mood which was, if anything, more devastating than his ungovernable rages. He had been exuberant—exultant—his good-humour white-hot and dangerous. Looking into his brilliant blue eyes with their two sharp points of light, it would have been hard to tell whether he was laughing or mad with anger. His moods were like that—too close to be distinguished from one another with any safety. Christine, who had just come from interviewing the bailiff, had looked grave and disapproving. She knew, probably, that her disapproval was useless and even disastrous, but there was an obstinate rectitude in her character that made it impossible for her to humour him. But Maud Stonehouse and Robert had played up out of sheer terror.

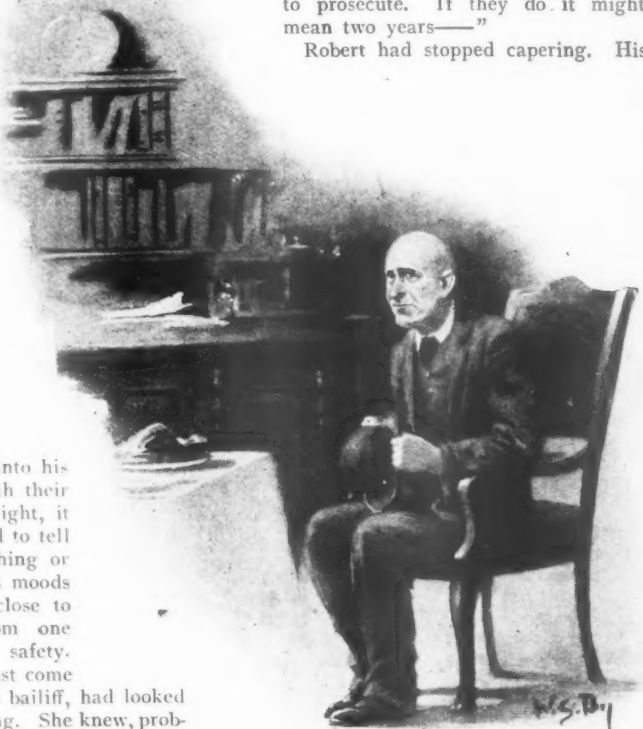
"You do seem jolly, Jim," Maud had said in her hard, common voice. "It's a nice change, you bad-tempered fellow—"

She had never really recovered from the illusion that she had captured him by her charms rather than by her poor little fortune, and when she dared she was arch with an undertone of grievance. Robert had capered about him and held his hand and made faces at Christine so that she should

pretend too. Otherwise there would be another row. But Christine held her ground.

"The butcher came this afternoon," she said. "He says he is going to get out a summons. And the bailiff is in again. It's about the furniture. You said it was paid for. I can't think how you could be so mad. I rang up Melton's about it, and they say the firm wants to prosecute. If they do it might mean two years—"

Robert had stopped capering. His



"Maud Stonehouse had lodged him in the library and regaled him on the remnants of a cold joint"

knees had shaken under him with a new, inexplicable fear. But James Stonehouse had taken no notice. He had gone on spreading and warming himself before the fire. He had looked handsome and extraordinarily, almost aggressively, prosperous.

"I shall write a sharp note to Melton's. Dashed impertinence. An old customer like myself. Get the fellow down into the kitchen. The whole thing will be settled to-

THE QUIVER

morrow. I've had an amazing piece of luck. Amazing. Met Griffiths—you remember my telling you about Alec Griffiths, don't you, Christine? Student with me at the University. Got sent down together. Wonderful fellow—wonderful. Now he's in business in South Africa. Made his pile in diamonds. Simply rolling. He's going to let me in. Remarkable chap. Asked him to dinner. Oh, I've arranged all that on my way up. Gunther's are sending round a cook and a couple of waiters and all that's necessary. For goodness' sake, Christine, try and look as though you were pleased. Get into a pretty dress and join us. Must do him well, you know. Never do for a man like that to get a wrong impression. And I want him to see Robert. He knew Constance before we were married. Put him into his best clothes—"

"He hasn't got any," Christine had interrupted bitterly.

For a moment it had seemed as though the fatal boundary line would be crossed. Stonehouse had stared at his son, his eyes brightening to an electric glare as they picked out the patches of the shabby sailor suit, and the frantic, mollifying smile on Robert's face had grown stiff as he had turned himself obediently about.

"Disgraceful. I wonder you women are not ashamed the way you neglect the child—I shall take him to Shoolbred's first thing to-morrow and have him fitted out from top to toe—" The gathering storm receded miraculously. "However, he can't appear like that. For heaven's sake get the house tidy, at any rate."

So Robert had been hustled upstairs and the bailiff lured into the kitchen.

From the top of the stairs Robert had watched Christine go in to dinner on his father's arm and Maud Stonehouse follow with a black-coated stranger who had known his mother. He had listened to the talk and his father's laughter—jovial and threatening—and once he had dived downstairs and, peering through the banisters like a small blond monkey, had snatched a cream meringue from a passing tray. Then for a moment he had almost believed that they were all going to be happy together.

That had been last night. Now there was nothing left but the bailiff, an incredible pile of unwashed dishes and an atmosphere of stale tobacco. James Stonehouse had gone off early in a black and awful temper. It seemed that at the last moment the multi-

millionaire had explained that owing to a hitch in his affairs he was short of ready cash and would be glad of a small loan. Only temporary, of course. Wouldn't have dreamed of asking, but meeting such an old friend in such affluent circumstances—

So the eighth birthday had been forgotten. Robert himself could not have explained why grief should have driven him to his father's cigar-box. Perhaps it was just a *beau geste* of defiance, or a reminder that one day he, too, would be grown up and free. At any rate, it was still a very large cigar. Though he puffed at it painstakingly, blowing the smoke far out of the window so as to escape detection, the result was not encouraging. The exquisite mauve-grey ash was indeed less than a quarter of an inch long when his sense of wrong and injustice deepened to an overwhelming despair. It was not only that even Christine had failed him—everything was failing him. The shabby plot of rising ground opposite, which justified Dr. Stonehouse's contention that he looked out over open country, had become immersed in a loathsome mist, greenish in hue, in which it heaved and rolled and undulated like an uneasy reptile. The house likewise heaved, and Robert had to lean hard against the side of the window to prevent himself from falling out. A strange sensation of uncertainty—of internal disintegration—obsessed him, and there was a cold moisture gathering on his face. He felt that at any moment anything might happen. He didn't care. He wanted to die anyhow. They had forgotten him, but when he was dead they would be sorry. His father would give him a beautiful funeral, and Christine would say, "We can't afford it, Jim," and there would be another awful scene.

In the next room Maud and Christine were talking as they rolled up the Axminster carpet which, since the bailiff laid no claim to it, was to go to the pawnbroker's to appease the butcher. The door stood open and Robert could hear Maud's bitter, resentful voice raised in denunciation.

"I don't know why I stand it. If my poor dear father, Sir Godfrey, knew what I was enduring he would turn in his grave. Never did I think I should have to go through such humiliation. My sisters say I ought to leave him—that I am wanting in right feeling, but I can't help it. I am faithful by nature. I remember my promises at the altar—even if Jim forgets his—"

THE DARK HOUSE

"He didn't promise to keep his temper or out of debt," Christine said.

Maud sniffed loudly.

"Or away from other women. Oh, it's no good, Christine; I know what I know. There's always some other woman in the background. Only yesterday I found a letter from Mrs. Saxburn—that red-haired vixen he brought home to tea when there wasn't money in the house to buy bread. I tell you he doesn't know what faithfulness means."

Robert, rising for a moment above his own personal anguish, clenched his fist. It was all very well—he might hate his father, Christine might hate him, though he knew she didn't, but Maud had no right. She was an outsider—a bounder—

"He is faithful to his ideal," Christine answered. "He is always looking for it and thinking he has found it. And, except for Constance, he has always been mistaken."

"Thank you."

"I wasn't thinking of you," Christine explained. "There have been so many of them—and all so terribly expensive—never cheap or common—"

They were dragging the carpet out into the landing: Their voices sounded louder and more distinct.

"I could bear almost everything but his temper," Maud persisted breathlessly. "He's like a madman—"

"He's ill—sometimes I think he's very ill—"

"Oh, you've always got an excuse for him, Christine. You never see him as he really is. I can't think why you didn't marry him yourself. I'm sure he asked you. Jim couldn't be alone with a woman ten minutes without proposing. And everyone knows how fond you are of him and of that tiresome child—"

Robert Stonehouse gasped. The earth reeled under his feet. The stump of the cigar rolled off the window-sill, and he himself stumbled from his chair and was sick—convulsively, hideously sick. For a moment he remained huddled on the floor, half-unconscious, and then very slowly the green, soul-destroying mist receded and he found Christine bending over him, wiping his face with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Robert, darling, why didn't you call out?"

"He's been smoking," Maud's voice declared viciously from somewhere in the background. "I can smell it."

"I didn't—I didn't—" He kept his feet with an enormous effort, scowling at her. He lied shamelessly, as a matter of course and without the faintest sense of guilt.

"Oh, how can you, Robert? Don't you know what happens to wicked little boys who tell lies?"

He hated her. He hated her red, coarse-skinned face, the tight mouth and opaque brown eyes and the low, stupid forehead with its old-fashioned, narrow fringe of dingy hair. He knew that, for all Sir Godfrey and the family estate of which she was always talking, she was common to the heart—not a lady like Christine and his mother—and her occasionally adopted pose of authority convulsed him with a blind, ungovernable fury. He was too young to understand that she meant well, was indeed good-natured and kindly enough in her natural environment, and as she advanced upon him now, in reality to smooth his disordered hair, he drew back, an absurd miniature replica of James Stonehouse in his worst rages, his fists clenched, his teeth set on a horrible recurring nausea.

"If you touch me, Maud—I'll—I'll bite you—"

"Hush, darling—you mustn't speak like that—"

"Oh, don't mind me, Christine. I'm not accustomed to respect in this house. I don't expect it. 'Maud,' indeed! Did you ever hear such a thing? I can't think what Jim was thinking about to allow it. He ought to call me 'mother'—"

Robert tore himself free from Christine's soothing embrace. He had a moment's blinding, heart-breaking vision of his real mother. She stood close to him, looking at him with her grave eyes, demanding of him that he should avenge this insult. And in a moment he would be sick again.

"I wouldn't—wouldn't call you 'mother'—not if you killed me. I wouldn't if you put me in the fire."

"Robert, dear—"

"You see, Christine—but, of course, you won't see. You're blind where he's concerned. What a wicked temper! Deceitful, too. I'm sure I'm glad he's not my child. He's going to be like his father."

"I want to be like my father. I wouldn't be like you for anything."

"Robert, be quiet at once or I shall punish you."

She was angry now. She had been greatly tried during the last twenty-four

THE QUIVER

hours, and to her he was just an alien, hateful little boy who made her feel like an interloper in her own house, bought with her own money. She seized him by the arm, shaking him viciously, and he flew at her, biting and kicking with all his strength.

It was an ugly, wretched scene. It ended abruptly on the landing, where she let go her hold with a cry of pain and Robert Stonehouse rolled down the stairs, bumping his head and catching his arm cruelly in the banisters. He was on his feet instantly. He heard Christine coming, and he ran on, down into the hall, where he caught up his little boots which she had been cleaning for him, and after a desperate struggle with the latch, out into the road, sobbing and bloodstained, heart-broken with shame and loneliness and despair.

II

His relationship with the Brothers Banditti across the hill was peculiar. It was one of Dr. Stonehouse's many theories of life that children should be independent, untrammelled alike by parental restrictions and education, and except on the very frequent occasions when this particular theory collided with his comfort and his conviction that his son was being disgracefully neglected, Robert lived the life of a lonely and illiterate gutter-snipe. He did not know he was lonely. He did not want to play with the other children in the Terrace. But he did know that for some mysterious reason or other they did not want to play with him. The trim nursemaids drew their starched and shining darlings to one side when he passed, and he in turn scowled at them with a fierce contempt to which, all unknown, was added two drops of shame and bitterness. But even among the real gutter-snipes of the neighbourhood he was an outcast. He did not know how to play with other children. He was ignorant alike of their ways and their games, and, stiff with an agonizing shyness, he bore himself before them arrogantly. It was natural that they in turn hated him. Like young wolves, they flaired a member of a strange and alien pack—a creature who broke their unwritten laws—and at first they had hunted him pitilessly, throwing mud and stones at him, pushing him from the pavement, jeering at him. But they had not reckoned

with the Stonehouse rages. He had flung himself on them. He had fought them singly, by twos and threes—the whole pack. In single combat he had thrashed the grocer's boy, who was several inches taller and two years older than himself. But even against a dozen his white-hot fury, which ignored alike pain and discretion, made him dangerous and utterly unbeatable. From all encounters he had come out battered, bloodstained, literally in shreds but clothed in lonely victory.

Now they only jeered at him from a safe distance. They made cruel and biting references to the Stonehouse *ménage*, flying with mock shrieks of terror when he was unwise enough to attempt pursuit. Usually he went his way, his head up, swallowing his tears.

But the Brothers Banditti belonged to him.

On the other side of the hill was a large waste plot of ground. A builder with more enterprise than capital had begun the erection of up-to-date villas, but had gone bankrupt in the process, and now nothing remained of his ambition but a heap of somewhat squalid ruins. Here, after school hours, the brothers met and played and plotted.

They had not always been Banditti. Before Robert's advent they had been the nice children of the nicest people in the neighbourhood. Their games had been harmless, if pathetic, and they had always gone home punctually and clean. The parents considered the waste land as a great blessing. Robert had come upon them in the course of his lonely prowlings, and from a distance had watched them play hide and seek. He despised them and their silly game, but, on the other hand, they did not know who he was and would not make fun of him and taunt him with unpaid bills, and it had been rather nice to listen to their cheerful voices. The ruins, too, had fired his imagination. He had viewed them much as a general views the scene of a prospective battle. And then—strangest attraction of all—there had been Frances Wilmot. She was different from any other little girl he had ever seen. She was clean, and had worn a neat green serge dress with neat brown shoes and stockings which toned with her curly brown hair, but she did not shine or look superior or disdainful. Nor had she been playing with her companions, though they ran back to her from time to



"I don't know why I stand it. If my poor dear father,
Sir Godfrey, knew he would turn in his grave"—p. 14
1442

Drawn by
W. S. Baginapovics

THE QUIVER

time as though in some secret way she had led their game. When Robert had come upon her she was sitting on the foundations of what was to have been a magnificent portico, her arms clasped about her knees and a curious, intent look on her pointed, delicate face. That intent look, as he was to discover, was very constant with her. It was as though she were always watching something of absorbing interest which no one else could see. Sometimes it amused her, and then a flicker of laughter ran up from her mouth to her grey eyes and danced there. At other times she was sorry. Her face was like still water ruffled by invisible winds and mirroring distant clouds and sunshine.

Robert had watched her, motionless and unobserved, for several minutes. It had been a very unhappy day. Christine had gone off in a great hurry on some dark errand in the city connected with "raising money" on a reversion and had forgotten to wash him, and though he did not like being washed, the process did at least make him feel that someone cared about him. Now at sight of this strange little girl an almost overpowering desire to cry had come over him—to fling himself into someone's arms and cry his heart out.

She had not sat there for long. She had got up and moved about—flitted rather—so that Robert, who had never heard of a metaphor, thought of a brown leaf dancing in little gusts of wind. And then suddenly she had seen him and stood still. His heart had begun to pound against his ribs. For it was just like that that in his dreams his mother stood looking at him. She, too, had grey eyes, serene and grave, penetrating into one's very heart.

And after a moment she had smiled.

"Hallo!"

Robert's voice, half-choked with tears, croaked back "Hallo!" and she had come a little nearer to him.

"What's your name?"

"Robert—Robert Stonehouse."

"Where do you come from?"

He had jerked his head vaguely in the direction of the hill, for he did not want her to know.

"Over there."

"Why are you crying?"

"I—I don't know."

"Would you like to play with us?"

"Yes—I—I think I would."

She had called the other children, and

they came at once and stood round her, gazing wide-eyed at him, not critically or unkindly, but like puppies considering a new companion. The girl in the green serge frock had taken him by the hand.

"This is a friend of mine, Robert Stonehouse. He's going to play with us. Tag—Robert!"

And she had tapped him on the arm and was off like a young deer.

All his awkwardness and shyness had dropped from him like a disguise. No one knew that he was a strange little boy or that his father owed money to all the tradespeople. He was just like anyone else. And he had run faster than the fastest of them. He had wanted to show her that he was not just a cry baby. And whenever he had come near her he had been all warm with happiness.

In the three days the nice children had become the Brothers Banditti, with Robert Stonehouse as their chief. Having admitted the stranger into their midst he had gone straight to their heads like wine. He was a rebel and an outlaw who had suddenly come into power. At heart he was older than any of them. He knew things about reversions and bailiffs and life generally that none of them had ever heard of in their well-ordered homes. He was strong and knew how to fight. The nice children had never fought, but they found they liked it. Once, like an avenging Attila, he had led them across the hill and fallen upon his ancient enemies with such awful effect that they never raised their heads again. And the Banditti had returned home whooping and drunk with victory and the newly discovered joy of battle. His hand was naturally against all authority. He led them in dark plottings against their governesses and nursemaids, and even against law itself as personified by an elderly, somewhat pompous policeman whose beat included their territory. On foggy afternoons they pealed the door-bells of such as had complained against them, and from concealment gloated over the indignant maids who had been lured down several flights of stairs to answer their summons. And no longer were they nice children who returned home clean and punctual to the bosom of their families.

Very rarely had the Banditti shown signs of revolt against his despotism, and each time he won them back with an ease which sowed the first seeds of cynicism in his

THE DARK HOUSE

mind. It happened to be another of the elder Stonehouse's theories—which he had been known to expound eloquently to his creditors—that children should be taught the use of money, and at such times as the Stonehouse family prospered Robert's pocket bulged with sums that staggered the very imagination of his followers. He appeared among them like a prince—lavish, reckless, distributing chocolates of superior lineage with a haughty magnificence that brought the disaffected cringing to his feet.

But even with them he was not really happy. At heart he was still a strange little boy—different from the rest. There was a shadow over him. He knew that apart from him they were nice ordinary children and that he was a man full of sorrows and mystery and bitter experience. He despised them. They could be bought and bribed and bullied, but if he could have been ordinary, as they were, with quiet, ordinary homes and people who loved one another and paid their bills, he would have cried with joy.

When he did anything particularly bold and reckless he looked out of the corners of his eyes at Frances Wilmot to see if at last he had impressed her. For she eluded him. She never defied his authority and very rarely took part in his escapades. But she was always there, sometimes in the midst, sometimes just on the fringe, like a bird, intent on business of its own, coming and going in the heart of human affairs. Sometimes she seemed hardly to be aware of him, and sometimes she treated him as though there were an unspoken intimacy between them which made him glow with pride for days afterwards. She would put her arm about him and walk with him in the long, happy silence of comradeship. And once, quite unexpectedly, she had seemed gravely troubled. "Are you a good little boy, Robert?" she had asked, as though she really expected him to know and relieve her mind about it.

And afterwards he had cried to himself, for he was sure that he was not a good little boy at all. He was sure that if she knew about his father and the bailiffs she would turn away in sorrow and disgust.

He knew that she, too, was different from the others—but with a greater difference than his own. He knew that the Banditti looked up to her for the something in her that he lacked—that if she lifted a finger against him his authority would be gone.

And the knowledge darkened everything. It was not that he cared about his leadership. He would have thrown it at her feet gladly. But he longed to prove to her that if he was not a good little boy he was, at any rate, a terribly fine fellow. He had to make her look up to him and admire him like the rest of the Banditti, otherwise he would never hold her fast. And everything served to that end. Before her he swaggered monstrously. He did things which turned him sick with fear. On one occasion he had climbed to the top of a dizzy wall in the ruins, and had postured on the narrow edge, the bricks crumbling under him, the dust rising in clouds, so that he looked like a small devil dancing in mid-air. And when he had reached ground again he had found her reading a book. Then the plaudits of the awe-struck Banditti sounded like jeers. Nothing had ever hurt so much.

About the time that the Banditti had first come into his life the vision of his mother began to grow not less wonderful but less distinct. She seemed to stand a little farther off, as though very gradually she were drawing away into the other world where she belonged. And often it was Frances who played with him in his secret stories.

III

HE threw his indoor shoes into the area. In the next street, beyond pursuit, he sat down on a doorstep and put on his boots, lacing them with difficulty, for he was half blind with tears and anger. He could not make up his mind how to kill Maud. Nothing seemed quite bad enough. He thought of boiling her in oil or rolling her downhill in a cask full of spikes, after the manner of some fairy story that Christine had told him. It was not the pain, though his arm felt as though it had been wrenched out of its socket and the blood trickled in a steady stream from his bumped forehead—it was the indignity, the outrage, the physical humiliation that had to be paid back. It made him tremble with fury and a kind of helpless terror to realize that because he was little any common woman could shake and beat him and treat him as though he belonged to her. He would tell his father. Even his father, who had so far forgotten himself as to marry such a creature, would see that there were things

THE QUIVER



"She had called the other children, and they came at once and stood gazing at him"—p. 18

Drawn by
W. S. Bagdasarian

one couldn't endure. Or he would call up the Banditti and plot a devastating retaliation.

In the meantime he was glad he had bitten her.

He walked on unsteadily. The earth still undulated and threatened every now and then to rise up like a wave in front of him and cast him down. He was growing cold and stiff, too, in the reaction. He had

stopped crying, but his teeth chattered, and his sobs had degenerated into monotonous, soul-shattering hiccoughs. Passers-by looked at him disapprovingly. Evidently that nasty little boy from No. 10 had been fighting again.

He had counted on the Banditti, but the Banditti were not in their usual hunting ground. An ominous silence answered the accustomed war-cry, uttered in an unsteady falsetto, and the ruins had a more than usually dejected look, as though they had suddenly lost all hope of themselves. He called again, and this time, like an earth-sprite, Frances Wilmot rose up from a sheltered corner and waved to him. She had a book in her hand, and she rubbed her eyes and rumped up her hair as though rousing herself from a dream.

"I did hear you," she said, "but I was working something out—I'll tell you all about it in a minute. But what's happened—why is your face all bleeding?"

She seemed so concerned about him that he was glad of his wounds. And yet she had the queer effect of making him want to cry again. That wouldn't do. She wouldn't respect him if he cried.

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and knitted his fair brows with a fearful Stonehouse scowl.

"Oh, it's nothing. I've had a row—at home. That's all. My father's new wife h-hit me—and I b-bit her. Jolly hard. And then I fell downstairs."

"Why did she hit you?"

"Oh, I don't know. She's just a beast—"

"Of course you know. Don't be silly."

"Well, she said I'd been smoking and I said I hadn't—"

"Had you? You look awfully green."

"Yes, I had."

"What's the good of telling lies?"

"It's no good telling the truth," Robert answered stolidly. "They only get crosser

THE DARK HOUSE

than ever. She hadn't any right to hit me. She's not even a relation——"

"She's your stepmother."

He began to tremble again uncontrollably.

"She's n-not. Not any sort of a mother. My mother's dead."

It was the first time he had ever said it, even to himself. It threw a chill over him, so that for a moment he stopped thinking of Maud and his coming black revenge. He had done something that could never be undone. He had closed and locked a great iron door in his mother's face. "She's just a beast," he repeated stubbornly. "I'd like to kill her."

Frances considered him with her head a little on one side. It was like her not to enter into any argument. One couldn't tell what she was thinking. And yet one knew that she was feeling things.

"I'd wipe that blood off," she said. "It's trickling on to your collar. No, not with your hand. Where's your hanky?"

He tried to look contemptuous. He did, in fact, despise handkerchiefs. The nice little girls in the Terrace had handkerchiefs, ostentatiously clean. He had seen them and they had filled his soul with loathing. Now he was ashamed. It seemed that even Frances expected him to have a handkerchief.

"I haven't got one," he said.

"How do you blow your nose, then?"

"I don't," he explained truculently.

She executed one of her queer little dances very solemnly and intently and disconcertingly. It seemed to be her way of withdrawing into herself at critical moments. When she stopped he was sure she had been laughing. Laughter still twinkled at the corners of her mouth and in her eyes.

"Well, I'm going to tidy you up anyhow. Come and sit down here."

He obeyed at once. It comforted him just to be near her. It was like sitting by a fire on a cold day when you were half-frozen. Something in you melted and came to life and stretched itself, something that was itself gentle and compassionate. It was difficult to remember that he meant to kill Maud frightfully, though his mind was quite made up on the subject. Meantime Frances had produced her own handkerchief—a large clean one—and methodically rubbed away the blood and some of the tear-stains and as much of the dirt as could be managed without soap and water. This done, she refolded the handkerchief, with its soiled side inner-

most, and tied it neatly round the wounded head, leaving two long ends which stood up like rabbit's ears. A gust of April wind wagged them comically and made mock of the sorrowful, grubby face underneath. Even Frances, who was only nine herself, must have seen that the sorrow was not the ordinary childish thing that came and went, leaving no trace. In a way it was always there. When he was not laughing and shouting you saw it—a careworn, anxious look, as though he were always afraid something might pounce out on him. It ought to have been pathetic, but somehow or other it was not. For one thing, he was not an angel child, bearing oppression meekly. He was much more like a yellow-haired imp waiting sullenly for a chance to pounce back, and the whole effect of him was at once furtive and obstinate. Indeed, anyone who knew nothing of the Stonehouse temper and duns and forgotten birthdays would have dismissed him as an ugly, disagreeable little boy.

But Frances Wilmot, who knew nothing of these things either, crouched down beside him, her arm about his shoulder.

"Poor Robert!"

He began to hiccough again. He had to clench his teeth and his fists not to betray the fact that the hiccoughs were really convulsively swallowed sobs asserting themselves. He wanted to confide in her, but if she knew the truth about his home and his people she wouldn't play with him any more. She would know then that he wasn't nice. And besides, he had some dim notion of protecting her from the things he knew.

"You t-t-tied me up jolly well," he said. "It's comfy now—it was aching hard."

"I like tying up things," she explained easily. "You see, I'm going to be a doctor."

The rabbit's ears stopped waving for a minute in sheer astonishment.

"Girls aren't doctors——"

"Yes, they are. Heaps of them. I'm reading up already in that book. It's all about first aid. There's the bandage I did for you—you can read how it's done."

He couldn't. And he was ashamed again. In his shame he began to swagger.

"My father's a doctor—awfully clever——"

"Is he? How jolly! Why didn't you tell me? Has he lots of patients?"

"Lots. All over the world. But he doesn't think much of other doctors. L-licensed h-humbugs, he calls them."

THE QUIVER

She drew away a little, her face between her hands, and he felt that somehow he had failed again—that she had slipped through his fingers. If only for a moment she had looked up to him and believed in him, the evil spirit that was climbing up on to his shoulders would have fled away. There was a stout piece of stick lying amidst the rubble at his feet, and he took it up and felt it as a swordsman tests his blade. "I'm going to be a doctor, too," he said truculently. "A big doctor. I shall make piles of money and have three ass-assistants. P'raps, if you're any good, you shall be one of them."

She did not answer. The intent, observing look had come into her eyes. The cool wind lifted the brown hair so that it was like a live thing floating about her head. She seemed as lovely to him as his mother. He wanted terribly to say to her, "It's my birthday, Francie, and they haven't even wished me many happy returns—" But that would have shown her how little he was and how unhappy. Instead he began to lunge and parry with an invisible opponent, talking in a loud, fierce voice.

"I wish the others would come. I've got a topping plan. Maud goes shopping 'bout six o'clock when it's almost dark. We'll wait at the corner of John Street and jump out at her and shriek like Red Indians. And then she'll drop dead with fright. She's such a silly beast—"

Then to his amazement he saw that Francie had grown quite white. Her mouth quivered. It was as though she were going to cry. And he had never seen her cry.

"They—they aren't coming, Robert."

"N-not coming? W-why not?"

"There's been a row. Someone complained. Their people won't let them come any more. Not to play with you. They say—they say—"

He went on fighting, swinging his sword over his head, faster and faster. Someone was pressing his heart so that he could hardly breathe. It was all over. They knew. Everything was going. Finished.

"What do they say?"

"They say you're—not a nice little boy."

There were some tall weeds growing out of the tumbled bricks. He slashed at them through the mist that was blinding him. He would cut their heads off, one after another, just to show her.

"I don't care—I don't care—"

"That's why I waited this afternoon. I wanted to tell you. And that I'd come—if you liked—sometimes—as often as I could."

"I don't care—I don't care," he chanted.

One weed had fallen—cut in two as by a razor. Now another. You had to be jolly strong to break them clean off like that. He wasn't missing once.

"Don't!"

"I shall. Why shouldn't I? You couldn't do it like that."

Another. No one to play with any more. Never to be able to pretend again that one was just like everyone else. People drawing away and saying to each other, "He's not a nice little boy!"

"Please—please don't, Robert!"

"Why not? They're only weeds—beastly, ugly things."

"They've not done you any harm. It's a shame to hurt them. I like them."

"They're no good. It's practice. I'm a soldier. I'm cutting the enemy to pieces."

A red rage was mounting in him. He hardly knew that she had stood up until he saw her face gleaming at him through the mist. She was whiter than ever, and her eyes had lost their distant look and blazed with an anger profounder, more deadly than his own.

"You shan't!"

"Shan't I?"

She caught the descending stick. He tried to tear it from her, and they fought each other almost in silence, except for the sound of their quick, painful breath. He grew frantic; twisting and writhing. He began to curse her as his father cursed Christine. But her slim brown wrists were like steel. And suddenly, looking into her eyes, he saw that she wasn't angry now. She knew that she was stronger than he. She was just sorry for him—for everything.

He dropped the stick. He turned on his heel, gulping hard.

"I don't fight with girls," he said.

He walked away steadily with his head up. He did not once look back at her. But as he climbed the hill he seemed to himself to grow smaller and smaller, more and more tired and lonely. He had lost her. He would never play with her again. The Brothers Banditti had gone each to his home. They sat by the fireside with their people and were nice children. To-morrow they would play just as though nothing had happened. And Francie would be there, dancing in and out.

THE DARK HOUSE

He stumbled a little. The hiccoughs were definitely sobs, hard-drawn, shaking him from head to foot. It was his birthday. And at the bottom of the hill, hidden in evening mist, the big black house waited for him.

IV

THERE was a light showing in the library window, so that he knew his father had come home. At that all his sorrow and sense of a grievous wrong done to him was swallowed in abject physical terror. Even later in life, when things had shrunk into reasonable proportions, it was difficult for him to see his father as others had seen him, as an unhappy not unlovable man, gifted with an erratic genius which had been perverted into an amazing facility for living on other people's money, and cursed with the temper of a maniac. To Robert Stonehouse his father was from first to last the personification of nightmare.

He stood now in the deep shadow of the porch, trying to make up his mind to ring the bell. But, knowing that the row would be a great deal worse when it came, he crept down the area steps to the back door, which, by a merciful chance, had been left unlocked, and made his way on tiptoe along the dark stone passage to the kitchen.

It was a servantless period. But there was a light in the servants' living room and the red, comforting glow of a fire. The bailiff lived there. Robert could hear him shuffling his feet in the fender and sniffing and clearing his throat as though the silence bothered him and he were trying to make himself at home. For a moment Robert longed to go in and sit beside him, not saying anything, but just basking in the quiet warmth, protected by the presence of the law, which seemed so astonishingly tolerant in the matter of the Stonehouse shortcomings. For the bailiff was a good-natured man. He had endeavoured to make it clear to Robert from the beginning, by means of sundry winks and smiles, that he understood the whole situation, which was one in which any gentleman might find himself, and that he meant to act like a friend. But Robert had only scowled at him. And even now, frightened as he was, he disdained all parley. The bailiff was an enemy, and when it came to a fight the Stonehouse family stood shoulder to shoulder. So he crept past the cheerful light

like a hunted mouse and up the stairs to the green baize door which shut off the kitchen from the library and dining-room.

It was an important door. Dr. Stonehouse had had it made specially to muffle sounds from the servants' quarters whilst he was working. He had never worked, and there had been very rarely any servants to disturb him, but the door remained invested with a kind of solemnity. Among other virtues it opened at a touch, itself noiseless.

To Robert it was a veritable entrance to the dragon's cave. On one side of it everything was dim and quiet. And then it swung back and you fell through into the dragon's clutches. You heard the awful roar and your heart fainted within you.

His father, Christine and Maud were in the library. Robert knew they were all there though he could not see them. The library door at the end of the unlit passage stood half open, showing the handsome mahogany sideboard and the two Chippendale chairs on either side guarding it like lions. They had a curious, tense, still look, as though what they saw in the hidden side of the room struck them stiff with astonishment and horror.

Dr. Stonehouse was speaking. His voice was so low-pitched that Robert could not hear what he said. It was like the murderous, meaningless growling of a mad dog; every now and then it seemed to break free, to explode into a shattering roar, and then with a frightful effort to be dragged back, held down, in order that it might leap out again with a redoubled violence. It was punctuated by the sharp, spiteful smack of a fist brought down into the open hand.

Maud whined and once Christine spoke, her clear, still voice patient and resolute.

Robert crouched where he had fallen. The baize door swung back and touched him very softly like a hand out of the dark. It comforted him. It reminded him that he had only to choose and it would stand between him and this threatening terror—that it would give him time to rush back down the stone stairs—out into the street—farther and farther till they would never find him again. But he could not move. He couldn't leave Christine like that. His heart was sick with pity for her. Why did his father speak to her like that? Didn't he see how good and faithful she was? Didn't he know that he, Robert, his son, had no one else in the whole world?

THE QUIVER

His father was speaking more clearly—shouting each word by itself.

"You understand what I say, Christine? Either you do what I tell you or you get out of here."

"I shall always take care of Robert. I promised Constance when she was dying. She begged of me—"

"It's a lie—a lie. You're not fit to have control over my son. You can't be trusted."

"I have done all I can. I have told you there is only one thing left—to sell this house—start afresh—"

"Very well, then. That's your last word—and mine."

Suddenly it was still. The stillness was more terrible than anything Robert had ever heard. He gulped and turned like a small panic-stricken animal. At the bottom of the stairs, against the light from the kitchen, he could see the bailiff's bulky, honest shadow.

"Look 'ere, little mister, what's wrong up there—anything I can do?"

The silence was gone. It was broken by the overturning of a chair, by a quiet, sinister scuffling, Maud's voice whining, terrified, thrilled by a silly triumph.

"Don't—don't—Jim! Remember yourself!"

The door was dashed open and something fell across the light, and there was Christine huddled beneath the sideboard, her head resting against its cruel corner. Her face was towards Robert. He was not to forget it so long as he lived. It was so white and still, so angerless.

His paralysing terror was gone. He leapt to his feet. He raced down the passage, flinging himself on his father, beating him with his fists, shrieking.

"You devil—you devil!"

After that he did not know what happened. He seemed to be enveloped in a cloud of struggling figures. He heard the bailiff's voice booming, "Come now, sir, this won't do. I am surprised at a gentleman like you." And his father's answer, incoherent, shaken with rage and shame. Then he must have found his way upstairs. He never remembered how he got there, but he was lying in his bed, in all his clothes, his head hidden beneath the blankets, twitching from head to foot as though his body had gone mad.

Downstairs the Yale lock of the front door clicked. There was something steadfast and reassuring in the sound, as though it

were trying to send a message. "Don't worry, I shall come back." But Robert could not feel or care any more. He was struggling with his body as a helpless rider struggles with a frantic runaway horse. He found out for the first time that his body wasn't himself at all. It was something else. It did what it wanted to. He could only cling on to it for dear life. But gradually it seemed to weaken, to yield to his exhausted efforts at control, and at last lay stretched out, relaxed, drenched with an icy sweat. The real himself sank into seas of darkness, from which convulsive, tearing shudders, less and less frequent, dragged him, with throbbing heart and starting eyes, back to the surface.

His bandage had slipped off. He held it tight between his hands. He was too numb and stupefied even to think of Francie, but there was magic in that dirty, bloodstained handkerchief. It might have been a saint's relic or a Red Indian's amulet preserving him from evil. He knew nothing about saints or amulets, but he knew that Francie was good and stronger than any of them.

Downstairs the silence remained unbroken. It was an aghast silence, heavy with remorse and shame and self-loathing. It was like the thick dregs lying at the bottom of the cup. But to Robert it was just silence. He sank into it, deeper and deeper, until he slept.

He began to dream. The dreams walked about inside his brain and were red-coloured, as though they were lit up by the glow of a hidden furnace. All the people who took part in them came and went in great haste. Or they made up hurried tableaux—Francie holding the stick and looking at him in white anger, Christine huddled on the floor, his father black and monstrous, towering over her. Finally they all disappeared together, and Robert knew that it was because the dragon had woken up and was coming to devour them. He was climbing up from the dining-room. Robert heard his tread on the stairs, heavy, stumbling footsteps such as one would expect from a dragon on a narrow, twisting staircase. They came nearer and nearer, and with every thud Robert seemed to be lifted with a jerk from the depths in which he was lying and to be aware of his body stiffening in terror.

Then at the last step the dragon fell and Robert was awake. He sat bolt upright. There had been no mistaking that dull



"They're no good. I'm a soldier.
I'm cutting the enemy to pieces"—p. 22

Drawn by
W. S. Bagdatopulis

THE QUIVER

bump. It lingered in his ears like the echo of a thunder-clap. The dragon had fallen and killed himself, for he did not move. It was pitch dark in the room, but very slowly and quietly, under the pressure of an invisible hand, the door opposite his bed began to open. The light outside made a widening slit in the darkness. It was like sitting in a theatre watching the curtain go up on a nightmare. He could see the banisters, the glow from the hall beneath, and something black with a white smudge at the end of it lying stretched out from the head of the stairs. His body crawled out of bed. He himself wanted to hide under the clothes, but his body would not let him. It carried him on against his will. When he was near enough he saw that the long black thing was a man's arm and the white smudge a hand, clenched and inert, on the red carpet. His body tottered out on to the landing. It was his father lying stretched on the stairs, face downwards.

He tried to scream, but his throat and tongue were dry and swollen. Nor could he touch that still thing, in its passivity more terrible than in its violence. He was afraid that every moment it would lift its face and show him some new, unthinkable horror. He skirted it as though it might leap upon him and devour him, and rushed downstairs, faster and faster, with a thousand devils hunting at his heels, to the library.

Presently Maud stood in the doorway, looking at him. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and yet there was an air of importance, of solemn triumph about her.

"Your father is—is very ill. The man downstairs has gone for the doctor, and I am going to ask Christine to come round. You must be a good boy, Robert. You must do as I tell you and go to bed."

So they meant to leave him alone in the house with that dreadful still thing lying somewhere upstairs. Or perhaps it wasn't really still. It might have strange powers now. You might come upon it anywhere. You couldn't be sure. It might even be in your bed. He did not want to disobey Maud. Just then he could have clung to her. He had to hold fast to his body. It was beginning to run away again, to start into long agonized shuddering.

At last a key turned in the latch. Invisible people went up the stairs in silence. But he knew that Christine was among them. He knew because of the sense of

sweet security and rest that came over him. He tumbled on to the hearthrug and fell asleep.

He was cold and stiff when the opening of the library door awakened him. He did not know who had opened the door. All he saw was Christine coming down the stairs. Her face was old and almost silver grey. She was not crying like Maud, whose sniffs came assertively and at regular intervals from somewhere in the hall. There was a still, withdrawn look about her, as though she were contemplating something unbreakable that had at last been broken, as though a light had gone out in her for ever. So that Robert could not run to her as he had meant to do.

It was Maud speaking.

"You won't leave me, will you, Christine? Poor Jim—and then that man—I should die of fright. Besides, it wouldn't be right—not proper. To-morrow one of my sisters—"

"Very well. I will spend the night here. But Robert must go to my people. They won't mind now. I shall be back in half an hour."

She helped him into his reefer coat which she had brought down with her. And still he could not speak to her. She was a long way off from him. As they went into the hall he hid his face against her arm for fear of the things that he might see. But once they were outside and the good night wind rushed against his face a great intoxicating joy came over him. He wanted to dance and shout. The dragon was dead. No one could frighten them again.

"Aren't we ever coming back, Christine?"

"No, dear, I don't think so."

He looked back at the grim, high house. For a moment a sorrow as deep as joy rushed over him. It was as though he knew that something besides the dragon had died up there in that dimly lit room—as though he were saying good-bye to something he would never find again, though he hunted the world over.

He had been a little boy. He would never be quite a little boy again.

Or perhaps the dragon wasn't dead at all—perhaps dragons never died, but lived on and on, hiding in secret places, waiting to pounce out on you and drag you back.

He seized Christine's hand.

"Let's run," he whispered. "Let's run fast."

(To be continued)

Things Victorian



"The Quiver's" Diamond Jubilee Symposium

THERE is a tendency to-day to use the word "Victorian" as an epithet of depreciation, and THE QUIVER has asked a few distinguished men of the elder and the younger generation briefly to express an opinion as to the justice of this implied criticism. We believed that such a collection of briefly expressed reasons for or against this vogue of depreciation of Victorian art, literature and sociology would prove both instructive and interesting, as well as a fitting feature of our Sixtieth Birthday Number, and it will be very generally agreed that our belief has been amply justified.

There are still a few men left who lived right through the long reign of Queen Victoria, a Queen whose name as surely and definitely marks an epoch of national evolution as that of Elizabeth, and of these none is younger in spirit and more acute in intellect than

Frederic Harrison.

although he was born six years before Victoria's accession.

"The morals, manners, philosophy, literature and art of the main Victorian era," writes Mr. Harrison, "were manifestly superior to any that have succeeded them. Those who sneer at them desire a greater licentiousness in morals, manners and literature. As to philosophy and art—they have none."

By way of piquant



Frederic
Harrison

Photo:
Russell

contrast we will place side by side with this uncompromising opinion of a man of fourscore years and ten that of a man little more than a third of his age, a modern of the moderns,

Thomas Burke.

the brilliant author of "Limehouse Nights." He writes: "To me the Victorian age is sufficiently remote to have the charm of things long past. From so crowded an age it is difficult to select; but when I think of the Victorian age I visualize a certain parlour, seen from the height of the table, and its appointments—lustres, antimacassars, a musical box, Verdi melodies, and portraits of John Bright, Richard Cobden and W. E. Gladstone.



Thomas
Burke

Photo:
E. O. Hoppe

"It is these portraits that I see most clearly, and most vividly remember the reverential attitude with which they were regarded. I do not say that reverence of human creatures is altogether wise; but I do say that it is good, and that we to-day have lost all capacity for reverence. We have gained many things, moral and material, but we have certainly lost much. Men do not speak with admiration and regard of Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain or Lord Curzon. Is it their fault or ours? Ours, I think.

"No doubt these gentlemen possess all the qualities which distinguished Bright, Cobden and Gladstone, but they do not in-

THE QUIVER

spire reverence. And that is their loss, for I like to think it was the people's regard that enriched and strengthened the souls of the Victorian men in their battles. If the Victorians made gods of their front parlours and their politicians—well, it may have been foolish, but I think it was worth while. To-day we make no gods; we even treat our motor-cars on the level; and that is bad for motor-cars—and for us."

Perhaps it would be well to bring together now two strongly individualized men of letters, the one a great authority on all things artistic, in spite of the fact that he is a soldier and the son of a soldier; the other known to all the world as the author of "A Dead Man's Diary" and "God and the Ant," and who did yeoman's service during the war as an hon. recruiting officer. They are both, by birth and education, mid-Victorians.

Major Haldane Macfall,

author of "The History of Painting," writes: "As THE QUIVER on its 60th birthday asks me in my 60th year to say whether the sneer of 'Victorian' be justified, I suddenly realize that if 'Victorian' means 'mid-Victorian' I had my roots in that soil. Well, men's dress was against the age. No man can come to the sublime in side-whiskers. Tirpitz tried to be a Nelson in whiskers, but failed.

"Nevertheless the Victorian age had its moments. To-day we have no such galaxy in literature as the Victorians. Dickens and Thackeray wrote the great novel. The popularities of to-day in prose are somewhat mediocre, though every week assures us that some mediocrity is 'the greatest writer of the short story.' So far I have counted about thirty-seven. Dickens and Thackeray created characters who live and become our acquaintances like the creations of Shakespeare. To-day the novel is a mere narrative founded on the foreign analytical romance. It will not live; it creates nothing.

"Except in the genius of the great illustrators, painting in the Victorian age was pretty so-so. They had pre-Raphaelite academism, followed by the mediæval academism of the *Æsthetes*, when Morris and Burne-Jones tried to make England into a faked age of oak, so that chairs be-

came as comfortable as wheelbarrows to sit upon, and English was written like a back number of the 'Morte d'Arthur.'

"But the Victorians saw the great gentlemen-adventurers creating the majestic British tradition of great government, men who went forth for small pay, looking for little profit, but retiring in old age, their work done, on smaller pay, yet governing with clean hands and a lofty justice which made the English name a thing of gold—the Lawrences, Havelock, Outram, Gordon, Nicholson, and scores of others.

"Nevertheless the Victorian age was appallingly snobbish, and for the masses pitifully sordid. England had risen to what learned professors call, I think, the 'apogee' of the new capitalistic age that had been born, but the wage slaves huddled in sordid dens in their millions, illiterate, foul and pitiful. The position of women in the State was beneath contempt. A smug Puritanism was made to cover the hideous vulgarity of it all. But the genius of literature arose to lash it, and Dickens and Thackeray and the rest laid on with a will.

"To-day life is cleaner and freer and wider. The masses have been educating themselves; have combined; and have compelled a decenter day for themselves. Women have a chance in

life beyond prostitution on the one hand or house-drudge on the other. But the theatre, like the Press, is prostituted to commercialism. Vast profits guide the policy of the theatre, whilst the cheapness and comfort of the 'movies' are killing it by slow degrees. Yet, for all that, the *drama* is worlds above the drama of the Victorians, when it fell to the very deeps. The actor to-day is much more accomplished even if we have lost the great tragic school.

"We are shaking the dust of the war out of our coats and getting it out of our eyes, and peering to discover the realities of the new age that has arrived. Much that was vile in the Victorians has gone down; but it will not do to surrender what was pure gold. We stand upon the bridge between two eras. The youngsters are rather inclined to be cocksure. I wonder if they realize that fantastic and ridiculous mediocrity did not die with yesterday. And I also wonder if our overlords and pastors and



Major
Haldane
Macfall

Photo:
G. Vandyk

THINGS VICTORIAN

masters realize that a new age has been born, and that the Victorian shibboleths will not turn the key which unlocks the gate into its vast acreage."

Coulson Kernahan,

who was born about the same time as Hal-dane Macfall, says: "Taking the death of Queen Victoria as a dividing line, I do not trouble myself greatly when I hear the Victorian age belittled by some Georgians. There were Victorians who spoke in a similar strain of the pre-Victorians and pre-Victorians of the age immediately preceding theirs. Possibly some post-Elizabethans thought small beer of Shakespeare, and even in Shakespeare's own time someone may have asked, 'Where are the great poets and playwrights of to-day?'

"If the records went far enough back, we might even find that, before the Deluge, Shem, Ham, and Japheth thought their father as foolish as the ex-Kaiser proved to be when he spoke of Germany's 'future' being 'on the water.' Time, not the talk of a few folk of to-day, will cast the verdict for or against the Victorians. Meanwhile, the age which gave us Lister, Tennyson, Gladstone, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, de Lesseps, Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, Livingstone, Stanley, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Reay, Lord Morley, Lord Acton, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Whitman, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Nansen, Peary, Robertson of Brighton, Spurgeon, Irving, Bernhardt, Macaulay, Poe, Stevenson, Emerson, Newman, Kinglake, Carlyle, Ruskin, Landor, Hugo, Edison, Kelvin, Dewar (liquid air), Madame Curie, Lecky, Meredith, Beatty, Jellicoe, Farman, Orville and Wilbur Wright, Swinburne, the Brownings, Arnold, Henry James, Sir J. M. Barrie, Kipling, Hardy, Foch, Haig, Lloyd George, and the King—who is both Victorian and Georgian—to reel off a few names as they occur to one haphazard, need not go hat in hand apologizing for itself and its late existence to any present-day critic.

"But where we Victorians (being in my 64th year I may be permitted to count myself, if in the smallest of all ways, of that illustrious period) stand at salute to the Georgians is in their glorious war record of unexampled heroism, endurance, and sacri-

fice. For that, if for no other reason, theirs will be counted the Heroic Age."

Let us now hear the opinion of three literary journalists who laid the foundation of their reputation in the last decade of the Victorian age, and who are possessed of that Victorian versatility which has enabled them to turn their pens to a leader, a poem, an essay, a short story, as well as to do admirable editorial work—A. G. Gardiner, till lately editor of the *Daily News*, A. St. John Adcock, editor of the *Bookman*, and A. B. Cooper.

"A. G. G."

says: "The depreciation of an epoch by another is vain and childish. Each age is the expression of the human spirit in the terms of the conditions which prevail. The Victorian age had its vices. It was 'heady' with its victories over matter, and saw the Book of Revelation in its multitudinous factory chimneys. But it had great and noble virtues. It was 'a good European' in a sense that this tragic time has entirely lost. It had a social conscience, a high sense of public honour, and a passion for the things of the mind. It uttered itself through great voices—Ruskin, Gladstone, Browning, Bright—such as the world wholly lacks to-day. It had hope and a vision. What vision and what hope has the age that scoffs at it to offer?"

A. St. John Adcock

says: "To say the least of it, the present-day attitude towards things Victorian is premature. Some of our critics are brilliant, some of our novelists great, and some of our poets nearly so, but if we had postponed assuming superior airs towards their predecessors until we had produced critics, novelists and poets even a little greater than Arnold, Dickens and Tennyson, our condescension would have been impressive instead of only amusing.

"In sociological matters we have made a big advance, but, after all, it is only a continuation of the advance that the Victorians began. It is true Victorian commercial men were barbarous enough to add to their profits by employing small children in their factories and mines; but it is also true that there was enough civilized feeling among



Coulson Kernahan

Photo:
Kent & Lacey

THE QUIVER

their contemporaries to get the law passed which put an end to that shameful practice. Also the same generation was enlightened enough to give free education to the poor, and in other legislative ways it demonstrated humanity and intelligence to such an extent that it might reasonably be argued that if we are better than they it is because

we have been made good by Victorian Acts of Parliament.

"As for science, we have built wonderfully on certain foundations which they laid, but I don't think we need over-exert ourselves in boasting till we can point to present-day leaders who begin to dwarf Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and a few others. On



A. St. John Adcock Photo: Russell

the whole, it behoves us to cultivate our sense of proportion; then, perhaps, we should laugh more at ourselves and less at the Victorians."

A. B. Cooper

writes: "The true makers of the Victorian age were the evangelists of the eighteenth century—Wesley, Whitefield and their co-adjutors. Search and see if it is not true that all renaissances have had a spiritual begetting. The sneer against Puritanism is a very old one; the gibe of hypocrisy has always been levelled at enthusiasts by the Horace Walpoles and Lord Chesterfields of every age, as it is levelled at the pious Victorians by the pagan school of to-day.

"But when another great spiritual spring visits us and quickens literature and art—as it will—the men who put righteousness first—Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Ruskin, Carlyle, Lowell, Whittier, Whitman, Newman, Watts, Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, Livingstone, Gordon, Lawrence—to mention a few representative Victorians who took a spiritual view of life—will again be understood and be put back upon the high pedestals from which materialistic iconoclasts have hurled them. The things of the spirit are still spiritually discerned.

"The cure for our labour troubles, and through them of our financial troubles also, is not Bolshevism but evangelism. ('Ho! ho!' from the scoffers; but it is tremendously true.) The big, sound men of

Labour who fixed its general policy, organized its unions and won its freedom, learned to speak, to organize, to control, and to influence in the Victorian Sunday-schools and 'little Bethels' of sombre towns and industrial villages. And until politics, literature and art recapture that passion for righteousness and enthusiasm for humanity which marked the Victorian age—whatever its crudities and limitations, and they were not few—they will remain the sterile things they are today.

"The Georgians are amazingly clever. The German proved himself in the war diabolically clever. Do we also want to become a nation of clever devils?"

Hon. Gilbert Coleridge,

the son of the great Lord Chief Justice and a member of that distinguished family the chief ornament of which was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the friend of Wordsworth and Lamb, and the immortal author of "The Ancient Mariner," has many claims of his own to a hearing.

He writes: "Those who depreciate the Victorian period have indeed short vision. To prophesy is rash, but I believe that future historians will regard it as England's Augustan age. Profound peace, commercial prosperity and mechanical development combined to produce a company of writers equal, if not superior, to the Elizabethans. English art received a like stimulus. Watts, Millais, Whistler and the pre-Raphaelites enlarged its scope, while sculpture broke away from the traditional formalism of Chantrey and Flaxman. Science advanced more rapidly in that period than ever before in the history of the world.

"But to the sociologist the most significant feature of the Victorian age was the spread of altruism and humanity. For the first time did the public-school boy and undergraduate found missions and endeavour to love his neighbour as himself. It was under the ægis of Victoria, that kindly recluse under whose subtle and unconscious influence things seemed to grow, that the largest and



Hon. Gilbert Coleridge Photo: Russell

THINGS VICTORIAN

most beneficent organization that the world has ever seen was founded, the Salvation Army, of which the Boy Scout movement is now a worldly counterpart."

Everybody knows how the sons of a great Victorian prelate, Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, have all made for themselves a name of their own, and of this band of brothers none is more distinguished, both as scholar and man of letters, than

Arthur Christopher Benson

Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, who, besides being the author of such charming volumes of essays as "From a College Window," was joint editor with Viscount Esher of "Selections from the Correspondence of Queen Victoria" and the writer of monographs on Tennyson, Rossetti, and Ruskin, three of the greatest Victorians. It is not remarkable, therefore, seeing that his opinions upon literature and art of the Victorian period are so well known, that he should choose to concentrate his reply mainly upon the subject of education. He says:

"It is, of course, impossible to survey the whole field of Victorian activities in a few paragraphs, so I will take the subject with which I have been most nearly concerned, education, and try to say a few words about its progress in the Victorian era.

"It is doubtful whether higher education developed very satisfactorily during the period, though it is showing signs of very decided progress now. When the Queen came to the throne the tradition of the schools was the old classical curriculum and little else. This was thoroughly taught, and it produced in *Attic* minds a very distinct, though perhaps limited, kind of culture. As the century went on a number of new subjects claimed a place in education, science, history, modern languages, and so forth. But these subjects were simply forced into the old curriculum, with the result that the old classical training was largely sacrificed, while the new subjects could not be adequately taught.

"At the end of the period it began to be realized that the two main branches of education were the scientific and the literary, and a certain degree of moderate specialization took the place of the old confused curriculum, with very beneficial results. Speaking generally, I should believe that the type of education in vogue in secondary schools in the Victorian era possibly de-

veloped general intelligence, but did not, except in the case of the Attic minds, develop much intellectual or literary interest; but perhaps its greatest defect was its highly insular character; it made no attempt to acquaint boys with the history or the social movements of the European nations, and produced an unfortunate intellectual isolation, for which we ultimately paid a heavy price.

"On the other hand, the increase of elementary education has been very marked, and its effect has been profound, though perhaps more indirect than direct. It has not turned us into an intellectual nation exactly—the Anglo-Saxon has what may be described as a respectful suspicion of intellectual culture, but besides the moral and social effects elementary education has produced a habit of reading which has been



A. C. Benson Photo: Picatorial Agency

amply fed by an immense output of cheap papers, magazines and books.

"It is hard to say at present what has been the precise effect on the national mind. Fiction has stimulated imagination and emotion, but has developed a good deal of not very solid sentiment. Cheap newspapers have produced a much greater unity of national sympathy and widespread interest in political and social questions, and I believe are mainly responsible for the spread of combinations to secure improved conditions of life among the working classes."

Before giving the opinions of three of our leading novelists of the younger school, all of whom were schoolboys when Queen Victoria passed away, we will hear the author of that Harrovia novel "The Hill" and the very popular novel and play entitled "Quinneys," who had lived more than half his days when Victoria died, and whose first book was published in 1894—

Horace Annesley Yachell.

He writes: "As a collector, in a modest way, of things, I believe that the Early Victorian furniture will hold its own because of its excellent craftsmanship. I am doubtful of our porcelain of that period. The glass, too, although of superlative quality, will never be comparable with the

THE QUIVER

graceful eighteenth century specimens. Solidity always appeals.

"I notice, too, as a novelist and playwright, that the British public—as apart from the 'highbrows'—have an enduring affection for novels and plays that are essentially Early Victorian, inasmuch as they deal uncompromisingly with life as we would like it to be instead of life as it is.

"I confess to a sneaking fondness for the 'good old days' when a lady was a gentlewoman. Words had definite meaning when the Great White Queen reigned over us. A sportsman was a man who hunted, and shot, and fished. We knew where we were. And the income tax—! Yes, I should like to have the 'sixties' back with us, and I am sorry that the House of 'Awfully' Commons

has ceased to be the best club in Europe. Like the American banker who was bothered beyond endurance by claims on his purse and attention, I cling to life because I want to see what on earth will happen next!"

W. L. George

became a novelist less than ten years ago, his first work being "A Bed of Roses." He is likely to take a particularly detached view of the Victorian era, inasmuch as he was born in Paris, educated at the University of that city, served his turn in the French army, and on coming to England had to learn his own language!

He says: "It is the fate of most periods to be despised by the one which immediately follows and revered by the successor of the period which despised it. Of the Victorian period, one can say in general that it was over-rated by itself and is under-rated by us. So far as one can distinguish general characteristics, I suppose one can say that the Victorian period was mainly pious and materialistic. This was due to the creation of the middle class, which formed with the factory system, and which found it necessary to distinguish itself from the 'coarse' working class and the 'licentious' aristocracy. Also the middle class, having risen by wealth, tended to respect only wealth.

"But we must recognize the magnificence of the Victorian period. It was in England

the age of material discovery. Any half a dozen names, such as Darwin, Huxley, Lytton, Kelvin, Faraday, Crookes, etc., show an intense intellectual and speculative development. From that point of view the Victorian period can afford to compete with ours, even though we have seen flight and the wireless."



W. L. George

Photo: E. O. Hoppe

Hugh Walpole

wrote his first novel about the same time as W. L. George, and they would both describe themselves probably as "Edwardians." He is the son of the Bishop of Edinburgh, and served with the Russian Red Cross in the Great War. He is regarded by all the critics as in the front rank of contemporary writers.

He says: "I must congratulate THE QUIVER on its 60th birthday—a fine achievement, and especially fine in that it has kept its own character and independence unweakened from the beginning until now. As to your question, I should say in general that we have gained in intellectual cleverness and lost in moral greatness during these years. In literature, at any rate, the

general level of production, both in fiction and in poetry, is surely higher now than it was then. There is much less hypocrisy but more selfishness, a keener general interest in religious questions but almost none in dogma, much more inquisitiveness and far less living up to some standard, less condemnation of others and with that less fear of consequences, a general tendency to 'hear the other fellow's side,' which is good, but a determination at the end to follow one's own path—which is bad."



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Photo: Russell

Frank Swinnerton

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Photo: Samuels

THINGS VICTORIAN

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"I question whether anybody now knows quite what is meant by the term. It is used indiscriminately to describe comfort, leisure, literary copiousness, moral hypocrisy, anti-macassars and ugly furniture, the solid, the prosperous, and so on. All this can't be fair, but the war has produced (or rather brought to a head) such a love of licence, or, a determination to disregard rules, restraints and lawfulness, that any period notable for its orderly and substantial character *must* be sneered at. I do not know enough of the social conditions prevailing, with all their changes, through the Victorian period; but I assume that the chief note of the age was a reverence for and submission to laws, either of art or conduct. To this was added a love of the substantial which goes with prosperous trade."

"Nowadays, it seems to me, both in art and life, the younger generation has pushed aside rules, and, because it feels the unsatisfactoriness of such anarchy, is engaged in shouting at rules with all the rudeness at its command. But the tirade will probably die down, and then we shall

re-sort our notions, and reshuffle the novelists and poets, and come to the conclusion that all the fuss was a little raw and silly. By that time our new habits will have become stale; continence and sobriety will again be fashionable, and we shall once more live in an orderly state of society."



Hilaire Belloc Photo: E. O. Hoppe

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The original letter sent out contained the sentence: "There is a tendency to-day to use the word 'Victorian' as an epithet of depreciation, and I am asking a few of the older and younger generation to express an opinion as to the justice of this implied criticism." With true Shavian humour, "G. B. S." replies, with the personal pronoun strongly underlined:

"I am a Victorian."

A man who is acknowledged to be a master both by the older and the younger school of painters, who stands to English art in 1921 much as Byron stood to poetry exactly a century ago, as the only English artist who is really well known on the Continent, expresses his opinion on things Victorian with no uncertain sound.

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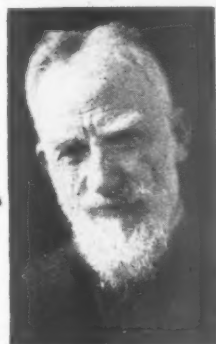


Photo: Harris

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Hilaire Belloc Photo: E. O. Hoppo

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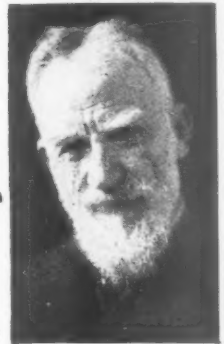


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THE QUIVER

'Victorian.' It had the mark of a period stamped upon it. What is being done to-day will leave no mark to show its period. There are so many copies, so many styles, that the only characteristic to mark the epoch is confusion. Besides, an age must



Frank Brangwyn
Photo: E. O. Hoppe

be adjudged by its best and not by its worst, and a period which in painting produced Watts, Alfred Stevens, Ford Madox Brown, Millais, Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, John Pettie, Cecil Lawson, Mason and Fred Walker, to mention a few names which occur

to me at random, cannot easily be ignored or even belittled. In fact, one may say that these men are of the best that England has produced, and that the Victorian age is one of the best periods England ever had in poetry, painting and statesmanship.

"But the child always thinks itself better than the parent, and it is characteristic of a new age to depreciate the work of the age immediately preceding it. Time is the great critic. It puts every man and every age where that man and that age 'belongs,' and we are too near the Victorian era to judge fairly. That there is much good work being done in England to-day goes without saying, but it is a mistake, both in literature and painting, to try to be eccentric and bizarre in order that one might be counted original."

Among the younger school of poets and dramatists there are few who command greater and more respectful attention than

John Drinkwater.

His dramatic character studies have brought more than one great period of history before the eye with remarkable clearness and insight, so that his opinion of things Victorian is the more valuable on that account. He writes:

"Amongst the Victorian poets and men



John Drinkwater
Photo: E. O. Hoppe

of letters there were many of great genius and courage, and it always seems to me the meanest kind of ingratitude for a generation that happens to work by different methods to throw over its predecessors, who not only have made their definite contribution to the work of the world, but have done much to make the new methods possible." That very distinguished literary critic,

Roger Ingpen,

contents himself with saying: "Some people will probably say that they were happier then than now; but they were younger then, and have now perhaps outgrown their capacity for enjoyment." And that distinguished young poet, novelist and playwright,

Compton Mackenzie,

writing from his Crusoe retreat, the Isle of Herm, says: "I consider that the Victorian age ranks, after the Elizabethan age, as the greatest in English literature."

Sir James Yoxall,

the well-known educationalist, writes:

"I have lived in both the Victorian and the neo-Georgian periods, and am not yet old and crusted enough to be *laudator temporis acti*. But if I had to declare my opinion as to which of the two periods were the richer in achievements by men of letters, artists, politicians and sociologists, I think I should have to say 'The Victorian.' And certainly there was not then so much abuse of the analytical method of thought, or of sentimental argument, or of morbid introspection among the younger people; there was no self-conscious *Intelligentsia*, and there was, I think, more general mental health."

Shella Kaye-Smith

is a very young woman, but like many other girls of the period she has a very decided opinion of her own, and is able to express it. As a novelist she would probably describe herself as a Georgian. Her opinion of things Victorian is as follows:

"I am afraid that my opinions on the Victorian era are scarcely printable. I can think of very little good that came to us then. It was in Victoria's reign that English people first began to gloat over their moral superiority over the rest of Europe. Up till then, Englishmen had boasted of their success, victories, possessions, etc.,

A READER'S APPRECIATION

after the naïve and not unattractive manner of children, but in the nineteenth century we added moral superiority to ourselves and became prigs.

"This is partly due to the fact that this century saw the rise of the middle classes on the industrial revolution, and these established a standard of respectability to give them character and duration. This arbitrary standard of respectability and consequent self-satisfaction has been the curse of England ever since. I think the Victorian age has done our country endless harm, the fruits of which we are only just beginning to reap. It has given us false ideals and a commercial spirit, it has nearly destroyed religion by making it respectable, and



Miss
Sheila
Kaye-Smith

Photo:
Pictorial
Agency

family life by making it conventional. It has established class barriers in a way they scarcely existed in the days of the Hanoverian landlords, and it has swallowed up almost everything that is natural and free and spontaneous. It is true we have already emerged from it to a great extent, but the effects are still with us. Our present industrial troubles are largely the natural consequences of our hypocritical brutality towards the working classes at the beginning of the industrial movement.

"I am afraid this is very strong language, but I feel rather strongly on the subject, and of course I do not forget the great philosophic and other movements that had their origin in that reign. But I feel that an era which has generated hypocrisy, conventionality and respectability has done more harm than any which was merely lawless or sterile; it is more difficult to escape the effects of it and to save good things from being permanently contaminated by its evil influence."



"The Quiver"

—As seen by a
Reader

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Between ourselves, you have written to me twelve times a year for some years, and I think courtesy demands a reply, for I am one of the big crowd that looks to the twenty-sixth of the month as a day to be remembered, the day when *THE QUIVER* comes out.

So I hope it will not bore you if I try to tell you what I like about my favourite magazine. Perhaps I ought to say that I like every word of it, but that would not be quite accurate, because sometimes I find an article commencing, "Cast on eight stitches and knit two tog. twice." These mysteries are too high for me. All the rest of the magazine is excellent. The continued stories are especially good. Somehow in *THE QUIVER* you seem to get away from the overworn path of the ordinary serial. I read a good many magazines, but I think there is a higher literary standard about *THE QUIVER* short stories. From the other magazines one would think humanity was mainly divided into unconvincing lovers and homicides! Now, I have a large acquaintance, and though I am happy to think it includes many lovers, I know hardly any homicides or even criminals of the lesser sort. Not one of my friends so far has even stolen a pearl necklace of enormous value, which

people are apparently doing every month. Your short stories are much more real, dealing with things as they are and people as they live.

But what I most seriously admire is your articles on social topics. The view is so sane, well informed, fearless and free of claptrap. I think articles like those recently, dealing with the problem of the working class, with psycho-analysis, with how we spend our leisure, must do a great deal of good—at any rate, they are wholesome food for thought. The drawings and illustrations you give us could not be improved upon. In short, for the modest shilling *THE QUIVER* gives one a most varied and interesting entertainment.

And a kindly, sympathetic humour tinges the whole of each number. I like to think that is the tradition which has been built up by the selective genius of the mysterious but friendly personality who chats with us each month in a column headed, "Between Ourselves." I think it makes *THE QUIVER* what it is, and makes *THE QUIVER* readers a happy family, trying to do their duty in a big world where, though there is much to do, much can be accomplished if we all cheerfully do our bit. May it long flourish!

Yours very gratefully,

A LOVER OF FRESH AIR.



"There I was gazed at and learnedly
discussed by visiting savants"—p. 39

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

The Strange Case of Jessamine Lynd

by Mrs C.N. Williamson

BEFORE the great war, in the peaceful days when people thought of other things than the price of shoes and sugar, everyone talked about the strange case of Jessamine Lynd. At least, so I'm informed. Being myself the strange case, I know only from hearsay. I'm told that, in what the English call the "silly season," there were paragraphs about me in the big newspapers day by day, and pages weekly in the scientific journals. When the war came, however, there was no room for me in the papers or in people's thoughts. "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Enchanted Princess" was forgotten.

That's what they called me, you see—I mean, the Fleet Street men. It made a good heading for a column. Oh, I've seen lots of those columns since! Darling old nurse cut them out and made a scrap book for me, in case I should ever wake up and come back to life. But I had better explain, in case you're one of those who forgot, or else so young that you never heard of me.

"So young that you never heard of me!" That does sound funny, when I look and feel no more than eighteen and practically am no more than eighteen. Yet all the same I've been eighteen—or rather, seventeen—for a long, long time.

I lived in Santa Barbara, California, till I was nearly seventeen, just having fun, and playing at lessons with a governess, who had been my mother's governess, too. My father had died when I was a tiny thing; and mother had married so young that she was more like an elder sister than a parent. I adored her, but I never thought of obeying her unless I liked; so when I was growing up she decided that the best way to turn me into a "young lady" of the right pattern would be to take me to Europe.

We were going to Paris to stay a year;

but we stopped in England on the way, because father had been an Englishman, and mother thought it might be nice to meet his relatives.

If he'd lived a few years longer he would have come into a title, and inherited a big house in London and a place in the country. He would have been Sir James Lynd, eighth baronet, a rich, important man, instead of just dear Jimmy Lynd, with a California ranch that never paid. As it was, his younger brother, Richard, was the baronet, and had the houses and money. Mother had managed to sell the ranch for all it was worth, however, so we weren't exactly poor relations; and we were invited by Lady Lynd to spend a couple of weeks in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, before we crossed to France.

I remember well the day we arrived!

My uncle's house was different from anything I'd ever seen, and I didn't know whether I admired it or not. But it was tremendously dignified, with brocade curtains, and satin coverings on rich-looking carved furniture. There were a great many portraits of haughty ancestors and ancestresses of ours; and at dinner the silver was splendid.

My uncle had three little children, one boy and two girls. The boy was six or seven, and the girls—twins—were five. I was taken to see them in their nursery, and at dinner they were allowed to come down for dessert, beautifully dressed. All three were as well behaved as marionettes at the table. I felt grown up compared with them (I would be seventeen in a month), but self-conscious because they, and all the family, had the air of thanking God that they'd been born happy English people and not foreigners of any sort.

That was in the year 1900!

Lady Lynd was something of an invalid, but an attentive mother. In order that

THE QUIVER

she could be without too much trouble when in London, the tall house had what we called an "elevator" and she called a "lift." I was much impressed with it, not dreaming of the terrible thing that was to happen, changing my whole future.

Even now I can't bear to dwell on that. The night of our arrival my darling, pretty mother fell down into the lift-shaft. She uttered an agonizing scream. I think I screamed, too. I was standing in the hall, and I should have jumped down after her, like a mad creature, if someone hadn't held me back. I struggled, and knew no more, for something seemed to snap in my brain. I'd always been a nervous, excitable child—and once I'd only just been saved as I was walking into an ornamental pond on our ranch in my sleep.



When I waked, it was with a sensation of a million sharp little needles pricking my skin. As I opened my eyes and looked about, the pricking instantly stopped.

"Miraculous!" said someone.

I wondered what was miraculous!

At first I didn't remember or try to remember the past. I was puzzling over the present, and my queer surroundings.

After that one exclamation, nobody spoke, so I had time to take everything in with a long, wandering look. I was in the whitest room you can imagine. I lay on a narrow white cot, and two women, dressed in white as nurses, stood near. There were also three men, and their clothes were very odd. They had on what seemed to be white smocks.

I lay on my side. There was a wet pad on my forehead, another at the back of my neck, and a third at the base of my spine. I seemed to be strapped into a weird apparatus, and there were wires and pulleys like those you see at a dentist's.

Suddenly I remembered about mother and the horrible lift-shaft.

"Oh, tell me she wasn't killed!" I begged of a youngish man with a big nose and brilliant eyes, who was bending down and staring hard at me.

"Killed—whom do you mean, my child?" he asked.

"Mother," I whispered.

Another man—an older one—came forward.

"All is well with your mother," he said. "Don't worry."

"If all's well with her I want to see her now—this minute!" I insisted.

"You shall see your old nurse," he soothed me. "She's waiting in the next room. You remember her?"

"Remember! Of course I remember!" I snapped. "Why shouldn't I remember? Is anything wrong with my brain? Did I fall down—or jump down—the shaft after mother fell?"

"No, you fainted," replied the elderly man, who looked as if he were born to be a nice, kind, family doctor. "Nothing is wrong with your brain, we hope and believe."

Meanwhile the third man had gone to a closed door, opened it, and whispered. One second later a dear, familiar form shot past him and rushed to me. "My lamb—my lamb! You've come back!" babbled my old nurse Betsy Bean ("Beanie"), who'd lived with us since before I could walk.

She plumped down on her knees beside my cot, and tried to stifle sobs, when the youngish man with the big nose and brilliant eyes said: "Don't forget your promise!"

Perhaps it was partly because her face was crinkled up with crying, but when she came close I saw that she looked years older than she'd looked last night—or whenever it was. I thought I must have been very ill, and made her horribly anxious.



It would take too long to tell how I found out everything, and learned that I—Jessamine Lynd—was a "strange case." They would have liked to wait till they were sure I was able to bear the shock; but I persisted so, and grew so excited, that the man with the brilliant eyes said they'd better risk it. He and the old doctor and Beanie stayed in the room, sending the others out, even the nurses; but by this time I'd had a cup of chicken soup, and was propped high against pillows. All the funny, machine-like things had disappeared; and though I was anxious, I felt singularly vital and alive.

It was the old doctor who explained the most, Beanie chiming in now and then, and the youngish man (who was a doctor, too, named Francis Rentoul) watching me quietly while the others talked.

Well, to make a long story short, my "faint" had merged into a trance. At first they thought I was dead. Then they

THE STRANGE CASE OF JESSAMINE LYND

found I wasn't. I was simply asleep. Yet not quite "simply," because I went on sleeping, world without end, and became the eighth wonder of it, till people grew tired of, and forgot me.

Naturally Sir Richard Lynd couldn't, as he said, have his house turned into a sort of museum. Other quarters had to be found for the strange case. My uncle took a room for me at a nursing home in a nice (cheap) suburb. There I was gazed at and learnedly discussed by visiting savants. Beanie, who wouldn't desert her "Baby Lamb" (I wasn't a "strange case" for her!), lurked in lodgings close by, and came to weep over the said lamb day by day.

All sorts of experiments, in the hope of rousing without killing me, were tried by medical men, without success. I lay as if quietly asleep—pale, though otherwise natural—and took a little milk now and then, dropped into my mouth from the point of a spoon. I was duly bathed and my hair brushed. Now and then I was changed from one bed to another, always—winter and summer—near an open window. Though the years went on, and waking people who'd been young faded into middle age, I remained to all appearance seventeen.

At last that astonishing man Francis Rentoul had his attention drawn to my case. When he first heard of it he was working in a French hospital curing shell-shock of various sorts (cases pronounced hopeless by other doctors) with the use of a marvellous electrical "Stimulator" which he had invented. It occurred to Rentoul that the Stimulator might awaken the "Enchanted Sleeper," and he made a note to remind himself of Jessamine Lynd when he should have time to attend to her. At last, when the war was over and he could get away from work, he hurried back to England to experiment upon me, if allowed.

He was allowed (it would have been money in Uncle Richard's pocket if I'd exploded or gone up in smoke), and the result was as I've described. Which brings me back to the moment when it was broken to my intelligence that I'd slept for twenty years—from the night of my mother's death in June, 1900, until June, 1920.

As soon as I heard this I uttered a shriek and demanded a mirror. When Beanie gave me a hand-glass I shut my eyes for an instant. I was afraid to look.

Soon, however, I screwed my courage to open my eyes, prepared myself for the worst, and saw—the best!

I mean, I was better looking than I'd ever been, and—so far as I could observe—not an hour older. The freckles which used to trouble me were gone. My skin was smooth and creamy-white, like ivory, touched with rose on cheeks and lips. Surely my lashes were thicker and darker than before! As for my hair—well, I really *did* think it perfectly beautiful! It had always been pretty, if rather too straw coloured. Now it was bright golden brown, and so long that the two fat braids it was plaited in lay like shining snakes on the coverlet.

Dear Beanie had fretted lest I should grow up too plump; but I was satisfyingly slim, and my throat rose out of my plain nightgown long and white.

I loved myself! And the relief was intense.

The next question was, what should be done with me when I left the nursing home?

Sir Richard had been so sure the Stimulator experiment wouldn't succeed after all those years of failure that he hadn't troubled to come up from his country house to be present. He was telephoned for, however, and motored to town promptly. As his place was near Marlow, the journey was short, and the two doctors (Rentoul, who lured my spirit back from the Land of Nod, and the Lynd family physician, Dodge) were still with me.

My uncle was kind, but he couldn't help treating me more like a mechanical doll come alive than a human niece. He explained that though I'd been living—or rather, sleeping—at his expense during my long trance, and a certain amount of money had accumulated for me in the bank, there wasn't enough to live on in these days. Just what he meant by "these days" he didn't say; but it was plain that he thought there was something gloomy about them, and I was awesomely thrilled. He must, he added, make me an allowance whatever I decided to do; but it would be less expensive for him if I remained in England.

"In that case," he went on, "you would join us as a member of my family. I've already consulted my wife, and she has talked things over hastily with the girls. They agree with my proposal, and will welcome you, of course. The one stipula-

THE QUIVER

tion they make in the matter is—er—that you consent to change your name of 'Jessamine' to something else—less conspicuous."

"Change my name!" I echoed, staring blankly at him as I sat up in bed. He looked *quite* twenty years older than he had last night—I mean than he had looked seven thousand, two hundred and forty nights ago. Also he looked a good deal embarrassed.

"You see, it would—er—be disturbing to family life if everybody who met a new member of the household regarded her as a strange case. You were forgotten by the newspapers during the war, but interest would revive unpleasantly again if—"

"My goodness!" I gasped. "Has the Boer War lasted all this time?"

"Boer War?" repeated Sir Richard, his eyes dull as boiled gooseberries. But suddenly they brightened. "Oh, of course!" he murmured. "You couldn't know. You will have a good deal to learn—in many ways. No, the Boer War ended—some time ago. There has been—another war since. But never mind now. We must decide quickly about your future. If you live with us, as I hope you will, I fear the change of name is essential to the—er—general comfort. Say Mary."

I didn't want to change my name, or say Mary; and I didn't want to live with Sir Richard and Lady Lynd. But I couldn't be selfish enough to choose the life which would cost him most. I said I'd stay in England, and live as he liked, and have what name his wife liked, if I could keep Beanie. He consented almost eagerly to this. Mrs. Bean might act as my maid, he remarked.

Beanie as a maid! I didn't see her in the part. But then, I'd never had a maid. I'd merely read about ladies' maids in books. There they were French, wore high heels, got kissed behind doors by young men, and cried "Mon Dieu!"

When Sir Richard had gone to make arrangements and talk over things with matron and Doctor Dodge, Beanie herself crept in, on the flattest of heels. Doctor Rentoul had waited to see his patient again after the uncle's departure, she informed me. He wanted to know if I were equal for a short chat with him?

I was glad to say "yes," because I felt instinctively that he took more real, personal interest in my welfare than anyone except Beanie.

When he came back into the room, and sat where Uncle Richard had sat, holding my hand (Uncle Richard didn't hold it, but *he* did, a finger on my pulse), I had more time to study Doctor Francis Rentoul than at first. I saw that he wasn't young after all; at least, not young as I'd always thought of youth. He might, I decided, be about forty. That still seemed old to me. I *couldn't* make it feel true that I myself was thirty-seven instead of seventeen!

He talked to me for a while about my sensations and symptoms (not that consciously I had symptoms) and the treatment—electric massage—which was to tone up my unused limbs. The more we talked the better I liked him! I liked his face, too, which reminded me of a picture I'd seen at uncle's: the great Duke of Wellington. The same big, clever nose, and brilliant, piercing eyes which could be kind. I liked Doctor Rentoul as a young girl likes a man too old for her to want to dance with. And my heart went out to him in gratitude for his sympathy about mother, whose loss Uncle Richard had dismissed from our conversation as ancient history.

Doctor Rentoul meant, he said, to stop in England for some weeks, before leaving for the Far East. And though he dropped no hint that this was for my sake, I had a dim suspicion that he wished to be on hand to "watch the case." Perhaps he feared if he turned his back too soon I might drop off to sleep again! But he needn't worry about that, I told myself. His miraculous Stimulator had made me feel more alive than I had ever felt. It was as if I'd gone to bed tired out, and waked after a restful nap.

"I shan't be seeing you, Miss Lynd," he said. "I'm a busy man in my sphere, and you'll be busy in a very different one. Your relatives are fashionable sort of people, I understand—in these days."

("These days," again! What was so special about these days? I wondered once more.)

"I expect that you'll be very well and very happy," he went on. "You won't want me or any doctor, once you're away from this home. Still, if by chance you *should* need advice, or help of a sort you couldn't get from those around you, come to me. I'd like you to promise to do that. Will you?"

"Why, yes, thank you," I said. "I'd be glad to promise—if you wouldn't mind



"'Isn't it like nothing on earth?'
they asked each other"—p. 43

drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

THE QUIVER

being bothered by a stranger, in case I took you at your word."

"I wouldn't mind being bothered," he repeated, with a smile that had the greatest charm. "You see, I don't feel as if you were precisely a stranger. Perhaps you won't understand; but I have a—sense of responsibility about you."

"Oh, I do understand!" I assured him.

"You mean, for bringing me back?"

"Yes, for bringing you back," he took my definition. "Especially in days like these."

"What kind of days are these?" The question burst out at last.

"Rather wonderful, but—different," he said. "You'll have to discover what they're like for yourself; and that's partly why I— But I must be saying good-bye now. Or—will it be *au revoir*? For your sake I hope not. For mine—well, we shall see! Here's my card, with an address on it that'll always find me while I'm in England."



I was kept on at the nursing home for the electric massage advised by Doctor Rentoul; and news of my health was sent him by long-distance telephone to Manchester, where he was giving a course of lectures on obscure shell-shock cases. But, learning that all was well, he paid me no second visit.

My progress amazed everyone in the home. At the end of a week I could walk without help, though with rather a mincing step. Then I was pronounced ready to take up life again.

As the Lynds had a house-party at Marlow they didn't come to see me, but Lady Lynd intended returning to entertain me in Norfolk Street. There I was to be fitted out with a wardrobe, for my present possessions in that line consisted mostly of nightgowns!

On the seventh day she was to call for me in her car, bringing a few garments to get me away in; but at the appointed time a nurse, knocking at my door, announced the "Misses Lynd."

There was just a second for me to think "How weird that they should be grown up!" when a couple of objects lolloped into the room.

I almost gasped aloud. I'd never seen anything like them, not even in a comic valentine. They were tall and lean as

beanstalks, but their dresses were nearly up to their knees, showing the thinnest legs imaginable. I should have thought girls would do anything to hide such spindle-shanks. But to make things even worse, they wore silk stockings, transparent as gauze. You could see their skin—a pale, shiny pink, like a young mouse before its fur has grown out much.

And then, their frocks! They were of different colours. One twin wore a kind of tomato red with touches of blue, and her sister was in purple somehow mixed with green. The materials themselves were beautiful, but spoiled by the way they were made: not only laughably short, but so narrow at the knees that the girls could hardly walk, so wide at the hips—all in funny bunches—that the creatures might have been pincushion dolls. The two wore fearfully high-heeled shoes—like what I used to call "party shoes"—though it was afternoon. Their hats looked as if they'd been sat on and played ball with. The feathers in one, instead of being beautiful curled ostrich plumes, were straight on each side of a stiff stem, like a fish's spine; and the other had awful stick-up things, the image of a porcupine's quills. Under these hats the girls' hair was pulled forward to cover their ears, which (I supposed) must be ugly or deformed, since I'd been told that a pretty ear is a charming ornament.

I didn't know what to make of these caricatures, and could scarcely believe they were my cousins till one of them said, "How do you do? We're Jane and Bridget Lynd."

"Oh!" I breathed. "I thought my cousins' names were Jeanie and Bridie."

The girls laughed. "One doesn't *have* names like that in these days! They were for our mothers."

I felt slapped. Did they think I was old enough to be their mother? Perhaps I was in years—nearly, though not quite. But in spite of their dresses—fit only for children of under *ten*—their faces, I'm sure, were much older than mine. They actually had on powder and paint, and red stuff on their lips.

"You are 'Mary' now, aren't you?" Jane asked.

"I suppose so, as you all wish it," I replied.

"It's a whole lot better than 'Jessie,'" said Bridget, "and it will save you from being thought a *freak*."

THE STRANGE CASE OF JESSAMINE LYND

"If anyone is a freak, my dear, you are!" I said in my sleeve. But I didn't say it aloud; I couldn't understand why they dressed like that! I wondered if it were for a bet, or vow?

"We've brought you some togs of ours to roll home in," explained Jane. "Mums has a beastly headache, her poor old bean nearly splittin', so Bick and I buzzed round to fetch you. We're all in town for a bit, doin' a jazz or two, and you can get some glad rags run up in a hurry."

I missed the meaning of half her words. It seemed to be a new language she was speaking. And she dropped off all her final "g's," as I used to hear quite common people do at home.

While she talked a servant knocked, and deposited a miniature trunk on the floor. Jane said it was a suit-case and opened it. Then she began tumbling things on to my lap as I sat curled up on a sofa in a dressing-gown.

"We didn't know if you'd got undies yet, as you hadn't been out of your room," Bick explained. "So here are some."

"Undies?" I repeated. "What's *that* word?"

The two squealed with laughter. "Oh, is that since your day? Well, underclothes—lingerie; my hat, how stiff it sounds!"

Stiff was more than the "undies" looked. They were transparent as handkerchiefs, and not much bigger, even the— But I needn't go into details. My startled eyes roved from these films to a gown of sorts: a queer, knitted silk thing with no shape to it, and a shepherd's plaid skirt in flat pleats, about a yard in length.

"You must be joking," I exclaimed. "You don't expect me to put on these?"

"What's the matter with 'em?" Bick wanted to know.

"They're—they're not decent!" I stammered.

Both twins roared with ribald joy. "We're forgetting, Jinks," choked Bick. "She's *pre-Edwardian*, poor dear—though I must say she doesn't look it."

Then both girls went on to make clear—or as clear as they could in their post-war language—that what they wore and did and said were the latest, up-to-date things to wear and do and say. "Nobody talks of anything so deadly dull as being 'decent' these days," Jinks patronized me. "You do what's done—or what you think will be done to-morrow. You have to be

It—or else out of it. There's nothing doin' in between."

I was crushed but unconquered, and I wouldn't put on those horrors they'd brought me.

When asked if she had kept my clothes, it appeared that Beanie had. She potted off to her lodgings next door, and soon returned with a big bundle. This contained a hat, a cloak, a gown, and a pair of corsets; the very ones in which I'd arrived at Norfolk Street in 1900.

Jinks and Bick shrieked. To laugh, apparently, you must make a loud noise now, or nobody will hear you with the noise they and everybody else are making. We used to tinkle; and I intended to tinkle still, whether I were It or not.

The corset was a very nice one, going up high to fit the bust, and going in well to fit the waist, but my cousins laughed till they cried over it. Bick suggested sending the thing to the British Museum; but Jinks wasn't sure whether it would suit the Mummy Room, or ought to be featured among skeletons of extinct species.

The sleeves of the pretty summer-silk frock brought hysterical tears to their eyes; but I *would* wear the dress, which fitted me perfectly; and they sobbed into their singular chiffon handkerchiefs when they saw me in it. "Isn't it like nothing on earth?" they asked each other. "Who *would* have thought our parents and sponsors in baptism could have shown themselves in such ghastlinesses? Look at the length of the skirt! She might be a baby in arms, or an old lady of ninety in the shade!"

In my opinion the length of the skirt (which reached to my insteps) was just suited to a girl of seventeen, whereas I—well, goodness alone knew *what* I was! I should have feared it was *too* short; but contrasting with my cousins' skirts, almost up to their absurd knees—and no petticoats!—I was fairly respectable.

The hat—a kind of sailor—was pronounced *impossible*. The twins said they could never look even the *chauffeur* in the face again if I wore it. So on that point I yielded, but I wouldn't have my hair pulled over my ears—I wasn't ashamed of them, I said!

The motor-car—which they called a limousine—was a surprise to me. It looked like a boudoir on wheels. The automobiles I remembered were quite different. They had "tonneaux," and if it rained you put

THE QUIVER

up a sort of hood. The speed, too, was bewildering. If I hadn't been too proud I should have seized my cousins' hands and panted. But instead, I bit my lips and *prayed*. Beanie was sitting with the chauffeur (somewhat to his disgust, I fancied), and her back looked so broad and calm it comforted me a little. This was well, because what I saw of the streets made me feel as if I *needed* comfort.

The girls hadn't deceived me after all. Other women were going about loose in the same barefaced—or rather, bare-legged—manner, contriving to look, somehow, as if they had on *nothing* under their dresses, and wanted everyone to know it.

Many of the men, too, wore the most curious suits; a nasty, mustard-yellow-brown with caps to match. Jinks and Bick went into fits again when I remarked upon this.

"The poor thing has never seen khaki!" they squealed, and explained to me that it was the uniform in which the war had been fought and won by the Allies. Oh, how dreary it was compared with the fascinating uniforms I remembered, which made you feel you *must* marry into the Army, whether you were in love or not! I *hated* being called an "old thing" by females who looked old enough to be my aunts, but the epithet didn't sound as insulting as it might, because they used it for each other, varied by "old kid," or "old egg," which last struck me as *peculiarly* offensive.

I seemed to experience a thousand sensations before the haughty chauffeur drew up at the house I remembered. The sight of it, with its window-boxes and awnings, was like a warm, kind breath from a peaceful past, because it might have been yesterday when mother and I alighted there from a four-wheeled cab, blissfully ignorant of our fate. I yearned to get indoors, into the atmosphere of other days which nice old furniture gives. But, merciful goodness, I had a shock!

The comfortable square entrance hall, with its oak panelling and its red Lincrusta walls hung with sporting pictures, was now—a *scream*. I can't think of any other word to express the colours, and the pattern of the gold and black stuff on the wall which was like streaks of lightning.

As for the drawing-room where I was taken for tea, it was a nightmare: a black carpet, a black dado on a white wall; great divans of gold tissue piled with cushions

of every crude colour under the sun—blues and greens and stark purples huddled together, though I had always been told to keep them *far* apart. The remembered furniture was gone, and nearly everything was made of bright green or red with Chinese people and temples in gold. Lacquer, Bick said it was, and about the pictures I dare not speak. I couldn't even tell what they were meant to represent.

When it dawned upon the girls that I didn't *admire* the decorations, they moaned "Isn't she *priceless*! Of course, she's never heard of Bakst, or Augustus John, or Nevins, or *anyone*!"

We were at this stage when Lady Lynd came in, and when I saw that she also had a dress half-way up her legs (at her age, when she has to wear a *wig* or something on her head, the colour of mahogany!), my knees felt like poached eggs. It seemed as if every tradition was swept away from me.

They hustled me through tea, and upstairs, for fear anyone should come and see my "funny old frock," but my bedroom was just as bad in its way as the drawing-room. It had black and red check curtains, and I don't know what of other terrors!

Kindly (she thought) but firmly, Lady Lynd insisted that I must conform with the fashion of "these days." I must let the girls lend me things of theirs till I possessed things of my own, she said. Tired out at length, I wavered, and consented at least to *see* the things suggested. After this there was a pause, as between two shocks of earthquake; then arrived Jinks and Bick, dressed (heaven save the mark!) for dinner.

I hadn't seen them till now without their hats, and the sudden baldness of their foreheads struck me like a blow. Their hair was strained back at the top, but pressed forward over the cheeks, and involuntarily I put up a hand to touch my own little tendril curls, such as are *meant* to stray over a woman's brow. Their faces were pale with powder (instead of wholesome pink and white like mine), and their lips, being painted geranium red, gave quite an evil effect with their black hair.

Later I learned from fashion plates and criticism of myself by my cousins that the smart thing was to be quite flat, and have immensely long legs with little more shape than pipe-stems. But at the moment the two confined themselves to urging my ac-

THE STRANGE CASE OF JESSAMINE LYND

ceptance of a few bits of thin stuff they called "ninin." "Ninin's specially suitable for *you*," they giggled. But I didn't agree—anyhow, to so little of it; and as a compromise I went to bed.

That was only the first of many compromises, most of them in the form of frocks. I drew the line at my shoulder blades and ankles. But when new things came home I found that the said line had been a good deal waived by the dress-makers. Consequently I was never at ease; and dis-ease bears a bad resemblance to the sulks. I was like the bat in the fable who could fight neither for birds nor beasts. I hung between past and present, as Mohammed's coffin hung between heaven and earth. My relatives were ashamed of me, and I was ashamed of them and myself.

"A pretty little frump," I heard one of Bick's young men say of me behind my back. "One doesn't know how to get *at* her. She has no personality of her own."

Which was hard, considering how earnestly I tried to hide my "personality," not to be a "freak" in a world of bewilderingly different freaks!

This happened after we'd gone to Marlow, where the house was no more restful than the one in town. I went in from watching the twins' "crowd" jazz on the lawn to dish-smashing strains on the gramophone, and wept on Beanie's shoulder—the one comfortable spot where I felt thoroughly at home.

"What shall I do, Beanie darling?" I wailed.

"Do, my precious?" she flung back fiercely. "Do what I've been praying for you to do since you waked up, only it wasn't my place to tell you unless you

asked. Be *yourself*—your beautiful, old-fashioned little self, simple as a violet and sweet as a rose. Show the men what a young girl ought to be like, and take 'em



"Lady Lynd began putting into clear, concise words what the family thought of me"—p. 46

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

all away from those two futurist cats!" Wasn't it clever of Beanie to call Jinks and Bick "futurist cats"? Though one couldn't, after all, live long near the Lynds without having the word "futurist" drummed into one's intelligence!

Somehow, as I listened to this advice, I *knew* that I could follow it. I wanted to follow it. I could hardly wait! That

THE QUIVER

night I lay awake and built up a plan. Next morning I began to carry it out.

I said frankly to Uncle Richard that I felt myself a burden on the household, yet I didn't want to cause him expense. Would he lend me the disused lodge at the west gate, and let me furnish it with discarded things that had been packed away in the garret? Beanie and I would live there alone, and we could all visit each other every day. The poor man tried not to beam with joy as he consented.

There were lovely old pieces of furniture in the attic, and I had my choice. It was the first thing I'd enjoyed since coming to live with the Lynds. I had *carte blanche* in chintzes and wallpapers, and gradually the little den took on the air of dear days I had known. I put potpourri and lavender and flowers everywhere; then I attended to myself. Beanie and I remade all my old clothes from America so cleverly that they might have been fashioned at any time. I wore my hair not in the newest but the most becoming fashion, and when I went to the big house for tennis, a *thé dansant*—or a dinner when some girl guest had failed at the last minute—I simply behaved as it had been nice for girls to behave in 1900.

Jinks and Bick would have bet thousands of pounds against my success if they'd known in time what I was up to. Yet I did succeed beyond my—beyond Beanie's—wildest dreams. The little lodge among the lilies and roses became a sort of shrine.

For a while revenge was sweet. It was peaches and cream. Beanie did nothing but grin like a Cheshire puss. "Cats," she'd mutter under her breath. "They think a girl can't get a man unless she smokes like a chimney and dances like a demon, and talks slang like a—gutter-snipe! They say it's vulgar for a woman to have a figure that sticks out anywhere. She must show her legs if she wants to be smart! But we'll teach 'em, my lamb and I! The more female a pretty woman is the more a male man will admire her, provided she's got sense to be herself and not copy other women. So there you are!"

So there I was.

Captain Lynd (the grubby boy I'd met twenty years ago) came home from India, visited the shrine, and proposed to me. So did half his friends who spent weekends at Marlow. So did *more* than half the twins' "best boys," and one South African

millionaire. I lured them to it, in all the old-fashioned ways I knew or had inherited, and had never discarded as worn out. I blushed. I made great play with my eye-lashes. I cried a little now and then, but never enough to make my nose red. I danced the old dances I remembered, in dresses that suited them. I sang "Arnie Laurie" and "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." Oh, it worked like magic, and I was getting my own back when the blow fell!

It was just after the business of the millionaire, who'd been marked down for Bick. And on top of that had come the proposal from Willie Lynd.

My uncle and aunt walked down to the lodge as I was about to dress for a ball at their house; and Lady Lynd—braver than her husband—began putting into clear, concise words what the family thought of me. Sir Richard would have preferred to be anywhere else, but he was lashed to the mast. (She *did* rather look like one!)

I was, according to Lady Lynd, a designing snake in the grass, and when I asked if there *were* such things it only made her worse. Evidently I had contrived to crawl out of the grass, to find lodgment in the family bosom, and then bite the hand that fed me. If I'd lived a century earlier I should have been burned as a witch—and deserved it. But the end had come! It was the duty of parents to protect their children, and Jinks, Bick and Willie had got to be saved from my machinations.

A perfectly good, brand-new millionaire was being brought by someone to the dance that night, and Lady Lynd desired that I would not appear.

"We have wired a tourist agency to get you a ticket at once for the States, no matter *what* port; expense no object," she added. "We will pay your fare, and that of the dreadful old harridan who aids and abets you. After you reach your native land you will have enough money to shift for yourself. Or if not, you have but to offer yourself to a freak museum and you can earn a fortune. We don't care how conspicuous you make yourself when you are three thousand miles away from us."

I said nothing; but inwardly I was tempted to sneak, in my prettiest muslin frock *à la* Gainsborough—to the house and use my most reliable, old-world methods to nab the new millionaire. The mood passed in a storm of tears, however, when

THE STRANGE CASE OF JESSAMINE LYND

the avenging angels had gone. I was dreadfully sorry for myself, but I was sorry for them, too. I didn't want to make a fortune in a freak museum. I didn't know *what* to do! My soul rebelled against self-destruction. But—I told myself—I wouldn't so much mind going to sleep again.

Suddenly, with this idea, a great thought flashed into my head—the thought of Francis Rentoul.

I had his address in London. He might not yet have gone. If he had, I felt he would have sent a message of good-bye.

It was late, but not too late. Beanie and I looked up trains. We could catch one for town, and arrive before midnight. I wouldn't ask for one of Sir Richard's motors, so we walked to the station, and got there just in time.

At Paddington we found a taxi and rushed to Half Moon Street. What if Doctor Rentoul were out—or away—or I were refused at the door? My heart beat to suffocation. Everything seemed suddenly to depend on finding him; and I could have sobbed a thanksgiving when a butler-looking person (landlord of the lodgings, perhaps)—said that the doctor had just come in from delivering a lecture. If I were a patient—

"Oh, I am!" I snatched the words from his mouth.

I was allowed to enter. The landlord tapped at a door on the ground floor, and in a sedate voice mentioned my name—my real name. Jessamine Lynd seemed to rouse no recollection in him.

Instantly the door flew open. Francis Rentoul—his eyes more brilliant than ever—almost pulled me in, while Beanie (to whom I'd not told my purpose) sat down to wait in the hall.

Tears of joy were in my eyes as I sobbed, "Oh, *why* did you never come to see me—and give me good advice?"

"I waited," he said gravely, "for you to come to me."

"Did you think I would come?" I choked.

He was still holding my two hands in one of his. With the other he took his big, good-smelling silk "hanky" and dabbed my eyes. "Yes," he answered. "I thought you would come—sooner or later."

"Why?"

"Well—you were bound to be a storm centre. And when you were tired of being it, I believed—I hoped—you'd turn to me."

"You were right!" I wept. "I'm so unhap-happy!"

"You were bound to be that, too, poor girl, in the set you were in. You see, the sort of young women you've been among have gradually leaked from the nineteenth century into the twentieth as easily as they breathe. But you were flung headlong from one century far into another. You've lived in a sort of continuous mental earthquake."

"That's just it," I sighed. "But it wasn't my fault, though everyone is so cross."

"No, in a way it's *my* fault. But I'm not cross!"

"I'm glad you're not," I said. "Because I've come to ask your help, as you told me I might. I can't go on living as I've lived! You waked me up to the twentieth century. I beg you to send me to sleep again till the next, when maybe the world will have turned back to my ways again. Oh, do! You *can*, can't you?"

"Perhaps I could," he answered slowly. "But I don't want to. Would Pygmalion have turned Galatea—his beautiful handiwork—back to marble? She had to pray to her patron goddess to get that done. You see, Pygmalion loved his Galatea."

"But," I burst out. "But—"

"Yes, I *do*. That was what you were going to ask, wasn't it?"

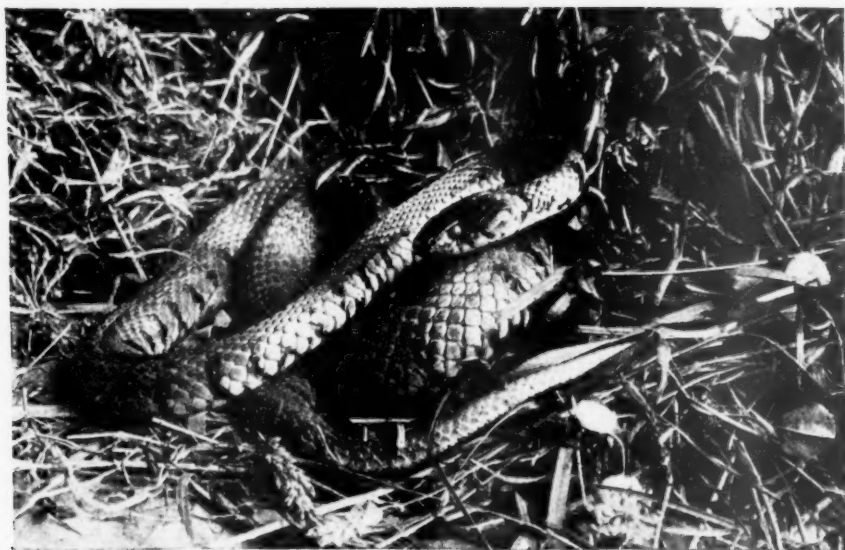
"I *couldn't* have asked!"

"No, because you really are what your cousins called 'pre-Edwardian.' But I tell you without being asked. I love—I adore you, my Galatea! And if instead of going back to sleep you'll stay awake for me, I'll take you not into the nineteenth century, but into the age of beautiful legend, before people bothered to separate one century's style from another. I've been waiting only *for you*—for this to happen. Now I'm going to Kashmir, to look for a plant I've been reading about in a wonderful old book: a plant that may give to human beings something like the elixir of youth. I believe I shall find it. But even if I don't, *you* will give me the elixir—you and your sweet, old-fashioned love. Will you come with me?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried. "I know now I must have loved you *heaps*, all the time, and this was meant to be."

He took me in his arms.

I wonder if Jinks, Bick and Co. realize how heavenly a man's shoulder can feel to a girl's cheek?



The Grass Snake coiled up for its winter sleep

Preparing for Winter

*Animals who Sleep through the
Bad Times*

By Marian H. Crawford

(With Illustrations by the Author)

IT was a mild day, so mild that one might have mistaken it for a herald of spring.

But I do not think any of the field or wood folk were deluded. Food was becoming scarcer for every one of them, and each in his own way was preparing for the lean, cold days of winter. The hedgehog is one of the most instinctively intelligent of them all; *he never wastes any time*; he never leaves things to chance. That day, in spite of the pleasantly warm dampness of the hedgerow, there was a strange lack of worms, slugs, snails and frogs. It was a sign that was not to be overlooked, and the hedgehog was too wise to misunderstand it. With his sensitive nose close to the ground he ran along the top of the hedge bank, but, though the sun was out, there was only one single beetle to be found. It was a very old ground beetle, too old and tired to bother about digging himself in for the winter; he was just sheltering under a convenient leaf, and he was there when the

hedgehog passed by. In a second he was caught and eaten.

Then the sun went in; a chill wind crept through the wood and the adjacent hazel copse; an acorn was shaken out of its cup, and came tumbling down through the branches of the oak tree. There was no time to be lost, and the hedgehog lost none. He had lived for some time in this wood, and had slept through several winters in the hedge bottom. It was to this place he now made his way, a little prickly, self-absorbed, self-contained animal, looking neither to the right nor to the left, interested in no friend, afraid of no foe, intent only on finding a warm crevice somewhere in which to go to sleep. He was very fat; if he went to sleep at once he could live comfortably through the coldest winter, but he would have to take care that no unnecessary exercise diminished that store of fat.

The bank slope was inches deep in leaves;

PREPARING FOR WINTER

he knew exactly the spot where they were so thick that one roll down amongst them would completely clothe him with the most delightfully warm garment imaginable. He found the spot quickly, curled himself so that his nose was out of danger, and rolled. Arrived at the bottom he was unrecognizable; only his nose peeped out, long and inquisitive. Before night came he was settled for his winter sleep.

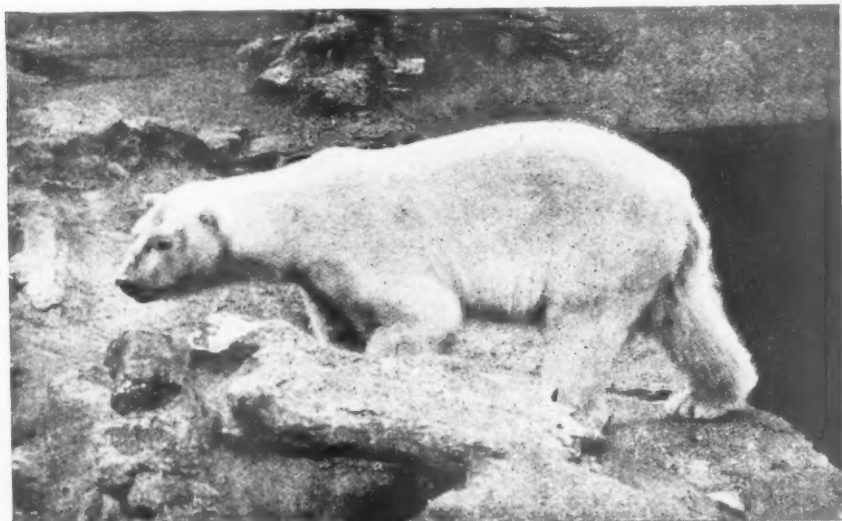
Better than almost any other animal the hedgehog knows how to take care of himself. His general structure is the same as that of his far-off ancestor of the Miocene Age; from the very beginning it was so excellently adapted to the life the animal was going to lead that it has never been necessary for time to bring about any improving change.

Snakes also sleep soundly through the winter, for food is entirely lacking; there are no frogs or toads or birds' eggs, and the birds themselves are much more easily scared at this time of the year than in summer. The viper will eat, when not in captivity, mice and lizards, as well as insects and small birds, and all these things are almost impossible for a snake to obtain except in summer. Therefore hibernation provides a safe passage through the foodless period, and all snakes, at the beginning of the cold weather, seek seclusion and darkness and shelter. Some snakes

are absolutely torpid, like dormice, and if forcibly waked would, also like dormice, perhaps die. I have known a dormouse to be so soundly asleep that it could be carried about in the pocket without waking up. But this little animal had to pay the price for its stupid and heartless owner's whim; for, after being carried about in this way for a few days, and exhibited to various people, sometimes showing signs of returning consciousness, it died.

Comparatively little is known about the mole, and for this reason it is one of the most interesting of little British wild animals. Its life is spent so almost entirely underground that it is impossible to follow its daily habits. Even when captured there are very great difficulties in the way of keeping it healthy and under constant observation. It is a most hungry creature, very fierce, and yet not very tenacious of life, quite incapable of adapting itself to any new way of existence.

Its preparations for the winter seem to consist in making new tunnels and sinking deep shafts for water; during frost it probably burrows below the frost line, but I do not think cold—or, at least, dry cold—affects it at all fatally. It seems quite able to dig just as vigorously in winter as in summer, and the strength of its strong, five-clawed "hands" enables it to dig actually through the frost-bound soil and to throw



The Polar Bear at the Zoo feels the approach of winter

THE QUIVER

up hillocks exactly as if it were working in soft, summer soil. Sometimes, during the winter, it may be that worms are lacking in the soil, and the mole then comes up to look for hidden slugs above ground. This, however, probably happens more often during warm weather, or when the mole's family is young and numerous.



The Squirrel in the woods gets ready for his long nap

A near relative of the mole is the active, interesting little common shrew. It is often called the shrew-mouse, but this is a misnomer, as anyone can easily see by examining one. Its size and colour cause one, at first sight, to associate it with mice, but it is really much more like the moles. It has the same extremely sensitive snout and pointed head. Its habits, however, are quite different. Though it comes out at night, like the mole, it does not obtain any of its

food underground. It is, therefore, much more at the mercy of the larger night marauders, such as the owls and the weasels. During the winter-time, even if it could find enough food, it would often be in danger of extermination, so it takes the line of least resistance and goes to sleep during this most dangerous period of the whole year.

It sleeps very soundly, and this may be called either a wise provision of nature or instinctive forethought on the part of the shrew; for it would be impossible to make any winter store of food for use in case it should happen to wake up on some mild day and find itself hungry. Its food consists of grubs and small caterpillars and chrysalides, as well as worms; there are very few of any of these things about during the winter, and it would be impossible for the shrews to store them up. It is probable that they are somewhat delicate creatures, or, at any rate, not able to stand the rigours of the cold season after a certain age, for, at the approach of winter, numbers of them are often found lying dead in the woods, apparently quite uninjured. Or it may be surmised that they are quickly weakened by old age and collapse suddenly, especially at the end of the summer. This would indicate an excitable, readily diseased heart, and this theory is borne out by the fact that, even when in perfect health, they are capable of feeling such intense terror that they have been known actually to die of fright. It is, all the

same, dangerous to generalize about these little wild things, for the fact remains that they are found in very cold regions, and therefore must be the possessors of fairly strong constitutions.

When one considers the habits of the animals belonging to the Carnivora, with regard to winter preparations, one finds a very different state of affairs. Foxes, stoats, weasels and badgers are large enough and strong enough to go forth on a winter's

PREPARING FOR WINTER

evening and hunt their prey, without much fear of being hunted in their turn. These find, as a general rule, plenty to eat, and they have, therefore, no need either to go to sleep for a long period or to store up food. Matters change again when we turn to the Rodentia, the gnawing mammals. At the head of this group stands the well-known squirrel, harmful only because it occasionally steals a few birds' eggs. During the winter it is not always easy to obtain sufficient food, and so the squirrel resorts both to hibernation and food-storing. In its case the latter is a simple matter, for the things it likes are just the things that store and keep well, such as beech-mast, hawthorn berries and hazel nuts. At the commencement of winter, when the weather happens to be very frosty, all squirrels probably go to sleep for a longer or shorter time; they are well fed, and they probably sleep on till the weather turns mild and wakes them up. It would be a dangerous time for them then if they had no food store handy. But at the end of autumn every squirrel collects nuts and berries and makes several little hoards of them, hiding them away in holes in tree trunks or roots, or in hedge banks.

It is probable that each squirrel also uses more than one hiding-place, for the purpose of throwing weasels and stoats off the scent. A weasel would know when a squirrel had visited a certain hole, and, if there were any nuts or berries left behind, would expect it to return; but this, it is said, the squirrel never does. The next time he wakes up he will go to another hole. It seems to me, however, that the real reason may be that he simply goes to any hole he may happen to remember, for at the end of the winter there are certainly many stores that have not been visited at all, and it is hardly like a squirrel to use so much forethought and cunning.

In spite of one's dislike of rats and mice, it must be admitted they are very interesting, intelligent creatures. Very certainly they display both cunning and forethought, and their immense numbers prove that their habits are admirably conducive to long life and wonderful security from harm.

That their numbers are immense is evidenced by the fact that they form one of the chief articles of diet of the owl, and probably of the weasels and stoats also. That their intelligence is of a high order everyone knows who has tried to catch rats

—by poison, traps, or other strategy. They are practically omnivorous, and it is, therefore, more simple for them to get through the winter than for their near relatives, the field voles; they can exist on house or farm-yard refuse, and of this there is always a sufficiency; in case of dire need they can even catch fish, and they do not disdain frogs and snails. So that starvation for a brown rat is practically out of the question, especially when it is remembered that they perform the funeral ceremonies of their friends by eating them. The same applies, to a large extent, in the case of the common house mouse, that is often a descendant of the long-tailed field mouse.

Domesticity, or at least living in contact with human beings, seems to breed in rats and mice an uncanny intelligence. The field mice make stores of food for the winter, and they sleep the greater part of the time,



Snails gather together for the winter in curious groups

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THE QUIVER

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THE QUIVER

whatever they eat he himself can live on. So that, while the field mouse looks round for shelter for the winter, the house mouse takes no thought at all for the impending days and nights of frost and chilliness.

A favourite resort of the very pretty little long-tailed field mouse is the abandoned nest of some fairly large bird, such as the blackbird. This nest will generally last through the winter, and is not so easily destroyed by wind and rain as some other nests. And it is into one of these that this mouse often creeps at the beginning of winter. At the bottom he places nuts and seeds, and any other scraps of food that he likes; sometimes acorns will be found in such a retreat and sometimes dried-up insects. One such cosy home I found in the heart of a bramble bush; it was so roomy and so deep that the mouse nestled down at the bottom very comfortably, where he was quite hidden and safe. He had pulled together slightly with his sharp teeth some of the dry grasses and twigs around the rim of the nest, and this made it unlikely that



The House Mouse does not need to sleep through the winter: he has his cosy hiding-places

any devastating amount of rain would ever get in to disturb him.

Domesticity, a sufficiency of food, and security from damp will often keep a hibernating animal awake for the whole of the winter. Hedgehogs kept in the kitchen—on account of their legendary fondness for cockroaches—will wake up regularly every evening from their day sleep, and ask for their supper, or their breakfast, right through the winter. Under such circumstances there is no need for hibernation. This does not mean, however, that abstinence from this natural rest and sleep does the abstainer any good permanently, but rather the reverse, as it probably shortens his life.

Towards the end of the summer, at a particular spot in the rockery, I always find a colony of snails safely packed away for the winter. They have taken all the precautions that instinct could prompt; they have retired into a dark corner, sheltered from both light and rain, and they have built up across the entrance of their shells the thick wall of mucus that should protect them from small robbers and wide-awake foes. But nothing can protect them from the thrushes; these hungry, snail-loving birds always find them out. I think the thrushes must hand down the story from generation to generation.

Near this rockery is a small pond, the hunting-ground of two or three fat frogs that are now burying themselves in the soft mud amongst the stones. Where they go, however, in the depth of winter I cannot tell. Certainly they are not in this mud, though possibly they are in the still damper soil under the larger rocks. The other day I discovered evidence of a tragedy that had been enacted there. A young frog, motionless in the water, with outstretched legs, looked somewhat unnatural. On being fished out a wound came to sight on his body. Probably this had killed him; but who had inflicted the wound? He was much too big to be attacked by a water-beetle, and suspicion pointed to the thrush, who, with intelligent, bright eyes, was regarding my operations from a safe spot under a near-by rose-bush. In the middle of the pond is a large, flat stone, on which the birds perch when they come to drink, and the thrush must many times have dipped its beak in the water and seen the frogs.

THE LONG VALLEY

STAG

BY

H. MORTIMER BATTEN. F.Z.S.

A LAZY drone filled the forest—the drone of the cicadas in the thickets and of a million gauzy winged atoms of life darting and hovering about the lustrous gold patches. A line of moss-covered posts led along the forest edge, and winding in and out between them was a narrow but deeply trodden trail. Here, in the plastic earth, were the hoof marks of an unshod cayuse, also the numerous imprints of tiny, dainty cloven hoofs, the “slots” of white-tail deer that followed this pathway in passing between the densely timbered uplands and the farm lands below. For, with the coming of settlement, the deer had thronged back to Long Valley, and any evening the dainty creatures could be seen drowsing with the domestic sheep and cattle.

But though the trail was so freely used by the wild folk it was man-made, and just beyond the bluff there it terminated at the doorway of a tumble-down and filthy log cabin. This was the domicile of Philip Vantessa, the half-breed. Steel traps hung from the wall of that cabin, together with a few tightly pegged coon skins, rotting away in the sun and rain, because Vantessa did not happen to be requiring money at the time when the skins were ready.

Not fifty yards from the cabin a mother wapiti now rose from a sheltered couch in



“Taking the child’s small fingers in his mouth he began to suck with whole-hearted contentment”—p. 54

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

a blueberry thicket, stretched herself lazily, and sniffed the little mottled fawn at her feet. Evidently she told him it was time to get up, for he sprang to his dainty hoofs and began to scamper round her.

The fawn was but two months old, and though very obviously a baby, he was wonderfully alert and active. Of all perfectly formed little fairies of the woods he was the most perfect and fairy-like, so swift and dainty in his movements, so much a part of the forest in his coat of mottled sunshine that even his trim and dainty mother seemed ungainly beside him.

THE QUIVER

The two were moving to cross the trail when the slow thud of hoofs reached the doe's ears. She froze where she stood and uttered a whistling snort, at which the tiny calf instantly vanished into the landscape—dropped flat where he was, his neck outstretched close to the ground. Thereafter he never twitched a muscle, but his big black eyes took in every movement of insect and twig.

Frightened by wolves, the wapiti and her calf had come down from the high country and were strange to this region. Had she known it better the doe would not have done what she now did, but of all creatures on earth she least expected to meet with man. The wind was from her to the approaching hoof beats, and so she strode boldly to meet the trespasser and drive or lead him aside.

Round the fringe of cedar the mother wapiti came face to face with Philip Vantessa. She barred the trail ahead of him, unable for the moment to make him out, and as his cayuse stopped and snorted the half-breed's hand slipped down to the revolver at his hip.

Philip had been to town and was in a reckless mood. What mattered the game laws to him? Regularly he shot deer out of season, and the proprietors of the blind pig joints who were ever ready to buy the meat had too many shady secrets of their own to break faith with other men.

And so Vantessa shot the mother wapiti where she stood, then dismounted, drawing the long-bladed hunting-knife from his belt. The doe looked up at him with big, soft, tearful eyes, but with the knife Vantessa did something unspeakable, then hid the carcass in the scrub.

When, five minutes later, Vantessa rode on to his cabin, the tiny fawn rose from the thickets and came bleating up to the cayuse. He "showed" and rode at it, but the heart of the old brood mare was soft towards the little creature, and she refused to put any energy into the rebuffs. So Paul dismounted, struck the fawn across the face with his hunting-knife, leaving a crimson gash, and finally drove it down the trail towards its poor dead mother.

Down in the blueberry clump the little wapiti found her. He sniffed her over for a little while, wondering why she was so still and cold, then when she did not respond to the dainty tapping of his forehoof he did not understand. This still creature

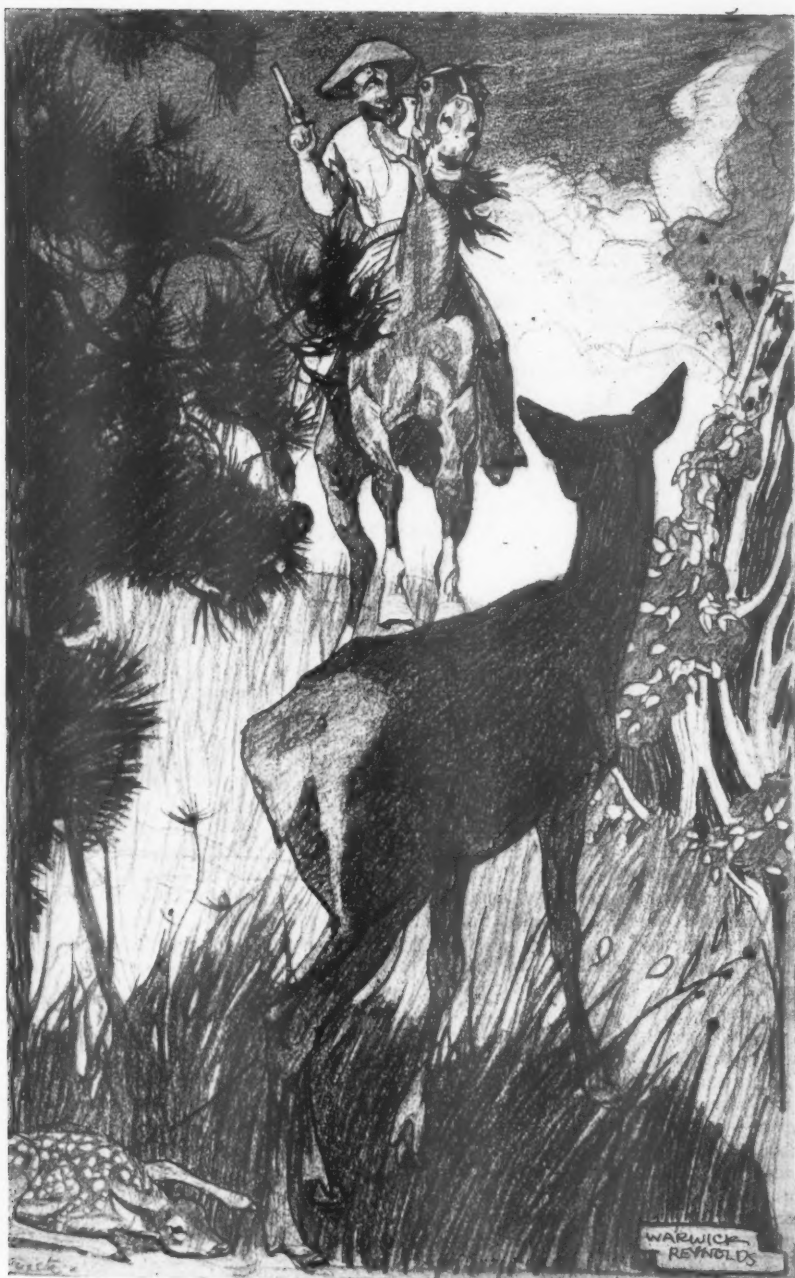
in the leaves could not be *his* mother, so, bleating as he ran, he set off down the trail to meet her.

It was not fear that fell upon him, but just loneliness, and the farther he went the faster he ran and the louder he squealed. And so, in due course, he reached the point where the trail joined Loaman's cart road, and here, undecided, he stood and looked around, his big ears erect.

Little Joan Loaman was just returning from school, and so the two children of the woods looked into each other's eyes. "O—O—you beautiful little thing!" cried the child, holding out her hands towards him. How, from that moment, she longed to have the calf for all her own, and as the little creature came towards her with ears erect, and she saw that it was wounded, her tender little heart went out in sympathy. The fawn had already forgotten the half-breed's rude rebuff, and taking the child's small fingers in his mouth he began to suck with whole-hearted contentment, and when little Joan called him to follow her he had certainly no thought of doing otherwise.

At the loss of his mother the little wapiti could certainly not have found better friends than the Loamans, and who is there who has visited that part of British Columbia who has never heard the story of the Long Valley stag? Joan was an only child, a pretty, pink, merry and commonplace little creature as a backwoods child should be. The homestead was some distance from the settlement, so that she had no playmate between school hours, and all her child's love for an attractive and intelligent little pet was bestowed upon the fawn. He even shared her meals, for Joan's mother, like so many busy women whose husbands are away all day, was somewhat erratic as concerned the time and place of life's routine affairs, with the result that Joan usually partook of her meals on the doorstep, the fawn at her side. The wound on his face soon healed, but ever after it showed in a long white scar, the hair growing white over the wounded flesh.

Oh, the glory of that golden summer! Certain it is that the child was happy, and as for the fawn—well, an animal understands perfect happiness as no grown man or woman can understand it. Except when hungry, or afraid, or anxious for its young, a wild creature lives in perfect, unblemished happiness; no troubled thoughts for to-



"Round the fringe of cedar the mother wapiti
came face to face with Philip Vantessa"

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

THE QUIVER

morrow or regrets for yesterday. Sorrow and loss they understand, but the thousand petty, two-pointed thorns, the imagination which so often makes the lives of men and women burdensome and the thoughts of death an agony, have no counterpart in these minds of "lower order."

In the world of men and women there is but one parallel to this perfect mental state of a well-satisfied animal—the happiness of a free and healthy child, and that summer found little Joan Loaman perfectly happy. Through the long summer vacation she and the calf were never apart, and one day he followed her to the settlement, peering wide-eyed at the houses and the passing citizens as he followed daintily. At first he seemed a little afraid, but he had only to sniff his mistress's clothing to reassure himself, and after that day he accompanied Joan on all her messages to town. The other children came to know him and to look out for him, but from the first he was afraid of men—especially of dark-skinned men who smelt of whisky.

Children and young animals, when much together, soon learn each other's games, and an intelligent little animal will fall in with the rules to the best of his understanding. Often, alas! he makes mistakes, and is severely reprimanded, but it passes over like an April shower and the sun soon shines again. So it was that Joan's mother had many a hearty laugh when, watching from the cabin window, she saw the child and fawn at play. Surely there was an understanding between them—one of those many understandings which go, alas! to the faintest memory when childhood goes, even as the moss bell sheds its golden husks as the flower matures.

When school reopened the little wapiti accompanied his mistress thither, and the sight of a tiny fawn sharing the games of the children became quite familiar. Of course, he did not understand the games, but he knew to run when everyone else ran, and soon he learnt so far as to avoid a common pursuer. He became an important member in the game of tickey, and usually he was "It." Tickey was just his mark. He would run and bunt the nearest child, or flee from the child that pursued him, and many were the disputes that consequently arose as to whether or not the calf was "It."

At the end of August the fawn began to grow apace, and the mottled markings of

his coat showed signs of vanishing. It was then that the first real sorrow began to dawn in Joan's sunny little life, and to her it was a very real one. She was told that the little wapiti would not always remain a calf, that he would grow big and strong and fierce, a real source of danger if left at liberty, and that therefore the time would inevitably come when he must go. The child cried herself to sleep the first night of this realization, but by morning the keen edge of the anticipation was gone.

It was a golden and wonderful summer, and can one regret that the only sorrow it brought never came to realization? The child's life was one of perfect happiness, and if the fawn added by one grain to its perfection then we know that he was sent by God for that purpose. We know, too, that he gave her happiness not by the grain, but in immeasurable quantities, for she was a lonely child, and loneliness is one of the few mental states that could have tarnished the perfect bliss of her tender years.

Little Joan—that summer was your life, curved with joyous discovery, brimming with magic scenes, and the little fairy of the wild that strayed into it, that made your name immortal in the annals of the Long Valley, was himself the waver of the magic wand!

When autumn merged into winter a new restlessness fell upon the fawn. The child did not notice it, for he was as attached to her as ever, but her father saw and understood. He noticed the fawn's long, listening looks towards the open hills, and he said to his wife, "I'm afraid he'll leave us before long. Only hope the child doesn't make too big a sorrow of it."

Just before Christmas little Joan fell ill with one of those mysterious child ailments which seem to have no cause. Next day she was worse, and when she did not appear the fawn stood at the doorway tapping with one delicate hoof. He remained there all day, and when night came they brought him in lest he should freeze. He was admitted to the bedside, where he rested his gentle head on the child's breast, while she flung her little arms about him.

On Christmas Eve Joan died.

The fawn followed the pathetic little wooden box to the churchyard, leading the long, sad column of Joan's playmates, who had loved her for her joyous, happy ways.

Later, the fawn returned to the cabin, but not to stay. The poor broken-hearted father



"Ere Philip could gain his weapon he, too, with his cayuse, was sent spinning over the edge"—p. 58

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

THE QUIVER

and mother were gentle with him for Joan's sake, but the sight of the little creature, so long her playmate, awoke sad memories. And as though he knew that his presence there was a mockery, the fawn stole away into the forest, never to return.



It was the following autumn. Philip Vantessa was returning from his hunting grounds by a trail known as the Old War Road. It was notoriously a dangerous trail, especially at one point where it became a mere shelf of rock, just wide enough for a pack-horse, with the depths of the canyon on one side and the sheer face of the precipice on the other. But Philip knew the place well, and unhesitatingly drove his pack-horse ahead, while he followed on the saddle-horse.

Round the corner suddenly the train came face to face with a large bull elk. The creature stopped and snorted, shaking his antlers aloft, for evidently he considered the right of way was his. With a roar he charged the pack-horse and hurled it giddily from the ledge, to be shattered and smashed among the rocks of the canyon three hundred feet below.

Then the creature stopped and stared at the half-breed, who was hurriedly fumbling to draw the rifle from his stirrup. Its eyes flashed red, and ere Philip could gain his weapon he, too, with his cayuse, was sent spinning over the edge, to rest where human foot had never trod in the canyon's depths. But ere he went he had time to see that long white slash across the face of the wapiti, and for days after the angry bugling of the "cut-face bull," as men called him, could be heard in the vicinity of the canyon.

There is but one more fact to be recorded. The old sexton who attends the desolate little churchyard above the city where they buried Joan, avows that on the following Christmas Eve the melancholy ringing of the bell brought a huge bull elk to the open door of the church. There he stood, looking with soft, luminous eyes at the old ringer; then as the great beast turned to go a white slash across its face flashed for a moment in the lamplight.

The old man understood. He hurried to Loaman's to tell the news, but there in the snow before him, to the very door of the cabin, were the definite imprints of a mighty stag.



The Disdainful She

NAY, sir, an would you kiss me,
There's my hand:
Nay, sir, an would you touch me,
Even the smallest strand
Of my gold hair—
I say your share
Of me is quite complete
When with round eyes
You gaze at all the charms you call so sweet.
As light a task to wish one star from heaven
As love from me,
And so I earnestly entreat you, sir,
Pray let me be,
And stand your distance.
You may speak? for sure,
Perchance I shall not listen
—That's your affair.

Thus I resolved to say when next he came,
That otherwise it fell,
Believe me when I tell
You, I was not to blame.

My hand it was he kissed?

Nay, then it was my hair,
My brow, my lips, he freely kissed
So often that I swear,
So sore perplexed was I, I quite
forgot
All I had meant to say,
So tight he held me that I wot
I durst not say him nay.

Oh yes, I'd meant to crush him
With hauteur and disdain,
But strangely found myself
(How 'twas is scarcely plain)
Within his arms, his lips to mine hard
pressed,
And so bemused was I. I kissed him, yes, I
kissed,
At his behest.

P. I. C.

Sixty Years Back

1861 versus 1921

By

A. B. Cooper

IN the year 1861, just sixty years back, the paper duty was repealed, the last tax on popular journalism thus removed, and *THE QUIVER* born. The year before *Good Words* had issued its first number, but, whilst the latter has been dead these many years, *THE QUIVER* at sixty, so far from showing any sign of senile decay, is more vital and vigorous than at any former period of its life.

Upon what sort of a world did the journalistic infant open its eyes? Sixty years ago! To the young it seems an enormous stretch of years; to the middle-aged, who remember *THE QUIVER* in its early "teens," it seems woefully short; and to the aged "but as yesterday." It is when we realize that men like Lord Halsbury and Frederic Harrison were almost middle-aged in 1861, and that Lord Morley and Thomas Hardy and Richard Whiting and B. W. Leader were "grown men," that we begin to readjust our historical perspective.

A Mighty Revolution

Yet the changes wrought in the course of these six decades amount to nothing short of a mighty revolution. In 1861 Palmerston, a buck of the Regency, was Prime Minister, with Gladstone, then at the height of his fame as a master of national finance, at the head of the Exchequer, and Lord John Russell in charge of Foreign Affairs. The Houses of Parliament were brand-new in 1861, but, despite the fact that the First Reform Bill was nearly thirty years old, a franchise still so restricted that it excluded five-sixths of the adult male population and all the women, a state of illiteracy which made the power to read a daily paper a matter of wondering envy through all the countryside and in many great manufacturing centres, together with the absence of the now familiar ballot-box, still kept the House of Commons almost as aristocratic as in the days of Walpole. There was some intermixture of the new wealthy middle class, of whom John Bright and Richard Cobden were outstanding examples, but

trade unions were little more than friendly societies, and the idea of a genuine working man getting into Parliament had only to be mentioned to be scouted.

Between 1801 and 1861 the difference is spelled by Steam; the difference between 1861 and 1921 by Education. The invention of the locomotive, the telegraph, the steamship, and the establishment of the penny post had, in 1861, made the days of the Regency read like ancient history. The material change was enormous, visible to the eye at every turn, and in spite of such additions to our mechanical and scientific resources as the telephone, the turbine, the cinematograph, or even human flight and wireless telegraphy, the material difference between 1861 and 1921 is not comparable with it. Trains could and did travel just as fast; all the great trunk lines were already built; the Cunard boats were running regularly across the Atlantic; the telegraphic trunk lines were in being, although submarine cables were in their infancy; all the major inventions connected with our greater industries were commonplaces in 1861.

What Marks the Difference?

What, then, marks the fundamental difference betwixt 1861 and 1921? The railways of 1861 provide the answer. They catered almost exclusively for the upper classes; they made third-class travel as difficult and unpleasant as they could devise; they made the mistake which the post-war reactionaries are making to-day: they thought to increase revenue by keeping up charges; they had not learned the great lesson taught by Rowland Hill that it is cheapness and efficiency which increase profits. It required a special Act of Parliament to force the railway companies to provide third-class accommodation on every train, yet they quickly found that third-class patronage was much more valuable than first even in terms of revenue.

In 1861 the Age of Steam was in full blast. Besides, the country had but few

THE QUIVER

and weak competitors in the world's markets, and the great manufacturing magnates waxed rich and tyrannical. America in 1861 was in the throes of that terrific struggle between the Northern and Southern States which eventually saved the Union, and her industries were at a standstill; France had had revolution after revolution, empire, monarchy, republic, and empire again—Napoleon the Little was at the height of his tinsel glory in 1861—and her manufacturing competition was negligible; Germany—or rather Prussia—was just commencing that series of adventures which reached their climax at Versailles in 1871 and their anti-climax at the same place in 1919, and had neither time nor money for anything but conquest; Italy had just been freed from the dual yoke of Austria and the Vatican by her national hero Garibaldi, and was commencing her career as a unified country under one king and parliament, but, having no coal, had little industrial chance in the Age of Steam. The result was that England became the workshop of the world, its towns grew at the expense of its villages, the people found themselves caught in the tentacles of an industrial octopus which spared neither old nor young, and it is their gradual escape from those toils to a freer and fuller social life which marks every decade of the last sixty years, and which, in retrospect, makes the profound difference between 1921 and 1861.

Its marks are better education, more leisure, better houses, better and more plentiful food, much better clothing, the gradual but by no means complete extinction of slum areas, the emancipation of the farm labourer from a state of virtual serfdom, the enfranchisement of wellnigh the whole adult population, and, perhaps best of all, the abolition of child labour.

Labour in Sixty Years

To find fault with organized labour is the daily pastime of train, car and office. Labour can do no right. And it cannot be denied that its opponents can give chapter and verse for the most flagrant instances of tyrannical and brutal insistence upon rules and regulations which, whatever their use forty or fifty years ago as defensive measures, are now only fit for the scrap heap, anachronisms which are a weakness rather than a strength to the great mass of workers. Yet anyone who will take the trouble to inquire into the state of labour

in the year 1861, even though it was then supposed to have gained tremendous concessions which were widely regarded as revolutionary, such as a ten-hour day for women and children in factories, and the abolition of child labour in coal-mines, will modify any harsh opinions they have formed with regard to the attitude of suspicion which labour still maintains in its dealings with capital.

For instance, it was not a small thing which had drawn from the greatest woman poet this land has produced the passionate "Cry of the Children":

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

Mrs. Browning—or Elizabeth Barrett as she was in 1841 when she wrote the epoch-making poem—represented that big, tender, sentimental, if you will, heart of England which through all the industrial development of the nineteenth century produced poems and pictures and novels "with a purpose," preached innumerable sermons and made countless speeches, formed societies and leagues and organizations without number, for one thing and one only, the betterment of the conditions of the life of the common people, and some alleviation of their more urgently pressing miseries.

Fiction in 1861

The stories—whether for children or for adults—which issued from the press in 1861 are regarded in these blasé days as hopelessly sentimental and lugubrious, and are not seldom frankly accused of being wilfully hypocritical. Yet they were just as truly the product of the times, of the prevailing conditions, as Wells's "The Salvaging of Civilization" is a product of post-war conditions. In 1861 there were five million negro slaves in the Southern States of the Union, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was probably the most popular and widely read book in the world. In 1861 the slums of great cities like London, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Glasgow swarmed with uncared-

SIXTY YEARS BACK

for children, the "waifs and strays" of an industrialism which organized its machinery and disorganized its humanity, and of an almost unrestricted trade in intoxicants which wrought a ruin which has had no parallel in the history of mankind, and such stories as "Jessica's First Prayer" and "Twelve Nights in a Bar Room" found their way into tens of thousands of homes.

In short, 1861 was one of the central years, not only in the Age of Steam, but in that Age of Philanthropy which sent Livingstone to become the true maker of Africa, which made Shaftesbury the mouthpiece of millions of exploited and helpless children crushed under the heel of Mammon, which sent Barnardo and Stevenson into the courts and alleys to rescue homeless city arabs, which sent William and Catherine Booth into lodging-house, doss-house, and brothel to the rescue of the "submerged tenth," which made Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, Beecher, and Harriet Beecher Stowe the true power behind Lincoln in the freeing of the slave. Yet, in spite of all these colossal efforts, industrialism had so blinded the eyes of even good men and women, that they thought it a great victory when children were forbidden to work more than fifty hours a week in a cotton mill under the age of eleven, and when the age of half-time employment was raised from eight to nine. It is scarcely credible that in 1861 tiny boys were still sent up filthy chimneys, naked, and kept there sometimes for hours by cruel masters.

Recalling these things, together with the entire absence of holidays, hours of work which were utterly exhausting, housing which was mean and unsanitary and ugly to the last degree, and a wage which was only a "living wage" by courtesy, conditions well within the recollection of thousands still living, it ceases to be matter for marvel that labour should watch with jealous eyes for anything which remotely resembles a retrograde step.

What Education has Done

Though much less spectacular, the revolution in social conditions which has quietly taken place during the last sixty years is much more fundamental than the material and mechanical development of the previous sixty, and the change has been wrought mainly through the medium of popular education. In sixty years—fifty, more correctly—from being one of the worst educated

peoples in Europe we have become one of the best.

In 1858 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the state of popular education in England, and its report was actually published in the very year we are discussing, 1861. It reported that State-aided education, such as it was—for the Education Act which established School Boards and inaugurated a real national system was not passed until 1870—failed to affect seven-eighths of the child population of the country, and that the attendance was so irregular that not more than one-fourth of the children it succeeded in touching left school fairly taught!

Illiteracy was the rule in 1861. To-day it is the great exception. In 1861 the Government doled out in meagre grants a miserable million and a half for the education of the children of the State. In 1921 that sum had risen to forty-five millions.

The Prince Consort

The sudden and wholly unexpected death of the Prince Consort, on a sad Sunday in December, 1861, cast a deep gloom over the Christmastide of that year. If ever a woman was in love with her husband that woman was Queen Victoria, and whatever the modern scoffers may say, who regard with easy indifference the lightning methods of the divorce court in its haste to overtake arrears, the purity and happiness of her married life, and of her court, had had a mighty influence on the life of her people, and had done more than anything else to re-establish the throne in the hearts of the nation, and to render nugatory the strong set towards republicanism which had still to be reckoned with even in 1861.

Prince Albert was but forty-one at the time of his death; his eldest boy, Albert Edward, was still unmarried, but fifteen months later he married the gracious lady whom we know as Queen Alexandra, and who is still amongst us, mother of our popular King George the Fifth, and beautiful still.

The Prince Consort's death from cholera had at least one good effect—it drew the attention of the whole population to the fact that epidemic diseases were all too common and too lightly regarded, and the improvement in hygienic conditions and preventive science, which has been so marked a feature of these sixty years, is the happy result.

THE QUIVER

London in 1861

London in 1861 would be scarcely recognizable to-day. Temple Bar still stood at the top of Fleet Street. Old Westminster and old Blackfriars bridges were still carrying their congested traffic across the river, and there was no Embankment, although its construction was in progress. Massed slums occupied the areas through which such thoroughfares pass to-day as Victoria Street, Queen Victoria Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, Charing Cross Road, Kingsway, and Aldwych, whilst High Holborn and Oxford Street were very recent additions to London's streets.

Parliament Street was a narrow opening leading into Whitehall, and none of the majestic-looking Government offices were erected. Only the old Admiralty, the Horse Guards and other meaner buildings kept Inigo Jones's masterpiece company in Whitehall itself. St. Thomas's Hospital was unbuilt, and the Houses of Parliament were brand-new. There was no Tate Gallery. Where it now stands was a gloomy penitentiary, surrounded by the most sordid slums in London.

Not a stone of the great museum buildings at South Kensington had been laid in 1861; the Royal Academy, which we know as Burlington House, was not in existence, there were no lions in Trafalgar Square, and London Bridge was the lowest bridge on the river. Not one of the vast hotels, which are now such a feature of the metropolis, had even been begun in 1861. The old Haymarket still stood where the Carlton Hotel and His Majesty's Theatre now stand, and Leicester Square was a mean, sordid and ugly spot, derelict and neglected.

In 1861 that group of novelists, poets, painters and essayists whom we call "Mid-Victorian" were at the height of their fame and influence. Thackeray and Dickens were the twin giants of fiction, and the best work of each had already been done. Charles Kingsley was writing "Hereward the Wake"; Bulwer Lytton had almost forsaken fiction for politics, much as Disraeli had done also, though with much inferior success; Charles Reade had just issued his masterpiece, "The Cloister and the Hearth," George Borrow was "gypsying" in "Wild Wales," George Eliot was putting "Silas Marner" through the press, and Anthony Trollope was similarly engaged with "Framley Parsonage."

Carlyle was busy at Chelsea with his "History of Frederick the Great"; Ruskin's "Unto This Last" was appearing serially in the *Cornhill Magazine*; controversy was raging around Darwin's great book on the "Origin of Species," published then but two years ago; and that distinguished band of scientific men, Huxley, Tyndall, Faraday, Geikie, were advancing the knowledge of their fellow-men by their investigations and writings. Mill and Spencer were the philosophers of the day, and Froude and Freeman the historians.

People interested in art, who paid a visit to the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts in 1861, saw upon its walls the strongly contrasted work of such men as Landseer, Mulready, Maclise, Hunt and Stanfield on the one hand, and Millais, Leighton, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, Fred Walker and George Frederic Watts on the other. The strange vagaries and revolutionary methods of the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" had ceased to outrage the tender susceptibilities of the critics, but these were still the young painters of the day, and Landseer was still at the very pinnacle of his fame.

Alfred Tennyson was Poet Laureate, and was writing "Enoch Arden" in the garden arbour at Farringford. Two poets died in this memorable year. On June 29th Elizabeth Barrett Browning passed away, after enriching our language with sonnets which rank among the greatest. At the time of her death she was much more widely known than her husband, whose greatest poem, "The Ring and the Book," was still unwritten, and whose work had never made a popular appeal. The other poet who died in 1861 was Arthur Hugh Clough, whose requiem was sung, as Keats's in "Adonais," in Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis." Coventry Patmore had just completed his "Angel in the House," popularized thirty years later by the House of Cassell when they published it in a cheap edition.

The rising star in the poetic firmament in 1861, Algernon Charles Swinburne, was at that moment in Italy making the acquaintance of the "old lion," Walter Savage Landor, whose great poem "Gebir," which he so much admired, had been published as long ago as 1798. Thus do the ages overlap, the generations intermingle, and so is the great tale of human life and human accomplishment and achievement passed on to the years beyond.

POLES ASUNDER

by
W. Pett Ridge



"'Pardon me,' said the waiter,
'but this isn't beef'"—p. 64

Drawn by
H. M. Brock

IN the course of the discussion Alderman Crown said that Councillor Walmsley, in his statements, laboured under a complete inability to distinguish truth from fiction.

Councillor Walmsley admitted that Alderman Crown might, at times, give an accurate description to the council. These occasions were necessarily rare, because they could happen only when the alderman was under the influence of an anæsthetic.

Alderman Crown, speaking with considerable warmth, declared that if this were repeated outside the walls of the council chamber he would know how to deal with the traducer.

Councillor Walmsley, amid great excitement, hinted that he guaranteed to make a better fighting man than the alderman out of a lump of putty. The mayor ordered that personalities should not be indulged in, and recommended that a vote be taken.

"Both," whispered members with relish at the end of the proceedings, "both this evening in uncommonly good fettle."

The business of the council had been

hurried through by an understood arrangement; a large number desired to attend a testimonial dinner at a neighbouring hotel to the retiring town clerk. Someone asked casually whether both Crown and Walmsley intended to be present, and the answer stimulated all into activity. Those who had not booked seats for the meal rushed to the telephone in order to secure a place.

"The two are bound to have a rough-and-tumble," they argued, "if they're both called on to speak, and it would never do for us to miss it."

The alderman and the councillor were accompanied by their own supporters in making the brief journey from the Town Hall. Crown's friends assured him that he had fairly given it to his opponent in the neck, and, moreover, had excellent justification for doing this. Walmsley's escort said that a few more bouts of a like nature and Crown would find himself compelled to move away, wife, son, business and all, to the other side of the river. The wonder was that Crown had not given in earlier. To remain in the borough seemed to be asking for trouble.

"He's about the only enemy I've got," agreed Councillor Walmsley. "The rest I've managed to settle accounts with."

"It won't be so overlong," declared the escort confidently, "before he sends in his receipted bill. Furthermore, I hear his boy is giving him a bit of trouble."

"Sorry for that," said the councillor. "My quarrel with the chap is entirely on public grounds. He's got a perfect genius for taking the wrong views, and he never will listen to common sense. Apart from that, I've no grievance against him, and I wish him no ill will in so far as domestic affairs go." The friends made it clear that this could be looked upon as a generous attitude; it appeared they had no desire for

THE QUIVER

consideration to be extended too liberally. In the hotel the combatants were kept well apart, and the mayor gave himself the pains to revise the seating arrangements in order that Crown and Walmsley might be at a safe distance from each other. With the company in general there was an air of joviality; matters which had been argued earlier with intense seriousness were now alluded to humorously. The head waiter at the doorway said in a deep voice:

"Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, dinner is served."

And the party marched towards the dining-room in something like order of precedence. Alderman Crown stopped on the way to examine a picture of a steamboat. Turning, under the impression that he was addressing one of his friends, he spoke by error to Councillor Walmsley.

"Nothing I should care for more than a sea voyage," he remarked.

"Sooner you take it," said Walmsley, "the better." They exchanged a scowl.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Crown.

"I'd be sorry to have to mind yours."

Other guests intervened, and urged that there should be nothing like a disturbance. "Not," they added, "at this stage of the evening." At the tables, the menu cards were inspected eagerly; nods of satisfaction were given. Alderman Crown was to propose the health of his Worship the Mayor; to Councillor Walmsley was given the job of toasting the visitors. "There'll be some rare snacking later on," said the diners appreciatively. Meanwhile, the pleasing circumstance that food was being set before them raised the spirits of the company, and Alderman Crown, near the top table, came out, to the surprise of his neighbours, as a raconteur of some merit.

"Speaking as man to man," said a brother alderman, "where do you get 'em all from? What I mean to say is, I enjoy a story as much as anyone, but I never seem to come across 'em."

"My son," said Crown, "gets about a good deal, and he brings them home to his mother and to me."

"You're fortunate in having such a boy."

"Not a bad lad," agreed the alderman, "but, between ourselves, his conduct in one particular detail hasn't altogether satisfied me of late. He wants to leave the old nest and take rooms on his own account. Says that as he's close on nineteen, and earning

enough to keep himself, he's entitled to do so."

"I did the same when I was sixteen."

"What you did," said Crown irritably, "has nothing to do with the matter in question. What I did at a similar period don't affect it. Here's the case of a boy with every consideration being granted to him—latch-key and goodness knows what all. And in spite of that——"

"Talk to him reasonably."

"I never talk," said Alderman Crown, "to anybody in any other manner."

"Our friend Walmsley," said the other rallying, "has a different account to give of you."

"Our friend Walmsley had better look out for himself. I intend to put it across him this evening if I get half a chance."

"I never saw any public men," said the neighbour with content, "go it quite so much hammer and tongs as you two. If it isn't a rude question, do you plan out beforehand what you're going to say?"

"In the main," replied Alderman Crown, "I rely on the inspiration of the moment."

The fish plates were taken away. The attendants brought cuts of roast mutton.

"Waiter," shouted Crown.

"Sir to you."

"Mustard."

"Pardon me," said the waiter formally, "But this isn't beef. Mustard goes with beef, but this isn't beef."

"I always take mustard with mutton. It brings out the flavour."

"I'll do my best, sir," promised the waiter, as one about to engage on an heroic task, "to get mustard for you, but I must again venture to point out that it isn't usual. Beef, yes; pork, yes; 'am, yes; but mutton, no."

"Do as I tell you!"

The waiter brought the mustard pot, with surprise now blended with resentment on his features. By the oddest chance he mentioned that another gentleman down at the far end of the room had issued a similar demand, and would not take a refusal or listen to argument. Insisted on having mustard. The waiter declared that of all the coincidences hitherto encountered in a life that could scarcely be termed empty, this was the most extraordinary. Alderman Crown, to prove his determination, helped himself liberally. The guest of the evening came along, bringing his chair and evidently ready to talk.

POLES ASUNDER

"Mustard with mutton?" he remarked genially.

"Of course," said the alderman with pride. "And, seemingly, there's only one other person in the room who's got the sense to take it."

"I want a word with you, Mr. Alderman," said the town clerk, dismissing this topic. "I never can eat when I have a speech to make, and if it's not interrupting you——"

"Proceed!" directed Crown graciously.

The guest of the evening did not jump impetuously into his subject, but, preliminaries dealt with, it became evident that he was about to ask a considerable favour. As man and as boy he had served the council for more years than most people could remember; Alderman Crown was one of the exceptions. The town clerk, in his period of service, had been so fortunate as to smooth over many differences of opinion between members of the council; sometimes this had been done by sending an invitation to come along and smoke a cigar; sometimes by making an earnest appeal to the individuals concerned. To put it shortly, the town clerk wished, before giving up office, to bring Alderman Crown and Councillor Walmsley together, and see whether friendship between the two could be established.

"I haven't," said the alderman resolutely, "exchanged half a dozen private words with the chap since he first came on the council, and I'm not going to begin now. Anything I have to say to him and about him I say in public."

"The opportunity may not happen again."

"That's a good thing."

"Walmsley has got trouble of some kind in his household."

"He's not the only one," snapped the alderman.

"Hence the reason why," argued the town clerk. "I dare say, with your exceptional powers of observation, you may have noticed the same in other cases. A man throws himself rather determinedly into borough affairs."

"Look here," said Alderman Crown, "I'll make a firm offer. Let him apologize to-night, when it comes to his turn to speak, for what he remarked about me an hour or two

ago, and I shall be prepared to let bygones be bygones."

"You don't see your way to being the first to——"

"My eyesight's good," declared the alderman doggedly, "considering my age, but it isn't so good as all that."

The town clerk, still carrying out his plan of abstaining from food, went down the tables with a word here and there to special acquaintances and excuses for not coming to their aid in emptying a bottle. At Walmsley's end roast chicken was being served, and the councillor was dodging the last arrow of humour aimed at him in regard to the previous dish.

"A friend of mine here to-night," said the town clerk, "is in complete agreement with you on the mustard and mutton question, Mr. Councillor."

"Then he's a sensible party."

"Would you care to meet him?"

"To oblige you, Mr. Town Clerk, I'd do



"'Ho!' said the alderman coldly, 'So you're the other one, are you?'"—p. 66

THE QUIVER

most anything. This is your show, and your will is law."

"I'll bring the two of you together presently. Meanwhile, I'd like a word with you in regard to Crown."

The discussion was, as the town clerk admitted when pears and apples were set on the table, fruitless. Walmsley, describing himself as the limit in reasonableness in every other matter, did not feel prepared to give up his unsympathetic attitude towards Alderman Crown. The town clerk, watching the mayor and expecting a signal, presently gave up efforts.

"But come with me," he said resignedly, "and I'll introduce you to your mustard friend."

Alderman Crown was with a group near to his place, taking advantage of the brief space allowed after the health of the King had been drunk. Offers of cigar cases were being made, and the alderman, rapped on the shoulder by the town clerk, had turned and had offered his hand ere he recognized the town clerk's companion.

"Ho!" said the alderman coldly. "So you're the other one, are you, who knows how to enjoy roast mutton?"

"It's the only taste," said Walmsley, with equal defensiveness, "that we're likely to have in common."

"Who did you learn the trick from?"

"My father."

"Same here. There's a lot in having a good father," remarked Alderman Crown, "although young folk nowadays don't appear to set much value on it."

"More independence about than in our early days."

"I was sorry," said the alderman, speaking carefully, "to hear that you have some anxiety in regard to Mrs. Walmsley."

"A lie!" shouted the councillor furiously. "Anyone who told you that is a perverter. And you're as bad for repeating it. It just confirms what I've always said about you."

"Perhaps I misunderstood."

"You're good at that."

"If it wasn't your wife it must have been some other member of the family."

"Why don't you verify your references," demanded Walmsley, "before you begin to talk? If you must know it's my daughter Adeline who is giving me a certain amount of mental turmoil."

The mayor rose and asked permission to submit the toast of the evening. When he finished an interval came to allow the principal guest to collect thoughts.

"A peculiar cognomen, Adeline," mentioned Crown.

"Sorry we can't alter the Christian name to suit you."

"I mention it because I find that my son, who is contemplating leaving home, makes up verses to someone called Adeline."

"Is your son's name, by any chance, Egbert?" inquired Walmsley confidentially.

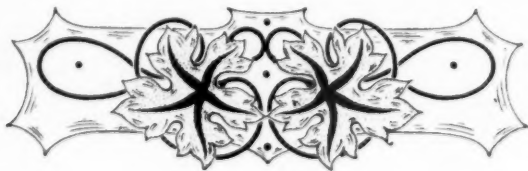
"Egbert it is," agreed Alderman Crown. "But not by chance. By intention. Let's talk this matter over and see what's best to be done for the young people."

"We mustn't," said the other, "let our differences of opinion interfere, as perhaps they think it may, with their happiness."



Alderman Crown, in giving the toast of the chair, said that Mr. Mayor had outvied his predecessors, and equalled in merit those who would follow him. Amongst the successors, the alderman ventured to name his friend, Councillor Walmsley. To know Councillor Walmsley was to revere, admire and respect him.

Councillor Walmsley apologized to the visitors for not being able to speak with the eloquence shown by his esteemed colleague, Alderman Crown. The alderman, visitors would be interested to know, had many other admirable qualities. "He is," said the councillor, "to quote the Bard, 'As just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal.'"



The Bartering of Boys and Girls

A Plea for Reform in our Laws of Adoption

By Our Special Commissioner

ALMOST every week in a great many newspapers, more especially those circulating in rural areas, one may see advertisements offering children for disposal. Stripped of the conventional drapery, there are boys and girls on sale in this country to-day as if they were the beasts of the field without the merest pretence to individual rights.

Foster parents and a permanent home are wanted for a "pretty blue-eyed" girl; a "bonny baby boy" is thrown upon the market for "adoption"; in many instances "complete surrender" is dangled as the bait for accepting an unwanted child. And the Great War, with its inevitable aftermath of orphans and the fatherless, has brought the whole subject of adoption forward for urgent review and immediate action in a national sense.

Not Recognized by Law

Broadly speaking, ours is one of the few countries where adoption is not recognized by law. In other words, an adopted child possesses no legal status whatever. One may become foster parent to a youngster under the most hidebound agreements, and yet by the State only the natural father and mother of the boy or girl are acknowledged.

Peeping back into history one finds that the whole subject of adoption has been viewed by other nations and in other times in a way totally different from our own. In Ancient Rome adoption prevailed mainly with the idea of strengthening the family by introducing fresh blood. A string of Roman emperors were adopted sons. At this period a child to be adopted was the subject of a fictitious sale by its natural parents, and the adopter had to be at least eighteen years older than the boy or girl to be adopted. Following this public sale there was a fabricated legal action for recovery, which was never answered.

In Athens all citizens of normal mental

power were permitted to adopt children. A special day, known as the Feast of Thargelia, was set aside during the year for the ceremonies connected with the transfer. Again, a Greek could adopt a child by provisions under his will that only came into force at his death.

Among certain savage nations adoption is brought about by the transfusion of blood, the adopted child thus having an actual tie of kinship. So far as the Hindus are concerned, there is at the adoption of a child by a new family the performance of ceremonies of death and burial, followed by a ritual of birth and baptism. In France and certain other continental countries to-day women or men over fifty years of age may adopt a child with the consent of its natural parents.

Real Need of Reform

To understand that there is a real need for immediate reform in the laws of adoption in Great Britain one has only to consider the potential national value of every child that is born. In each part of the sister kingdoms there are: (1) Children who are frankly *not wanted*, little flotsam and jetsam on life's seas. (2) Parentless children and foundlings with no future other than that of institutional upbringing. (3) The children of parents (a) who are already overburdened with offspring, or (b) who are temperamentally, even by mental affliction, unfitted to rear their bairns.

On the other hand, there are numberless warm-hearted women and men who actually long for children, and yet for various reasons are denied them. The childless wife possessing a true maternal instinct that cannot be gratified; the man who sees a long family line being snapped for the want of an heir; the parents who covet a second child to bring up with their one ewe lamb; the benevolent spinster who has per-

THE QUIVER

haps been robbed by death of one who would have been her life's mate—the people who crave for baby arms and the blessings of parenthood, who would take the unwanted child and bring it up as their own. Surely they are to be found in every walk of life?

Again, from the standpoint of the State, imagine on the one hand one thousand boys and girls being brought up in schools and orphanages; and, on the other, the same little ones in private home circles. In which circumstances would they be of the greater national value? Even the rates and taxes would be lowered (to take a hard, grasping view), for the youngster at home costs far less than if he were in a public institution.

All those who are interested in this vast and important subject should read the Report of the Committee on Child Adoption, recently issued by His Majesty's Stationery Office at the modest charge of twopence. The Committee, appointed by the Home Office, was under the chairmanship of Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C., and included among its numbers two Members of Parliament and two ladies. Its task was mainly to consider "whether it is desirable to make legal provision for the adoption of children in this country," and no fewer than twenty-six witnesses, drawn from among voluntary social workers and other classes, gave evidence.

Traffic in Child Life

The entire reason for this most vital inquiry lies in the fact that, though adoption is not forbidden, a person assuming the relationship of father or mother towards a child does so entirely at his or her own risk at law. Unless the most elaborate legal machinery is brought into use, the child may not even have its name changed. At any time its natural guardians may claim it back, even though the strongest ties of affection have in the meantime grown betwixt the youngster and its foster parents.

To prove the necessity for amending our laws the following extract from the Report should alone be adequate:

"We believe," states the Committee, "that the absence of proper control over the 'adoption' of children over seven years of age, and under that age unless payment is made, results in an undesirable *traffic in child life* (the italics are ours) with which no one can interfere, unless proceed-

ings are taken against the adopting parent for cruelty or neglect. Children may be handed from one person to another with or without payment, advertised for disposal, and even sent out of the country without any record being kept; intermediaries may accept children for 'adoption,' and dispose of them as and when they choose; 'homes' and institutions for the reception of children exist which are not subject to any inspection or control."

A terrible indictment this in a country where every baby life is of so enormous a national value, and where Child Welfare is becoming year after year a more forceful watchword.

To go but a step forward from this statement, evidence was put before the Committee "that it is no uncommon thing, when a child has reached an age at which it can work and earn wages, for parents who have habitually neglected it and left it to be brought up by a relative or even a stranger, to *claim it back* simply in order to take its earnings."

A Dread Possibility

This phase also would appear to justify the legalizing of adoption. One has only to imagine a kind, motherly soul taking to a half-starved, ill-clad bantling, and bringing it up lovingly as her very own, perhaps at personal sacrifice. Then, when the child had turned its back on school and faced the world, the law of the land would uphold its natural parents for demanding its return. Gone then would be the entire structure of affection and duty reared during perhaps ten years of daily care, devotion and solicitude.

Broadly, the Committee recommends that, as an urgent question, "an Act should be passed to give legal recognition to the adoption of children . . . and to secure that the adopter and the adopted child should have rights and duties *inter se* similar to those between natural parents and their children."

So complex is the relationship of human beings one towards another that this very recommendation opens up all sorts of possibilities, though mainly those connected with births, marriages and deaths. Supposing, for example, that the natural parent of the adopted child inherits property *after* the adoption. Would the child then be entitled to its share in the estate?

Again, the Committee proposes that if the

THE BARTERING OF BOYS AND GIRLS

adopting parent dies *without making a will* the child should have no rights of succession. It also suggests that when money is bequeathed to the adopter, or "his issue," then it should *not* go to the adopted child, unless the donor made it perfectly clear that this was his intention.

Consider, for instance, a proud old man bearing an honoured title. He is the last of his race and a portion of the property comes under an entail. Could he, with legalized adoption and being childless, take a son and make him heir both to title and estates?

Points such as these demand a highly-trained legal mind for their assimilation. One must not run away with the idea, however, that children for adoption would always be taken from poor, squalid surroundings and transplanted into opulence. It is more than likely that the childless wives of the lower middle classes would, from sheer mother instinct, lean towards adoption far more readily than richer folk who would have the means to find other distractions.

Cut Entirely Adrift

As a layman sees the matter, it would be better under authorized adoption for a child to be cut adrift altogether from its natural parents and to take to its adopter for better or worse, for richer or poorer, "till death them did part." In other words, the relations of the foster father and adopted child should be regarded by law precisely as if their kinship had been natural.

But how precisely is the complicated national mechanism that would supervise a new law of adoption to be organized? Is some great new Department of State to be built, yet another sinkhole down which the taxpayers' money might be poured?

Nothing of the sort. This Committee, which carried through its task on the most economical lines imaginable, suggests very clearly that for every adoption there shall be absolute judicial authority, just as there was under Roman law.

The particular authority recommended is the County Court. Three well-known judges gave evidence before the Committee on this point, and it must be remembered that already, under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, the welfare of families affected is entrusted to these tribunals. Moreover, the protection of wards by judges of the High Court shows that under our

present judicial system the interests of minors can be adequately safeguarded.

But, before reaching that stage when the sanction of the Court is sought, it should be explained that, in the view of this Committee, the right to legal adoption may be enjoyed by a husband and wife jointly, if both are over 25 years of age; a married man *or* a married woman with the consent of the other spouse, provided the adopter is over 30 years of age; a single man *or* woman if over 30 years of age. In all cases, the adopter should be not less than 20 years older than the person to be adopted, so that it might at least have been possible for the foster parent to have a child of such an age.

How it should be Done

Now let us assume that a childless couple have found a child that they wish to adopt as their own. It may be the offspring of their own relatives or of total strangers. At all events, they will arrange the necessary preliminaries; and, in due time, the matter will come before the County Court judge sitting not in open court but private chambers.

Within touch with the judge there will be (1) The child; (2) its natural parents, surviving parent if one is dead, legal guardians, or near relatives; (3) the adopter.

From the point of view of the judge he has: (1) To obtain the legal consent of the adopter, the natural parents, and of the child, if the latter is sufficiently old. (2) To ascertain by inquiry the status of the adopter, and whether he or she is of good repute and a fit and proper person. (3) To take charge of any property actually belonging to the child, so that it may be under judicial control and only drawn upon for the actual benefit of the child, either for education or other purposes. (4) To assure himself that the proposed adoption would definitely be *for the good of the child*.

Having arrived at this stage, it is recommended by the Committee that the judge, instead of making a final order sanctioning adoption at once, should be empowered, if he thinks fit, to make an order placing the child in the custody of the proposed adopter for a limited period, say three or four months. This is suggested because "cases have arisen in practice, and are sure to arise again, when after a short time the adopting parent, having been prompted to make the application by a passing fancy,

THE QUIVER

or under the influence of some strong but transient feeling, or for other reasons, finds that he or she is not suited to take permanent care of the child."

To Benefit the Children

To a great many people, even among those who are habitually well informed, it will come very much as a surprise to learn that there is a real need for legislation to render valid the adoption of children. Even if it were only to bring adoptions into the public light of our civil courts, fresh laws would be of the utmost benefit to the children. Where a lump sum is paid by either party it should be an essential part of the contract that the money is employed for the advantage of the child. To put it another way, not a single transaction in the bartering of boys and girls should in any circumstances take place without the knowledge and consent of the State.

As to when the provisions of legalized adoption should come into force, there could be no time more propitious than the present. In the first place, there is the economic condition of the country with its inflated cost of living, high taxation, and so on. At such times there must inevitably be more superfluous or unwanted children. Secondly, however much we may try to forget it, the shadow of the Great War still hangs broodingly. There is the offspring of many an ill-considered khaki marriage. Thirdly, there are the countless gaps left by those who laid down their lives for King and Country.

These very considerations bring us back to the point that a child reared in a good home, with all the amenities of the family circle, amidst growing ties of affection and with parental control, is going to make a better and more useful citizen than one brought up in an institution, however good that place may be. Even our Boards of Guardians find that under the Scattered Homes plan their parentless children and foundlings go out to battle with the world with more hopeful courage than they did in the evil days of Oliver Twist and the stifling barracks of the Poor Law administration.

Again, when once an adopter received the protection of the law, and it became possible for a childless couple legally and honourably as a matter of custom and convention to receive a baby into their home as though it were their own, it should not be many

years before public sentiment could be educated up to the principle that, next to a natural child, an adopted one was worthy of consideration, preferable indeed to no child at all.

Where Great Britain Lags Behind

In some respects Great Britain lags behind the world in general, and her own Dominions in particular. It is certainly the case in the matter of adoption, and Canada, Australia and New Zealand are a long way ahead of us in this direction, each having its own laws. So far as New Zealand goes, to dip once more into the Report, Mr. W. G. Riddell, senior magistrate in the City of Wellington, states:

"Speaking from my experience as a magistrate exercising jurisdiction in the capital city of New Zealand, I can say with confidence that the system of adoption practised in New Zealand has been a success from every point of view. There is no doubt about its benefits, both to the infant adopted and the adopting parents, while the State gains in this way, that the burden of maintaining destitute persons is lightened, and its liability to care for and educate the unfortunate child is lessened through the aid of private persons. It is agreed by all who are associated with the maintenance, care and guidance of destitute children, that the conditions and training found in Receiving Homes, although excellent in many ways, fall short of those found in decent private family life."

In this overseas Dominion, it is interesting to note, the number of applications to the Court for adoption has increased enormously in recent years. Of every 300 applications only 18 are on the average refused.

In any event the Report of the Committee on Child Adoption is well worth the reading. Thinking people, those who are keenly interested in Child Welfare (and who is not?), the charitable and the benevolent, the childless and those who have been bereaved of children, the classes and the masses, will see something to ponder over in the intricate and complicated problems raised.

And, in considering this Report, whether one is for or against legalizing adoption, the one point that should be uppermost of all, the great question that really matters is: Would such a change be to the advantage of thousands of orphans and of children with parents who cannot or will not adequately care for them?



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE QUIVER? Yes, of course I know THE QUIVER. We used to have it at home in the old days and used to read it on Sunday afternoons." How often that remark—or something similar—has been addressed to me, sometimes with the addition that they still have twenty or thirty bound volumes of the magazine on their shelves, and would I like to make an offer for them?

Those bound volumes of THE QUIVER! That tradition of reading THE QUIVER by the family fireside on Sunday afternoons!

I was not alive sixty years ago. THE QUIVER was not read by my ancestors around the fireside on Sunday afternoons.

But I am familiar with the tradition. The office is haunted by the tradition. At one time the tradition almost seemed as if it had the magazine by the throat. It was currently believed that THE QUIVER was a stodgy collection of harmless stories and moral articles watered down for Sunday reading.

A Dangerous Tradition

Now such a tradition is very dangerous. Harmless mediocrity is fatal to any institution: it has undermined the constitution of many churches; it has killed many a good magazine. And a tradition of that kind is so insidious. For instance, look at its effect on authors. How often I have found story-writers who "knew just the sort of thing for THE QUIVER," and wrote their tamest, most mediocre stories under the honest delusion that that was what was wanted. How many times during the last ten or twelve years have I had to decline stories of the poor curate's milk-and-water

romance, or the little old lady in the little old cottage whose lover returns after ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years. I am constantly seeking new contributors for THE QUIVER. The other day a clever writer asked me if he could contribute to THE QUIVER. I explained what I wanted, and he said he thought he knew. After a little while he returned with "just the thing!" It was the story of the little old lady and the returned lover. "A typical QUIVER story" forsooth!

So much for tradition, and it was a tradition of that kind which killed several of those fine magazines that were contemporary with THE QUIVER in those early days. They started vigorously, were widely successful, entered middle age, became set, rigid, faultlessly harmless, and monotonously innocuous. And died.

A Victorian Innovation

Now the tradition, as regards THE QUIVER, is a false one. In reality, at its start it was a real, live, virile magazine in advance of its day. Looking back on those early volumes the reader of to-day will perhaps smile at some of the quaint illustrations and sentimental stories. We are so practical nowadays. Yet allowing for different times and different fashions, the stories and illustrations of those days were strikingly good. The first number started with a new serial story by Mrs. Henry Wood—"The Channings"—a story which will live longer than many of the tales by popular writers of to-day. The illustrations—old-fashioned woodcuts they seem now—were by some of the finest artists of the day.

THE QUIVER

And really fine work it is. THE QUIVER was an innovation, a live proposition.

Why has it continued sixty years, long after the distinction between "Sunday reading" and "week-day fiction" has vanished? Why has THE QUIVER lived on whilst such excellent magazines as *Good Words* and the *Leisure Hour* have long ago ceased to be?

The secret is that THE QUIVER has tried to be not a tradition but an institution. It has kept abreast of the times rather than a reminder of old times.

The conductors of THE QUIVER have nothing to be ashamed of in the long history of the magazine; on the contrary, they have every reason to be proud of its honourable record of service, its high standard consistently maintained. But the legend of harmless insipidity they resent.

An Ideal Worth Aiming At

To keep abreast of the times and to lower one's ideals are, however, two very different things. And amid changing fashions the management of THE QUIVER has honestly tried to keep the standard high.

Some years ago there grew up a popular kind of journalism wherein a thin veneer of sentimental religion covered up a cheap sensationalism. It is not always realized how easy it is to produce a highly moral story or article of a blatant type. Patrons of the films will occasionally see the cinematograph producer's conception of the righteous man in the shape of a clergyman of unctuous mien and frequent prayers. And those who have seen it will know how ridiculous it is. Happily, the vogue of the "religion-spread-on-with-a-butter-knife" type of journalism is on the wane. I do not think THE QUIVER has ever been in danger of it. But it is easy to produce that sort of thing and not so easy to produce the real article.

To my mind the function of THE QUIVER is to provide a magazine that shall be readable, entertaining, alive, but which at the same time shall be uplifting, stimulating in the best sense of the word, idealistic. Sensational fiction and highly coloured romance have their place—and there are plenty of magazines to cater for those who want such. But I think there is a distinct place for a magazine that tries to face the problems of life sanely, that attempts to make people think, that holds up such a standard of ideals that we would in our best moments

judge to be best. That is what we have tried to do.

During the twelve years I have had the conducting of the magazine I have made many experiments and many mistakes. The experiments my readers have kindly tolerated, the mistakes they have been quick to point out. I do want THE QUIVER to be living, human, sympathetic. I value this more than mere consistency, certainly more than set-square faultlessness. And the position of THE QUIVER to-day it owes to the ever-kindly responsiveness of its readers. I do not think there are a more warm-hearted, nicer set of people anywhere in the world than the readers of THE QUIVER. During the dark days of the war they were consistently loyal, kindly forbearing. And through the long years they have been appreciative. Such letters as that given on a previous page have come as a new wave of inspiration and cheer to those who are responsible for the magazine's production.

Sixty Years Hence

THE QUIVER has journeyed on through wind and rain and sunshine for sixty years. It is not too much to hope that it will weather the storms and enjoy the calms of another sixty years or more. There is no reason why it should not.

But all through I want to avoid getting into a rut, and I want us to make progress. We have friends and readers all over the world, but there is no reason at all why their number should not be doubled. May I hope that the issue of this Diamond Jubilee Number will be a step in this direction? It is worth an effort to secure such a result. In the Jubilee Number ten years ago I wrote:

"Is it worth while to produce a magazine with such aims and ideals? We think it is. We believe strongly in the permeating and uplifting influence of good literature; the strength and health of a nation do not depend simply on food supply or increased trade returns. The very existence of our people will finally depend on their ideals and their moral stamina. We need prophets and seers as well as traders and politicians; we need also a healthy and inspiring literature, a literature that shall not pander to the passions of men, but shall inspire and promote national righteousness."

The same holds true to-day.

HERBERT D. WILLIAMS.

Historical Mysteries

No. 1.—*Mary Stuart and the Casket Letters*

By J. A. Brendon, B.A., F.R.Hist.S.

THE story of Mary Stuart is the tragedy of a beautiful and gifted queen whom Fate denied a worthy lover.

Elizabeth of England, man-like in many ways, could stand alone; her loves were incidental to her life. Not so with Mary Stuart; she was essentially a woman who must have a master.

A master, deserving of that love which was hers to give, she never found. Therein lies her tragedy, a tragedy darkened by the black stain of the Casket Letters.

How deeply was Mary Stuart implicated in the murder of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, her second husband?

Was She Guilty?

Some historians, the majority, hold her guilty of the crime alleged against her. Others believe the part she played to have been, at the worst, purely passive. A few maintain her innocence. The case turns largely on the evidence of the so-called Casket Letters, a set of letters and sonnets said to have been addressed by Mary to Lord Bothwell.

Was Mary really the author of these letters, or were they cruel forgeries? Granted that Mary wrote some such letters, were those letters, as used in evidence against her, altered and tampered with to suit the purpose of her accusers?

A final answer to these questions can never be given. It is difficult for us to-day to see clearly through the mists of prejudice and perjured evidence; and, as the original documents no longer exist, to prove or disprove their genuineness beyond shadow of doubt is almost impossible.

But what are the facts?

Mary Stuart, a granddaughter of Henry VIII's sister Margaret, was the child of James V of Scotland and his French wife, Mary of Guise. She was born on December 7, 1542. When she was but one week old her father died, and Mary, a helpless shuttlecock in the game of European politics, became hereditary Queen of Scotland.

Henry VIII of England wished that, in

due course, the young princess should wed his son, Prince Edward, and so unite the crowns of England and Scotland. This proposal was intensely unpopular in Scotland, and the English king, ever impetuous, wrecked its slight chance of acceptance by his continued, aggressive hostility. He even demanded the custody of the princess until she should be of a marriageable age.

For greater safety Mary was sent to France to be educated; and there, in 1558, she was wedded to the Dauphin, who received the title King of Scotland.

On the death of Henry II, the Dauphin's father, in the following year (1559), Mary became Queen of France. By the French and Spanish Courts she was also declared Queen of England. France and Spain, as Catholic Powers, had not recognized Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, and so held invalid the English king's subsequent union with Anne Boleyn. This being so, Anne Boleyn's child, Elizabeth, who became queen in 1558, had no lawful right to the English throne; Mary was the legitimate queen.

At the Height of Her Power

The year 1559, therefore, saw Mary at the height of her power. She was admittedly the most beautiful woman in Europe, and the brilliant queen of the most brilliant Court. She was a woman whom kings and statesmen everywhere were watching. Her husband, too, Francis II, was a prince of many parts, and Mary was devotedly attached to him. The future seemed full of promise.

Then suddenly clouds darkened her star.

In 1560 the French king died, and Mary, in that Court where she had been all-powerful, found herself merely a cipher. The young widow at once decided to leave France and to take up the reins of government in Scotland, that troubled kingdom of hers, still steeped in feudalism, which really was no kingdom at all.

She set sail on August 15, 1561, and arrived at Leith on August 20. The welcome accorded her, intended to be cordial,

THE QUIVER

gave her a foretaste of the future. She, who had been accustomed to the splendours of the Court of France, was conveyed to Edinburgh by a train of ponies so wretchedly equipped as to bring tears of shame into her eyes; and by way of civic greeting, all that she received was a discordant serenade by some two hundred citizens who played on various stringed instruments under her window throughout the night.

Judged by Mary's standards, Scotland of the sixteenth century was an uncivilized land. None the less, Mary meant to rule it, and for a time she prospered. The brave young queen captured the hearts of all men by her courage, beauty, wit.

A Woman who Needed a Master

But Mary, as we have said, was a woman who needs must have a master. The people of Scotland, too, demanded this of her. They called for an heir; and Mary was a childless widow.

Whom could she marry?

By the Treaty of Edinburgh, 1560, Mary had agreed to drop the arms and title of England. But, still considering herself Elizabeth's heir, she deemed it wise to take a husband who would be acceptable not only to herself and the people of Scotland, but to Elizabeth also.

Such a man was not easy to find. Mary's choice eventually fell on Lord Darnley, the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox.

Like herself, Darnley was a Royal Stuart. He was also closely related to Elizabeth, with whom he stood in some favour. So Mary hoped the union would be approved.

A vain hope this. Elizabeth opposed it, as she would have opposed any marriage. She wished that Mary, too, should remain a childless queen; she dreaded seeing her with a strong line of heirs. But in the end she offered her congratulations, and Mary was married to Darnley in Edinburgh on July 29, 1565.

For a Scottish nobleman of the time Darnley was not without accomplishments, but he was mentally insignificant and morally worthless. On the other hand, he was remarkably handsome, a tall, well-made lad, with an ill-founded reputation for martial and athletic prowess.

Such attraction as he had for Mary must have been purely physical, and while this lasted they lived happily together. But a rift soon appeared in the lute. Mary, oppressed by the crude boorishness of the

Scottish Court—and of her husband—longed for the graces and refinements of France.

Hence her friendship with David Rizzio.

There is no reason to suppose that her relations with the Italian secretary were anything but innocent; so mean a man could hardly have captured the heart of the Queen. But Rizzio, too, was a child of the South. He had nice manners. He could make pretty speeches. He had a happy gift of verse.

Mary loved these things, and used the Italian's refinements more and more to fill the emptiness of her life. Darnley, not unnaturally, grew jealous; and jealousy turned to hate when Mary finally refused him that full equality in the royal right which had been given to her former husband, Francis.

A Foul Murder

Darnley resolved that Rizzio should die.

The execution of this resolution was characteristic of the man.

Even in sixteenth-century Scotland certain decencies were observed in the "removal" of enemies. Darnley ignored them. He had Rizzio foully murdered in the Queen's presence, on the very threshold of her private chamber.

Visitors to Holyrood Palace are still shown the spot where the Italian fell, stabbed in fifty-six places.

"Now," said the Queen, as the unhappy man died, "I will study revenge."

But immediate revenge was impossible. Darnley had enlisted on his side influences too numerous and powerful. And, so far as he himself was concerned, he largely disarmed revenge by a craven betrayal of his friends. Under the influence of fear or remorse—probably both—he begged, and in some measure was granted, the pardon of Mary. But she never really forgave him; they who had been lovers drifted farther and farther apart.

The Coming of Bothwell

At about this time another figure appears on the stage. James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, was a wild Border chieftain, a real "ugly Scot," with a huge, massive frame and sandy hair. He was considerably older than Darnley, and appears to have been an admirer of Mary before she returned to Scotland, even to have enjoyed her confidence. There is reason to believe that Mary, knowing a plot against Rizzio

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES

to be on foot, had entrusted him with the mission of circumventing it.

From the day of Rizzio's death Bothwell advanced rapidly in favour. His masterfulness, his very daring, carried Mary off her feet. But his influence was not so great as some of the Queen's detractors would have us think. The man to whom she turned for advice on all important matters was the Earl of Moray, a natural brother whom she befriended generously, but whose ambition led him later to forget the ties of gratitude.

It is difficult to say exactly when Mary began her guilty intrigue with Bothwell. Certainly it was not until late in 1566. In June of that year a child was born to her, and, other reasons apart, it is incredible that she would have done anything which might give the voice of gossip a chance to cast doubt on the legitimacy of this boy, the future James VI of Scotland and James I of England.

From this time onwards Bothwell, without doubt, was her constant attendant; but too much, perhaps, has been made of her action in October, when the earl was wounded in a Border skirmish, and she rode from Jedburgh to the Castle of Hermitage in hot haste to visit him.

This is often represented as a blind indiscretion prompted by passion. Can it not also be regarded as proof of an honest solicitude for a trusted officer?

Hardly, perhaps, if we accept unquestioningly the evidence of the Casket Letters. And if we accept that evidence we can find no excuse, no justification for the base treachery of her subsequent conduct.

Accident—or Conspiracy?

Towards the end of the year Darnley was attacked by smallpox. On hearing the news Mary at once sent her own physician to Glasgow, where Darnley lay ill. Later she followed in person, and nursed her husband with such tender care that something approaching a reconciliation was effected.

In January, when Darnley was convalescent, she brought him to Edinburgh and lodged him in the Kirk of Field, a religious house just outside the city walls. She dared not bring him to Holyrood. She and her son were there; it would have been folly to expose the boy to infection.

Yet the Casket Letters tell us that this was not Mary's reason, that she brought her unsuspecting husband to the Kirk of Field

deliberately that she might encompass his doom. For on the evening of February 9, by the machinations of Bothwell and his agents, Darnley and the house in which he lay ill were blown up by gunpowder.

Can Mary have been really cognizant of this plot?

We will consider the question further in a minute. Let us first finish the story.

Guilty or innocent, the Queen, by her subsequent conduct, lent justification to sinister and ugly suspicions. But Mary, as we have said, was a woman who must needs have a master. Now she had found him—the profligate Bothwell.

From the moment of Darnley's death she threw prudence and discretion to the winds and became the slave of her masterful lover. True, to appease public opinion she brought Bothwell to trial for the murder of Darnley. But the trial was a farce, a mockery of justice; it deceived nobody. Nor did what followed—the Queen's strange abduction.

A Strange Abduction

In 1567, while Mary was returning from Stirling to Edinburgh, Bothwell with a thousand horse met her at the Bridge of Cramond and carried her off to the Castle of Dunbar. This he did with an appearance of force, but, we suspect, with Mary's connivance.

Indeed, ten days later the willing victim and her captor appeared openly in Edinburgh, Bothwell in even higher favour than before. On May 12 Mary created him Earl of Orkney. On the 15th of the month, Bothwell having now secured a divorce against his wife, Mary married him.

The sequel can quickly be told. Disgusted by the Queen's conduct, a numerous party of the nobility resolved to bring the existing state of affairs to an end. Mustering an army, they marched on Dunbar. At Carberry Hill (June 14, 1567) they met the forces of Mary and Bothwell. But disaffection was strong in the ranks of the latter; Mary and Bothwell were utterly routed.

Bothwell himself escaped from the field and made his way to Denmark, where, some eleven years later, he died. Mary was less fortunate. Taken captive, she was imprisoned in Loch Leven Castle, and there (July 24, 1567) was made to abdicate in favour of her son, with Moray as Regent.

Ten months later Mary contrived to escape. But her cause now was hopeless.

THE QUIVER

Defeated again at the battle of Langside, she fled over the Border to England and appealed for Elizabeth's help.

Elizabeth now found herself confronted by a very nice problem. She had neither the wish nor the means to restore Mary by force. On the other hand, she could not surrender the Queen to her rebellious subjects. Elizabeth had at all cost to preserve the rights of majesty; rebellion in any form she dared not countenance.

What, then, could she do? Keep Mary as an honoured prisoner?

This, too, was dangerous. The Scottish Queen would inevitably become the centre of Catholic plots.

Still, it seemed the least of three evils. Moray, however, to justify himself in the eyes of Elizabeth, had openly charged his sister with complicity in the murder of Darnley. With this charge pending, the English Queen could not offer a formal welcome to Mary. She told Mary this.

The Westminster Conference

And so began the famous Westminster Conference, which was a trial in all but name.

Now, at the Westminster Conference were produced the Casket Letters. According to the story, these documents, which included eight letters and a series of sonnets in French, had been left by Bothwell in a small gilt casket in Edinburgh Castle. During his flight from Carberry Hill the earl had sent for them, but his messenger, while returning, had been intercepted and captured.

If genuine, two of the letters, alleged to have been written by Mary while she was at Glasgow with Darnley, directly implicate the Queen in her husband's murder. But the authenticity of these two letters is of all the least certain.

The other letters,* as published, were all translated from the original French, but we have no certain knowledge of French originals of the two letters in question; published versions are translations from the Scots or Latin.

* Copies of the original French documents can be seen at the Record Office and at Hatfield.

Now, the originals, if they existed, must have been written in French. Up to the time of her flight into England Mary always wrote in that language.

Were the originals, therefore, suppressed and a garbled version issued by Moray, so altered as to strengthen his case?

This is not an unreasonable supposition.

Mary, it must be remembered, stoutly maintained to the end that the letters were forgeries, and her requests for a sight of the originals were always refused; she was denied even access to copies. Nor were the Westminster Commissioners convinced of her guilt. Nothing had been shown against Mary, they said in their judgment, "whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen, her good sister, for anything yet seen."

An Unsolved Mystery

This verdict, perhaps, we can hardly endorse. So we return to our original question: How deeply was Mary implicated in the murder of Darnley?

She knew that a plot was being hatched. We cannot doubt this; but she turned a deaf ear to the details, daring neither to attempt to frustrate nor to forward the design she at once dreaded and longed for. One moment remorseful, the next eager for the revenge she had been studying since Rizzio's murder, she was like some helpless creature in the hands of the masterful Bothwell.

Then came her visit to Glasgow, some return of her affection for Darnley, and a pathetic desire to escape from the toils now encircling her more and more closely.

Then why, you ask, did she take her husband from Glasgow, where he was safe among friends, and bring him to Edinburgh?

Because she was a woman distraught. She had fallen in love again with her handsome "long lad," and with her at his side, she felt, none would dare harm him.

But Mary had found her master. And great was the price she paid. Nineteen years a captive in England—then Fotheringhay.

(Next month "Marie Antoinette and the Diamond Necklace" will be dealt with.)





BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

BRAVADO OR FEAR?

By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

IN his passage through the ages man has oscillated between two moods, and this so persistently that we should be wise to conclude that both moods, the one and the other alike, represent something necessary and of the very essence of human nature. From time to time there comes over man a mood of confidence and bravado face to face with himself and life. Under such a mood he feels sure of himself, perhaps too sure of himself. The first expression of this mood may for the most part be absolutely sincere, because it is a just reaction from some craven subjugation. But soon this mood begins to flag, and that it may be kept in countenance it has to be urged by whip and spur. At length it passes away in some wild cry of mere defiance at life and contempt of it. Take, for example, Henley's passionate cry:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

Now I will ask any sincere man whether an outburst like that really comforts him. Whether on reflection it does him good or helps him to play a man's part in this world. For I take it that a man's part in this world is a friend's part. But how are we to be friends unless we can speak gently to one another? How are we even to be men if the best we can do is to summon one another to hardness and bitterness and contempt of life?

No, speaking for myself, an outburst of that kind in which a man merely boasts and fumes disheartens me. I feel it to be somehow not the real thing, not the kind of bravery which is proper to human beings. It is not bravery at all. It is perhaps nearer to cowardice. It is not brave thinking; it is simply refusing to think. It has something of the loudness and bravado of a tipsy man.



Impatient of Fear

Short of that extreme type, however, this mood of confidence face to face with life from time to time prevails with men who may be supposed to express the spirit of their age. At such a time men are impatient of any wisdom or teaching that is allied to fear. It is a mood which is likely to visit man when he has become a dweller in cities, when he is surrounded by stout buildings, and has never been subjected to any terror from the side of physical nature or from any explosion from the infernal side of human nature.

THE QUIVER

But just because we do live in the presence of nature, dwellers in a vast and incalculable world, there descends upon the human soul with equal persistency another mood, a mood of humility and fear. We suddenly become impatient and even afraid of all vaulting words, and are ready to listen to anyone who will recognize as we do our grounds for caution.



Where Bravado Falls

Now, though it may appear strange, man has done his greatest things never in the spirit of pride and self-sufficiency, but always rather out of a great fear of what would happen if he failed, or out of a great love; and what is love but the triumph over fear through communion with One before Whose face fear dies?

Certainly this is the type of mind, and this is the returning mood, which is nearer to the Christian temper. There has persisted through the Christian ages a real shrinking from boastfulness or pride. Even in the case of its fearless men, like Luther or Cromwell or John Knox, there was a region where one and the other were timid and gentle, full of misgiving and self-distrust. They were strong—never in themselves, and never for themselves, but always in Another and for Him.

And all through the Christian ages there has been something in the hearts of Christian people which has made them resent all boastful speech. When men claim that they are independent, that they can do without the help of their fellow-men and so forth, there is something in their bearing which offends us and makes us even afraid on their behalf.



Keeping up to the High Level

And so the Christian will welcome any practice which strengthens him against the tendency which he is aware of within himself, to fall from oneself. I recall a short Russian story, of one who played upon an instrument with such power that the hearts of his friends who listened to him were subdued to silence and wonder. They had supposed him to be at best a futile creature, but there he was, at home in his own particular mansion of the spiritual world; and in his presence they felt their own inferiority. At length he ceased from his playing. The light of heaven fell off his

face, and he turned to his friends with some foolish and indeed wicked jest. Men as they were, it hurt them to strike earth so suddenly. And one of them spoke for the others, and he speaks for us: "Man," he said, "you are not fit to be yourself."

What do we mean by our vows, our pledges, our stated acts of prayer and recollection? What do men who understand mean by honouring a stated day in seven received by us from our fathers? Is it not that we are aware of our great need of some fine practice and some severe precaution lest we lose our way and consent to an ever-threatening coarseness of the soul? Is it not that we may be saved from that lower, poorer self which is always in pursuit of us? Is it not that by new contacts, and a new communion with our Lord's forgiving and restoring Presence we may be delivered from the drift into things and be disposed to take the high road again?



The Quotation

*"Be brave, dear Aureole, since
The rabbit has his shade to frighten him,
The fawn a rustling bough, mortals their
cares,
And higher natures yet would slight and
laugh
At these entangling fantasies, as you
At trammels of a weaker intellect.
Measure your mind's height by the shade
it casts."*

PARACELUS.



Prayer

Lord of our life, we draw near unto Thee that the ground of all true living may be strengthened within us. Knowing as we do that the very source of life lies not upon the surface but within, not in things but in our spirit, we would dwell in a daily and habitual communion with Thee. O bless Thy holy name that Thou art ready to have fellowship with us not only in our times of strength and fullness, but in our days and hours of failure, and in our moments of fear. Not in the easy light of day, but in the twilight and in the very dead of night, we may have access to Thee, if we be humble and truly suppliant. Therefore we pray Thee deliver us from all pride and from those moods of self-sufficiency which dethrone us and leave us the more disheartened; and maintain us in a sober sense of our need and of Thy Blessed Disposition towards us, that we may no longer live but that we may live within us Who is Himself the Pledge and Fulfilment of Thy Love, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Do We Really Read?

THE crux of this ever-debated matter of reading lies, I am more and more persuaded, in whether books become our friends or not. That still alert octogenarian bookman, Mr. Frederic Harrison, was overwhelmingly justified thirty years and more ago in his fascinating work "The Choice of Books" in entitling its leading chapter "The Friendship of Books." Choice depends upon friendship. Until we have "made friends" with our authors and their works there can be but one answer to the question whether we really read or not—most emphatically we do not.

Not Real Reading

Of course there is a species of reading necessitated by our profession, as when we say we are "reading" for our degree, or are "reading up" this subject or that for the purpose of our daily calling. There is also the reading of the newspaper, which, I am afraid, must be put down as a necessary item of one's daily equipment. But leaving these varieties of the art of reading aside as not falling within the range of real book-friendship, it may be confidently set down that the reading that only deserves being called so must comply with two conditions—it must yield delight and satisfaction for its own sake and apart altogether from the educative and economic worth of the information thus acquired, and it must be entered into or indulged in, if you prefer to put it that way, not as a task, still less as a drudgery.

It is because they often come dangerously near violating these two golden and necessary conditions that makes one a little shy of those in other respects most admirable societies and unions which issue syllabuses for winter evening reading and the study of English or classic literature. They are apt to give the uncomfortable impression of reluctant candidates being gently coerced into the fold of Shakespeare or Dante or Sophocles, and it makes one positively shiver to hear the exultant exclamation at the close of the day, "I've done my George Eliot," or "That completes Pope; I've only got Dryden now."

The Problem of the Winter Evenings

By W. Scott King

Furthermore, to give advice on reading and the choice of books and make suggestions, even the most unofficial, savours of presumption, not to say priggishness—books, one feels, ought to be capable of providing their own lure, and the essence of reading should lie in its individual taste and even vagrant inclination.

When Everybody Reads

Undeterred by such fears, however, there are two points which may well claim a brief preliminary notice. The first is the present-day need of encouragement to reading, or the modern decline of the habit. In the literal and lowest sense there is no decline, of course, but an enormously increased addition to it.

Everybody does read now, thanks to the spread of elementary—very elementary—education. And books were never so cheap and never so available. But without being censorious, or "high-browed," as the Americans say, the quality of many of the current books is, to say the least of it, not conspicuously solid or elevating.

One has every sympathy with the desire for something light and entertaining merely after a strenuous day in shop or office, and no one would wish to debar others from the sea yarn or love story that diverts the mind and refreshes the eyes after columns of figures or yards of cloth, even if one could. At the same time there on the shelves or in the catalogue lie the history and drama, the poetry and the biography of the ages and of all lands, glowing with romance and incident, knowledge and inspiration, and they call for lovers and friends even more than for students and examinees, and call all too frequently in vain. Of such authors and such books the old quotation may be most usefully remembered, "You must love them ere to you they will seem worthy of your love."

Nothing is more useless, however, than the attitude of blame or contempt on the part of those who, preferring classics to bookstall fare, seek to improve the taste of others. Light readers are not so much to be condemned as helped and encouraged and

THE QUIVER

even wooed. In all matters of betterment we now seek not to frighten or scold from the evil or the worse, but to attract and to win to the good and the better. So with books and reading generally.

Enormously Increased Chances of Happiness

The modern ability to read and the accessibility of libraries and cheap editions should not only have added greatly to the commercial efficiency of the younger generation and put into their hands actual stores of knowledge which can in its turn be converted into income, but has enormously increased the available sources of human happiness and pleasure.

Never was an age so subject to mental depression and attacks of cynicism, life-weariness, disillusionment, and mental and moral nausea. And for such diseases and complaints there is, short of the divine consolations and restorations of religion itself, no remedy like reading and the intelligent, passionate love of books. As coal is the stored-up sunshine of the past, so literature is stored-up joy and romance. We are always saying and bemoaning that we cannot bring back the less burdened atmosphere and spirit of the past, and yet we can. There in the printed pages it lies eternally preserved. Dante's Florence is there and Shakespeare's Forest of Arden. There are Kingsley's sunset East Anglian levels and Jane Austen's sedate eighteenth century. Chaucer will transport you to the real Merry England, and Sir Walter Scott will make you breathe the age of the tournament and the joust again. And if you want New England go to Hawthorne, or if the French Revolution pick up Carlyle. While "R. L. S." calls to you to trip with him and his excellent crew to the jolly South Seas, and Professor Mahaffy will give you, all for a library subscription, twelve months' re-drinking of the wine of ancient Attica, as Gibbon will of Imperial Rome. The fields are endless, the fare inexhaustible, and the reward—contentment, relief, reinvigoration beyond all the boasted efficacy of Brighton or psychotherapeutics.

Of the need, therefore, there can be no doubt whatever.

A Slice of Personal Experience

But now of the second point. There is nothing like a slice of personal experience in all such matters, and perhaps a few notes

of the present writer's own adventures in bookland will serve to whet some jaded or undeveloped literary palate.

Though for the past thirty years this friendship with books has constituted almost the main source of happiness, and certainly the chief pleasure and recreation of life, books meant little or nothing to him till he was nearly twenty. Delicacy of health and a devotion to mechanical and engineering pastimes held the foreground of affection. Then it seemed as if the door of a vast and enthralling palace or museum suddenly stood open before him. There is only one phrase adequate to describe what then happened—he literally for the next ten years gorged masterpieces. This is not said as an example to others, because most likely it was an unwise thing to do, and has had in some ways unfortunate results.

But—to drop the third person—I was seized with the idea that I had been defrauded of my rights and for years kept out of my kingdom. Others knew all these writers and their works and I didn't. I was determined I would catch up.

Sacking the City

The time to do it in seemed short—it does in youth, curiously enough—and I proceeded to ransack the ages of print as a conqueror sacks a city. France or Germany, Greece or Rome, London or Florence—it mattered not—visit them imaginatively and by means of their literature I would. I pounced on the name of a new author as a setter on a half-concealed partridge.

Every day I confided to a crowded little note-book the titles of dramas, essays, poems, novels and histories that I made up my mind to read. One author sent me to another, and one period put me on the track of its predecessor. I followed up references and allusions like a detective, and in finding out the main lines of the world's intellectual and imaginative products I became a veritable sleuth-hound.

I have not the least doubt that I became a little inebriated, and much of what I read I not only very imperfectly appreciated and not infrequently misunderstood, but positively forgot.

But at all events one unquestioned result followed this breathless method of self-education—I very soon mastered and became perfectly familiar with what may be called the map of man's past thinking, and knew fairly well the chief books of the lead-

DO WE REALLY READ?

ing minds of all lands in all ages. And this, let it be said, while I was quite busily engaged in getting my living and qualifying in a quite other direction for my profession.

At the end of these gulping years of book-sampling—a species of mental dram-drinking by no means to be commended—at least two permanent goals were reached which have been of priceless worth to me ever since.

I had learnt to know what my own tastes and aptitudes were, the types and sorts of ideas and literary and intellectual and imaginative forms that appealed to me and were consequently most worth following up and concentrating upon: and, as a corollary of this, those that were not, and which consequently I might in future let alone and give the go-by to as being not for me.

This was invaluable experience. Some subjects I should never "cotton on" to, I now knew, and some authors would never become my intimates.

For example, I learnt once and for ever that I had not a scientific mind, at least not in the sense of physical science; nor yet a mathematical mind either. I also convinced myself that music, at least in its more technical and esoteric sense, would always be a *terra incognita* to me.

Deepest Friendships Riveted

But how shall I describe the other gain? I made my deepest friendships for the rest of my life. The first hurried introductions established links which I knew had only now to be reformed into abiding shackles. To quite a large circle of men and women, actual and fictitious—Goethe and his "Faust," Petrarch and his "Laura," Æschylus and his "Agamemnon," and even Hawthorne and his "Esther Prynne," and Kingsley and his "Hypatia"—I had become handcuffed for the rest of my days.

Other writers and other masterpieces there were which, because of their more personal and professional relation to me, do not call here for mention, otherwise I should have to write the for ever magnetic names of Wordsworth, Ruskin, Dr. James Martineau, "R. L. S.," and in later years William James of America.

Meanwhile the point that I am trying to make is the one with which we started, namely, that what supremely matters in reading is the friendships we set up with our books and authors, and the sheer and

unremunerative delight with which we read and use our library.

In turning to the question of offering guidance to others—and it has been clearly stated that my own case is meant rather to be a warning than an example—many difficulties appear. To begin with, it has to be settled to what sort of reader or would-be reader one is speaking. Perhaps the kind that is most usefully chosen as needing and desiring help and counsel is the young man or young girl who has the great desire to read and who also has a certain amount—not necessarily a large one—of time and opportunity.

Shall we Trust to the "Pictures"?

The winter evenings are upon us again, and the tennis-court and the river have had to be abandoned. Are we to go down through damp November and dark December with only the "pictures" to relieve our tedium and take the place of our muslin frocks and racquets?

I hope not.

The bright fire, the drawn curtains, perhaps even the oil-stove and the bed-sitting room, and assuredly the library catalogue or the spare shillings suggest another alternative.

Two classes of aspirants must be distinguished from each other, though not finally distinguished, because recruits are always passing over from one company to the other. There are those who, while anxious to read books of good quality and even of historic repute—who want to *really* read, that is, but who do not intend in any orderly sense to study literature; and those who do so intend, and who want to follow some ordered plan and sequence. As I say, some of the former will become so interested, so intrigued, as we now put it, that they will cross over and join the ranks of the more scholastically studious.

But even if they do not, theirs is a most commendable desire and programme, and will lead to many an hour of world-forgetfulness and imaginative contentment and joy. To others it is almost impossible to give much detailed direction, because tastes notoriously differ, and it is isolated books they want and not periods or subjects to follow.

Many of them, no doubt, have already made a beginning and "found" themselves, and all they need is to be heartened to continue. But let me say this. It is quite

THE QUIVER

customary in superior circles—really inferior circles—to hear lists of masterpieces condemned and even sneered at, and such productions as the late Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books" are made the butt of many an unmerited sarcasm. Let no one be disturbed by such foolish gibes. For myself I cheerfully and quite impenitently confess that I pasted up in my own "den" Sir John's fearsome list—I got to know it off by heart—and did not rest content until I had secured and waded through the hundred—the "old hundred," as my family used to parody. And all I can say is that at least thirty per cent. of the list became henceforth attached to my circle of closest companions, and that for the remainder, the reading of them with any degree of thoroughness constitutes for whomsoever undertakes it—or undergoes it, if you judge it to be an operation—little less than a most liberal education.

To be frank, I have more than once re-fortified myself when entering a clever coterie, or even ascending a lecture platform, by whispering inwardly, "I've read the best hundred, and I'll bet no one else has here, so of whom should I be afraid?"

Courses of Study

But now for those whose desire is more ambitious, who, like the former class of readers, seek the pleasure of reading but want to avoid mere desultoriness, and who say of books as Wordsworth sang of life's aims generally:

Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires.

For them, let it be said at once, provision in a hundred forms has been abundantly made, and courses of study and methods and systems and plans for private reading have been drawn up to the point almost of wearisomeness.

Again it must be said that the difficulty here in laying down any ground-plan is to know precisely how big a net it is proposed to throw into the sea of books, and how wide a sweep of the net it is proposed to cast. Is it universal, world-literature or the literature of one's own country? Or again, is the interest confined to one subject—fiction or drama, poetry or what is known as belles-lettres, history or travel, philosophy or science?

Here, too, emerges a prior consideration still—is it the training of the mind as an

instrument for future use that is aimed at, or is an acquaintance with the actual books themselves the goal? Perhaps it would be most safe and convenient to assume a little of both these ideals.

Reading Charts

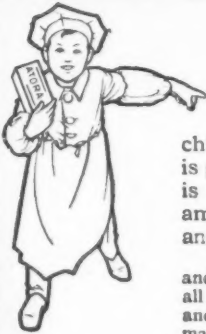
That being the case, one of the three following charts, so to speak, might be followed:

1. To obtain a general survey of the literature in all branches of one's own land. For this purpose there happily exists—unless it happens to be temporarily out of print, and then no doubt it could be obtained at a library—one ideally interesting and quite indispensable book, and that is "A Primer of English Literature," by Dr. Stopford A. Brooke, which, at least in pre-war days, used to be issued at a shilling by the firm of Macmillan and Co. No book of its kind was ever published that so entirely served its purpose. Every help is here in the way of information about authors and their leading works, with suitable appreciations and guidance as to what individual books to get hold of. And if it is English books that are to be specialized in, nothing further in the way of advice needs to be offered here. And much the same sort of general view and estimate and help can be readily obtained, though not always, perhaps, in so perfect a form, of the literatures of France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Greece and India and America.

2. Supposing, however, that it is one particular subject that is contemplated, then again aid is profusely at hand. Many quite cheap and concise books exist which give accounts of the outstanding landmarks in the literary fields of philosophy, science, fiction, poetry, travel, biography, and ethics or moral teaching. By this means, in the course of a winter's reading, quite an average reader with but a few hours a week to devote to reading would be able to obtain a working familiarity with the names of those writers, together with their books, who have contributed the chief influences to the development, either in our individual country or in the world generally, of either fiction or philosophy or poetry or whatever branch was chosen.

A Good Plan

3. But there is yet a third plan that might be adopted, and I am strongly disposed to think for many readers it would prove to be



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mean "to cram in." Our system draws out the musical powers of our students from the very first lesson. Take advantage of the offer we make on the coupon below, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes, which we guarantee you can play; thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you and give you many years of purest pleasure. No one need ever say again, "I wish I could play"; everyone can do it, to-day.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON

To the Manager, Nauntou's National Music System,
7 Newman St., Oxford St., W.1.

The Quiver, November, 1922.

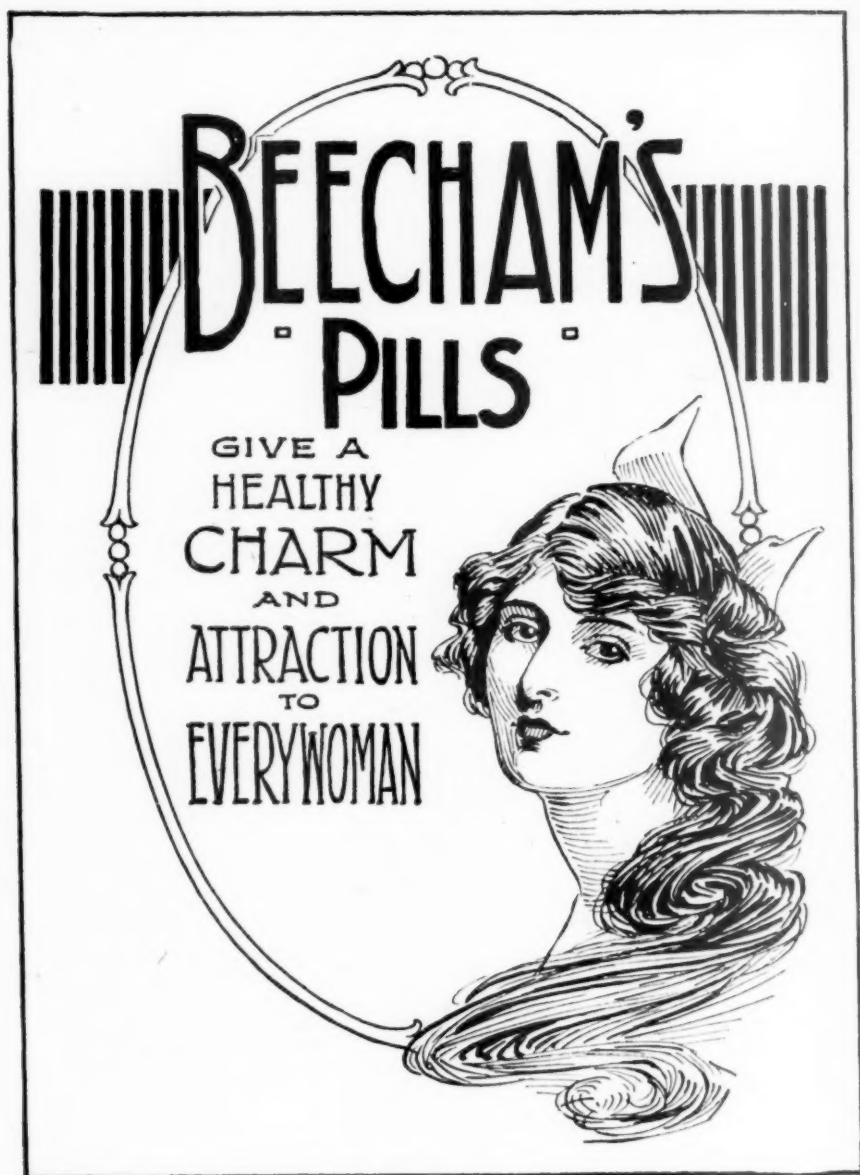
Being a reader of THE QUIVER and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," published at 2d, containing eight tunes, with instructions how I can play them at the first sitting, also your special Booklet and particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please All in Postal Order payable to Nauntou's National Music System, Ltd.

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ADDRESS

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**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

GIVE A
HEALTHY
CHARM
AND
ATTRACTION
TO
EVERY WOMAN

The advertisement is enclosed in a rectangular border. A large, ornate oval frame is centered on the page. Inside the oval, the text "BEECHAM'S PILLS" is written in a large, bold, serif font. Below this, the phrase "GIVE A HEALTHY CHARM AND ATTRACTION TO EVERY WOMAN" is written in a smaller, all-caps, serif font. To the right of the text, there is a detailed illustration of a woman's head and shoulders. She has long, wavy hair and is looking slightly to the left. The oval frame is decorated with vertical lines on the left and right sides and a small floral ornament at the top. The entire illustration is rendered in a black and white, woodcut style.

DO WE REALLY READ?

both the most stimulating and the least formal and exacting. A very familiar experience is to hear authors mentioned in conversation or referred to in lectures or newspapers whose names are household words, as we say, but to whom we can personally never attach any very clear ideas as to what they stand for and who they really were. And this experience is akin to another one, namely, the constant reference, in reviews and book notices generally, to "good" style or "bad," and to "standards" of excellence and treatment. What really makes for "good" style, one vaguely wonders, and who set these "standards"?

A Scheme Full of Work

The third method I am now thinking of would relieve both such irritating and humiliating experiences and perplexities, and it is this—devote a winter's reading to admitted masterpieces, to the perusal of a round dozen or twenty of the greatest books the world has produced by the brains and imaginations and pens of some of its greatest men.

This is not Sir John Lubbockism back again, I assure you, but is a scheme full of worth and delight. In practice it would run, or "pan out" as we say, something like this: Who was this Goethe everyone talks of? What did he chiefly write? Well, he was Germany's greatest nineteenth century writer, who became a European standard, and "Faust" is his chief or best-known work.

Who was Emerson? What were his famous "essays" about? What is meant by calling a preacher or a lecturer Emersonian? Why did he influence American thinking so much, and what is his connexion with our own Carlyle? And Cervantes, the Spanish writer! Why do we call highly romantic enterprises after his hero, Don Quixote? And so on, repeating the process with Victor Hugo, Richardson, Euripides, Defoe, Keats, Schiller, and Fielding, also with Huxley, Lord Kelvin, Spinoza, and, if you will, Mrs. Hemans and Mark Twain.

In pre-war days I was in the habit of

making the sporting offer that if anyone would entrust me with a golden sovereign I would engage to give them in return, bound in quite sufficient cloth, and in decent type, the cream of the world's masterpieces in all lands, ages, and subjects. It may not have been absolutely a "sure thing," but approximately it was. To-day, however, prices are considerably advanced, but then so have many people's earnings, so that, quite apart from lending libraries, any of the three plans mentioned above may still be carried through for the price of a weekend at Blackpool or Clacton, or the expense of a reliable pair of boots.

In conclusion, whether any systematic plan of reading is followed or not, it is high time that those who yet prize the written stores of the world's knowledge and romance should bestir themselves to persuade all over whom they have any sort of influence or control that the fresh years of youth, with their never-to-return leisure of mind and eagerness of spirit, should not be frittered away on the mere railway-carriage fiction and encervating publications of the day.

A Personal Offer

Two words more and I will cease to suggest how you read this coming winter. Should any reader of *THE QUIVER* desire any personal help further than I have ventured to supply, either in the way of suggestions more in detail in the selection of books, or as to prices and editions, if he or she will write to the Editor to that effect, it will give me the greatest pleasure to tender the best help I can.

Also, if as yet the appetite for the friendship of books is not very keen, you cannot do better than read "Through the Magic Door," by that wizard of detective fiction, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. If at the end of his fascinating pages on his own love of books, and the joy and romance of sacrifice involved in acquiring them, you do not resolve to be yourself a reader and a bookman, then not a hundred such modest incentives as the above tentative lines of mine will ever make you.

The Author has kindly offered to answer inquiries on this vast subject. Readers should address their queries to Mr. W. Scott King, c/o The Editor, "THE QUIVER," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4 Of course, readers will not fail of the courtesy of enclosing a stamped envelope.



Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver* Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

A Sixty Years' Serial

MY DEAR READERS,—Times and titles change—"The New Army of Helpers" is a designation of comparatively recent invention—but under one heading or another the story of THE QUIVER charities has run uninterruptedly ever since the magazine was founded sixty years ago. Inevitably the hope springs up that THE QUIVER may double and treble its usefulness and its length of days in the future, but there's a longing too to gather round to hear some of its early reminiscences.

Tremendously interesting they are, the activities that fall into the category of

Pre-war Charities.

and they link up memories of the past in a unique way. The very first to benefit was a little girl in the National Orphan Home. Then came two very romantic figures, Mar Yohanan and Mar Yusef, Nestorians from Kurdistan, where the Christians, through failure of crops and other disasters, were in great trouble. To THE QUIVER they came hundreds of miles, ignorant of the language, to seek help for their people, and they did not appeal in vain, returning to Ooromiah in September, 1862, with over £250, the larger part of which had been raised by readers of the magazine.

The scene swiftly changes, and we find between seven and eight hundred pounds flowing in for the relief of the Lancashire operatives who suffered through the great

Cotton Famine. Shortly afterwards the versatile sympathies of THE QUIVER were switched eastward again, and its record of liberality more than doubled. Over £2,000 was subscribed in a few weeks for the sufferers from the Indian Famine.

Another splendid and completely different cause emerges: THE QUIVER supplies lifeboats for Southwold and Margate and Queenstown Harbour in Ireland, and thus establishes a link with the sea which endures to-day in our collection for the Seamen's Hostel.

A Fascinating Story

There is a temptation to linger over every chapter of this fascinating serial story of service; but it must be resisted, for any kind of detailed account would need book, not magazine, covers to enclose it. The *variety* of ground explored is most striking, and it is this breadth of sympathy that has marked THE QUIVER since its earliest days that is surely one of the secrets of its astonishing success.

Funds for soldiers' wives and orphans (in connexion with the South African War, which we relegate to the "pre-war" period), Mrs. Mackirdy's Shelter Fund, which realized £300, funds for providing playing-grounds, for the supply of mission boats, for a hospital cot endowment, for Dr. Barnardo's schemes, which we still support—all the valuable work which this list represents, and more, was accomplished between the years 1861 and 1914. No doubt many who now fight for the New Army of Helpers went out in those days under the banners of the League of Loving Hearts and THE QUIVER Companionship to vanquish want and sickness and loneliness.

And so we come to the period between 1914 and 1918, which saw the raising of THE

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

QUIVER Army of Helpers under the leadership of my sister Mrs. Southorn (then Mrs. R. H. Lock), and a succession of collections in money and in kind for a variety of

War Charities.

Looking back on that nightmare period of suspense and sorrow, we realize that at the time the manifold opportunities for service alone made it tolerable, and now it is the memory of those opportunities seized that we prize. THE QUIVER's record of war work is one of which it need not be ashamed. Most outstanding of all, perhaps, were the raising of £680 through the Silver Thimble Fund for a "QUIVER Army of Helpers" Motor Ambulance, which swiftly and gently bore the wounded from the London stations to the hospitals, and the founding of a QUIVER Bed under the same auspices in the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich.

But there was an infinity of smaller activities besides, and the office must have been snowed under with parcels, the "post-cards before parcels" regime not yet having been introduced. Gloves and fur poured in for the Glove Waistcoat Society, "gay bags" gladdened hundreds of men in hospitals at home and abroad, scraps and pictures supplied the makers of scores of those pretty and entertaining scrap-books that were welcomed in every ward, pound upon pound of silver paper rolled up for the purchase of soldiers' comforts, books for the Landworkers' Libraries, the Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Library and various hospitals. Nor during these years did THE QUIVER neglect the great work of St. Dunstan's, neither were vitally important organizations "turned down" because they did not come under the category of war charities. Work for the children went on side by side with work for the soldiers and sailors. "Philip" was maintained at the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham, and the needs of the Little Folks Home were kept to the fore.

And so another period closes and a third opens with the mustering of forces to consider and cope with

Peace-time Charities.

These were not far to seek. Many were the legacy of war, and those which were not had suffered considerably from the diversion of subscriptions to purely war funds. Reedham Orphanage and Dr. Barnardo's fine Garden City Scheme soon en-

listed the sympathies of THE QUIVER helpers. The children were evidently to have a good innings, for in 1920, almost synchronously with my sister's re-marriage and resignation and the coming into being of the "New Army," an appeal was made on behalf of the Save the Children Fund. The response to this appeal, both in money and gifts of clothing, has been magnificent. And here we have arrived at the present day.

I feel, however, that any résumé of the activities of the past sixty years would be very incomplete if only the organized charities were mentioned and nothing were said of the constant flow of generosity and sympathy into those quiet, hidden backwaters where the need is perhaps greatest of all. So strongly, indeed, am I convinced of the bitter sufferings and loneliness of the "unorganized" that I have instituted the S.O.S. Corps, which has already more than justified its existence, and the S.O.S. Fund to back up its work, which has, I am glad to say, made a very encouraging start. But more members and more money are urgently needed, and this brings us to what is, after all, more useful than retrospect, and that is a survey of our plans for the future.

It is not every day that we celebrate

A Diamond Jubilee.

and it is most natural to regard it as a very important milestone. A milestone marks a stage in a journey, and it is well to have a clear view of our destination and to make straight for it. As a matter of fact the milestone of our Diamond Jubilee marks the way to many destinations—there is a choice of paths for readers to follow.

There is the new road to the S.O.S. Corps and its endowment. There is the salt sea route to the fund for a QUIVER Room in the Seamen's Hostel in the Port of London; bring your gifts of silver and trinkets when you come this way, for the Silver Thimble Fund will convert them into money, and I am particularly anxious that our debt of gratitude to the Merchant Service may soon be paid. There is the ever open door to Dr. Barnardo's Garden City Homes; there is the path to Purley, where Reedham Orphanage, the House on the Hill, shelters its little family; there are many paths to the still needed Save the Children Fund. Next month I shall point another way of help to the Sunshine Home for Blind

THE QUIVER

Babies, that most pathetic of institutions. St. Dunstan's is still on our itinerary. And there are all the still unexplored ways to good causes that have yet to emerge. So that those kind readers who are burning to send their congratulations and a Diamond Jubilee offering to THE QUIVER have plenty of choice in the bestowing of their gifts!

Lighting Fires in Cold Rooms

And there is yet another direction in which I am shamelessly going to try to enlist their help. Within one week I have had letters from two correspondents, invalids living on incredibly small incomes, in which the same fear is expressed: the fear of the fireless winter. Neither can walk much, neither can afford proper nourishment, and it does not need much imagination to picture the sufferings that a cold grate means in these circumstances. There are many others of whom I know in the same straits. One wrote apropos of some kindnesses shown her by THE QUIVER helpers:

"I am just overwhelmed with all this goodness, so much has come at once. I have shed more tears (but of joy) these past four or five weeks than I have for four years. I have had to look at the cheque (£2) several times to make sure it is true. You could not have done me a better turn just now than to give me a rest, which I will take next week."

Firelight would turn tears of joy into diamonds. It is these diamonds for which THE QUIVER asks, to celebrate its Jubilee. Any money sent to the S.O.S. Fund and earmarked for the lighting of fires in cold rooms will procure warmth and happiness for those to whom fuel is an otherwise unattainable luxury.

Two Sides of the Question

After this bout of begging it is pleasant to record gratefully what we have received, and it has been a month of splendid generosity. That "it bleaseth him that gives and him that takes" is proved very forcibly by the following letters, and there are many such "pairs" in my mailbag:

(a) "I feel I must write and thank you for having put me in touch with Miss R. I have sent the tent to her and have received such a very grateful letter from her, and I feel so very glad that the tent will be of good to her; and really the thanks are due to you for having

made her case known and giving me or any one else the chance of doing a little good."

(b) "The tent arrived some days ago after a very short journey so carefully packed up and brought straight to the door by the railway carriers. It is a little beauty in excellent condition, and was so easily put up in a few minutes. It will hold one or two people easily. I hardly know myself! It makes all the difference in the world, and I am so grateful for such kindness from 'strangers.' It makes one think."

Wanted at Once

1. Books and magazines for a hospital where "all the men are very badly disabled and the majority a long way from their folk, so hardly ever get visitors."

2. THE QUIVER regularly passed on to one who can no longer afford it.

3. Clothes of all kinds. Helpers "turning out" before the winter are asked to remember "the red book," which I am sorry to say records the names of many to whom the dress problem is an acute one. "Boots are my nightmare; really I do dream of them," writes the overworked mother of boys aged fourteen, thirteen, eleven and six.

Postcards first, please.

Lend Me Your Ears

Don't be alarmed. "Asker" though I may be, I am not making this demand in a literal sense! My meaning is this. The value of THE QUIVER as a charitable organ lies in the fact that it does not specialize; it keeps an open ear for the cry of all who need help—men, women, children, gathered into institutions or scattered over all parts of the world. As it receives the messages of distress it has to transmit them to other ears, and it is to the "New Army" that it looks for support in the ever growing work that its wide programme involves. The sympathy, a little of the time and a little of the money of every reader of THE QUIVER would make of the "New Army" a power for good which would be quite astounding.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: MRS. GEORGE STURGEON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON.



Fills the longest clothes line in the shortest time!

THE snow-white linen gently swaying to the quick-drying breeze—linen as sweet and fragrant as the honeysuckle in the hedgerow—is pleasing to the busy housewife. She calls it the long line of happiness.

So much accomplished in so little time, and with a minimum of fatigue, fills her with enthusiasm for the splendid qualities of the daylight-saver, Sunlight Soap, by whose aid she is able to enjoy many pleasant hours of sunny relaxation.

Efficient and economical by reason of the purity of every particle, each bar of Sunlight Soap is *guaranteed pure*—that is why it goes so much further.

A LITTLE "SUNLIGHT"
MEANS A LOT OF SAVING.

£1,000 Guarantee of Purity on every Bar.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

THE QUIVER



PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of "La-rola Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-

A Good Complexion all the Year Round

A complexion which looks well under all circumstances of wind or weather is an asset both for the sake of appearance and comfort, but the complexion left entirely to soap and water can never achieve this. A reliable emollient and tonic is essential to protect and preserve even the most perfect skin.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(as pre-war)

used regularly night and morning, keeps the skin soft, smooth and white, and able to resist injury from changeable weather. It is a skin food and tonic without which no toilet table is complete.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/6 and 2/6.

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G. BRANDAUER & Co., Ltd., CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



Neither Scratch
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Attention is
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**NEW PATENT
ANTI-BLOTTING
PENS.** Sample Box of
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There is room in every home for this Useful Wardrobe because it rests under the bed. It gives the additional accommodation for Dresses, Blouses, etc., which mostly every woman desires. The TUCK-AWAY is made in Solid Oak and well U.K. Money finished fitted with handle and castors, size 3 ft. 6 in. wide by 2 ft. 8 inches deep.

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THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP & the SHAFTESBURY HOMES URGENTLY NEED £25,000

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Cheques should be made payable to and sent to—
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Half-a-Crown for the Life-Boats

WANTED ONE MILLION

Men and Women who will give
Half-a-Crown a year.

One Million Half-Crowns = £125,000.

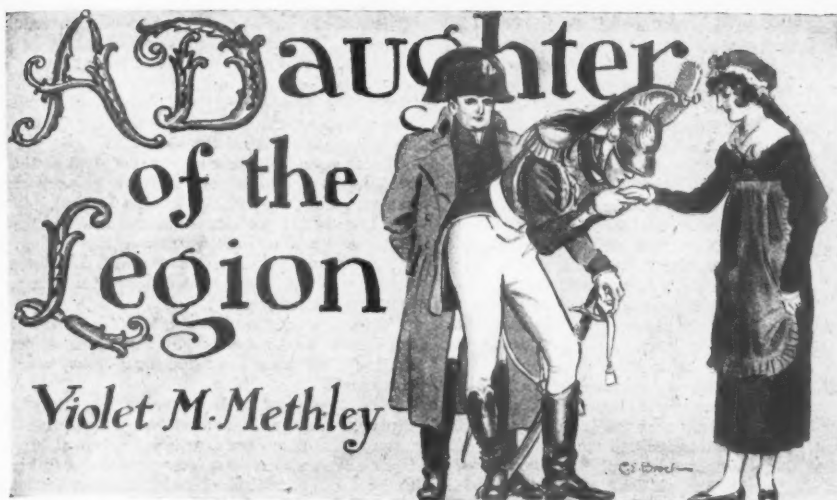
That sum will maintain half of
the Fleet of 244 Life-Boats.

Will you be "one in a million"? If so, please send
your Half-Crown TO-DAY.

LORD HARROWBY,
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GEORGE F. SHER, M.A.,
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ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BEAT INSTITUTION,
22 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.



A New Serial—More Especially for Younger Readers

CHAPTER I

The Girl School of Napoleon

"**D**ONG—dong—dong—dong——"
Very solemnly and slowly the bell of the school chapel at Ecouen was tolling, and the groups of girls assembled in the big class-room drew nearer together as they listened, as though for comfort and companionship.

"Dong—dong—dong——"

"Oh, isn't it dreadful? How I do wish it would stop!" Mollie O'Donald spoke with a little sob, and mopped at her pretty blue-grey eyes, which were already swollen and red with much crying. "It—it sounds as if someone were—were dead."

"Patrice is w-worse than d-d-dead!" little Margot Rousseau burst out miserably, and buried her head in tall Christine Crouzet's black skirt.

There was a dreary silence. Then Mollie sobbed again.

"What happens to Patrice after—after to-day, Christine—do you know?" she asked.

The elder girl shook her flaxen head and spoke very gravely.

"No," she said. "I don't know; I've never heard. Such a thing has never happened before since I came to the school. I suppose madame will ask Patrice's aunt to take her away, and . . . oh, Mollie, it is a terrible thing. I can't bear to think of it."

"I don't know how she will be able to face the disgrace—and before the whole school, too," protested pretty, delicate-looking Zoë de Valence. "Perhaps it is because I am sensitive—because I feel things more than the rest of you; but I

should *die* if it happened to me—I know I should."

"Well, it's her own fault. She deserves to feel ashamed." It was Agathe Marbois who spoke, a sharp-featured, prim-mouthed girl of fifteen, who was stitching away busily at a black linen apron.

"She doesn't, then, 'Gathe Marbois!" Quick-tempered Mollie, half-French, half-Irish, sprang to her feet and spoke fiercely, her tear-stained face crimson with fury. "I tell you, Patrice *never* did what she's supposed to have done—or, if she did do it, she didn't do it as she's supposed to have done it!"

"I'm sure I don't know if you understand yourself what you're talking about, because certainly nobody else can," Agathe said stiffly as she threaded her needle. "And whether you believe it or not doesn't make any difference. Patrice will lose her sash to-day—for ever."

"Oh, you *beast*," burst out impetuous Mollie. "You say it as if you were *glad*. I do think you are hateful."

Agathe shrugged her shoulders and pursed up her thin lips with a patient and virtuous air, as she broke off the thread, put the needle tidily away in her housewife, and tied the mended black apron over her black stuff frock.

All the little groups of schoolgirls wore these aprons or "pinbefore," as they were called, over their black dresses, which were made precisely alike, very plainly and very simply, with no ornamentation except a broad white collar, narrow white cuffs, and a sash of vivid-coloured silk passed over the right shoulder and tied in a bow under the left arm, in the place where, as Mollie O'Donald said, "our waists *ought* to be, if we were allowed to have such things."

THE QUIVER

For this dress was the uniform worn by all pupils at Madame Campan's great boarding-school at Ecouen, and no difference whatever was made, in this or any other way, between aristocratic Zoë de Valence, the grand-daughter of a duke, and plain, clumsy Marie Barsac, the grand-daughter of a butcher.

Big girls of sixteen and tiny girls of six—they all wore exactly the same, except that the colour of the sashes was different.

Those of the first class—the eldest girls—were of violet silk, the second class wore red, the third white, the fourth blue, and the very smallest girls had bright, emerald-green sashes.

Now, these sashes were almost like the sword of a soldier to the girls at Ecouen—at once a joy, a pride, and a great anxiety. It was the very worst school punishment to be deprived of one's sash for a day—two days—a week, according to the blackness of the crime which had been committed. It meant that the culprit was under arrest, as it were, for she had her meals and did all her lessons separately, and her friends were forbidden to speak to her for the time being, and until her sash was restored.

This was bad enough. But to be deprived of the sash altogether—well, it was just the thought of that most terrible punishment which made a cloud of gloom and dismal excitement hang over the class-rooms at Ecouen that lovely April day of the year 1812.

Mrs. Dryden, the English mistress, tall and stiff as though a poker occupied the place where her spine should have been, appeared at the door of the class-room. The groups of girls who had gathered together round the windows which overlooked the great courtyard broke up and turned towards her nervously.

"Follow me, young ladies," she said in her loud, harsh voice, and at once, with almost the quickness of soldiers at the orders of a drill sergeant, the girls "formed fours" and marched out of the room and down the huge, cold-looking staircase.

For the school at Ecouen, as irreverent Mollie frequently said, was "about as cosy as a cathedral." It was established, with its three hundred pupils and its twenty-five resident mistresses, in the old château of the High Constable, Anne de Montmorency, and it stood upon a hill, with a splendid view over all the country round.

Four leagues away lay Paris, all white and grey, with the sun shining like fire on its windows, and with the spires and towers of churches pricking up here and there through the soft clouds and wreaths of smoke.

From the courtyard and the terrace beyond you saw this view at its very best; but not one of the three hundred girls had any eyes for it that afternoon.

The courtyard itself was a huge, paved square, and in the very middle of it, showing out darkly and distinctly against the background of grey and pale yellowish stone, an enormous cross of black marble was inlaid in the pavement.

This was the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the order which Napoleon, the Emperor, had established, and which gave its name to this Imperial educational institution.

Quickly and almost silently the girls were formed up on the sides of the square, all round that black cross upon the pavement.

They stood in ranks, three deep, placed according to their classes, and the gay-coloured sashes showed up vividly, so that the red, white and blue of the second, third and fourth classes had just the effect of a great tricoloured flag.

Five minutes of excited suspense followed, and then there was a movement from the direction of the main entrance.

"Oh, here comes Maman," Mollie O'Donald whispered to Christine Crouzet, with a little catch in her breath. "And how—how terrible she looks."

The head mistress came slowly forward through the great arched doorway into the courtyard. She wore a trailing gown of heavy black silk, and her hair was piled up very high under a huge, stiff black hood, making her look quite different from her everyday, motherly self. For "Maman" Campan she always was, even to those girls who had belonged to her first, tiny school at St. Germain many years before—those girls who were now, so many of them, queens and duchesses and the wives of the Emperor's greatest soldiers and marshals.

But to-day, as Mollie said, Madame Campan looked "terrible" in her sad severity as she walked along, followed by four or five of the other principal mistresses.

She came to a standstill just beside the black cross in the pavement, and spoke in a voice as slow and solemn as that of the bell, which was still tolling mournfully.

"Bid Patrice de Vernon come forward."

There was a pause—a terrible pause.

As Mollie said afterwards, you could almost have heard the mistresses and the three hundred girls holding their breaths. There was no sound at all, except the heavy tolling of the bell, as a tall girl of fifteen came out from the doorway of the school, walking between two of the younger mistresses.

She wore exactly the same black dress and plain white collar as the other girls, together with the violet sash of the first class.

She was very slim, with a small head, carried prettily if rather defiantly on her long neck. Her black hair was cut short, in the fashion which we should now call "bobbed," and her eyes, although not very large, were so vividly blue that they scarcely seemed to match the dark hair or the pale skin.

But perhaps that was because Patrice de Vernon was far paler than usual to-day. There was not one scrap of colour in her cheeks as she came forward, although she walked upright, with her head flung back.

The three stopped close by Madame Campan, and the head mistress spoke again.

"Patrice de Vernon, go and stand upon the



"'Why?' The Emperor's single word cut through her hesitation like a knife. 'Tell me the whole story, and at once'" —p. 92

Drawn by
G. E. Brock

THE QUIVER

Cross of the Legion of Honour, in the manner which His Majesty, the Emperor, has commanded. His Majesty, the Emperor, has commanded."

The girl obeyed in silence, and took her place in the very middle of the black marble cross, planting her small feet firmly in their sandalled shoes and white stockings. Madame Campan went on speaking in the same grave, sad voice.

"Patrice de Vernon, it is a painful and solemn duty which I have to perform to-day. It is the first time that it has been necessary since this school was founded in the year of Austerlitz, and as a memorial of that wonderful victory. As you all know, our sash is a badge of honour; it is the same as his sword or his epaulets to a soldier of the Empire; that is how His Majesty wished that you should regard it. To have it removed for a few hours or a few days is a punishment which you all dread; its complete deprivation is something which I have never before been compelled to inflict."

Madame Campan paused for an instant, and a low murmur, a kind of shiver, ran all through the closely packed girls. Mollie O'Donald, her face now nearly as white as that of her friend Patrice, stood motionless—staring—longing with all her heart to run away and hide herself, so that she might not see what was coming.

"But I won't do that—I won't do that," the girl whispered to herself over and over again. "I mustn't be a coward. I can stand it, surely, if Patrice can; it's much, much worse for her—a million times worse."

"I cannot act otherwise in this case," Madame Campan was speaking again. "Patrice de Vernon has disobeyed one of the most important rules of the school, and, more than that, she refuses to show any shame or penitence. Not only did she betray the trust reposed in her, and risk the lives of her younger schoolfellows—not only did she break bounds wilfully and deliberately—but she will give me no explanation whatsoever of her wicked act."

Again Madame paused; again she went on slowly:

"Patrice de Vernon, for the last time I will give you the opportunity to speak, to express penitence, although—alas!—you cannot clear yourself. Have you nothing to say?"

Silence again for an instant. Then the girl who stood on the black cross spoke quietly and clearly, dropping a little curtsy to the head mistress.

"I have nothing to say, madame," she answered.

"Then I cannot soften the penalty," Madame Campan said gravely. "I am compelled to inflict the punishment which the Emperor himself ordered in such a case—to deprive you of your sash, with all that the sash means—to declare that, from this moment you, Patrice de Vernon, are no longer one of the Emperor's adopted children—no longer a daughter of the Legion of Honour. Monitors, do your office."

Two of the senior girls stepped forward and stood beside Patrice on the black marble cross.

They unfastened the violet sash, threw it down on the ground, and trampled upon it. Then they drew back hurriedly, and left the girl standing alone.

Her face was whiter than ever, yet she still carried her head high, and showed no sign of shame. But she looked desperately unhappy, so unhappy that Mollie clenched her hands together and gave a little sob of wretchedness.

"Oh, don't look at her—don't all of you stare at her like that! It's cruel—cruel," she burst out fiercely. "Why can't everybody go away and—leave her! Oh, I wish the ground would open and swallow us all up—Patrice and everybody!"

The ground did not open, but, as Mollie afterwards remarked, the stars fell, which came to much the same thing.

CHAPTER II

The Best-known Man in Europe

IN their intense excitement neither girls nor mistresses had noticed a clattering of hoofs and rolling of wheels which sounded from the direction of the main entrance, on the other side of the château.

The very first warning of an arrival which anybody received was when a little group of men came round the angle of the big building and entered the courtyard.

The leader of the group was a short, rather stout man, who yet seemed, in a strange way, to dwarf all the others—to make them seem unimportant and insignificant, as if they were not worth looking at.

He wore a long grey overcoat above his dark green uniform, for the spring sunshine was cold. Whilst all the others with him had gold lace and plumed helmets and medals and stars by the dozen, his black three cornered hat was perfectly plain, and he wore only one small medal of red and white enamel on a red ribbon.

His face was very pale, with regular features, and a beautiful mouth, firmly closed, above the strong chin. The strangest thing in that strange face were his eyes, for their colour seemed different to almost all who saw him: some say they were blue, others grey; others again, brown, or hazel or yellow. For they changed with every mood, so that when he was pleased they could be grey-blue, and when he was angry almost black.

Not the tiniest girl there needed to be told the name of the newcomer. For he was the best-known man in France—in Europe—in the world.

The Emperor came slowly forward, followed by his little group of gaily-uniformed aides-de-camp and attendants.

There was a shadow of anger on his face. His eyes were dark enough now and his brows drawn together as he spoke to Madame Campan.

A DAUGHTER OF THE LEGION

"So you have called out the whole school, then, to receive me? And who told you that I was coming, madame? I intended that this should be a surprise visit; I did not wish these preparations—these company manners."

Madame Campan curtsied low, and her face was very troubled and anxious.

"It is indeed a surprise, Your Majesty," she said. "We had no warnings—made no preparations. Alas, it is not in Your Majesty's honour that our young ladies are assembled this afternoon."

"Alas! What do you mean by that? What is the matter? Why are you pulling a face as long as my arm, madame?" The Emperor spoke sharply, his eyes glancing quickly from place to place, until finally they reached Patrice. "Ah!" He gave a sharp exclamation, stared fixedly at the girl, and spoke dryly. "It is a parade for punishment . . . I see."

"It is the punishment which you yourself devised, sire. Patrice de Vernon has been deprived of her sash."

"Ah! 'Tis a serious matter, then? What is this crime, ch? I said that the punishment was only to be used in extreme cases, as you know."

"I considered that this case was extreme, Your Majesty—a case of disobedience and impudence."

"Well? Come—come, tell me at once, madame. I hate shilly-shallying! But that's the way of women."

The Emperor spoke more sharply than ever, but Madame Campan answered very gravely and quietly, her hands, in their black mittens, folded over each other, her eyes cast down. Madame had served and spoken with so many kings and queens that she was not likely to be frightened—even by the Emperor.

"Mademoiselle de Vernon is one of the elder girls, sire; she belongs, as you see, to the first class. As you yourself commanded, the younger children are put in the charge of the seniors, who, for the time being, are entirely responsible for them and for their safety and well-being. Last week Mademoiselle de Vernon took two of the little girls for a walk in the woods of the school, knowing, of course, that they are strictly forbidden to leave the grounds on any pretext."

"Well?" The Emperor spoke sharply and impatiently, scarcely giving the head mistress time to draw breath, for which she had paused.

"Half an hour later the two little girls returned alone and crying, one of them with a cut knee. They said that Mademoiselle de Vernon had left them, and climbed over the fence into the road, telling them not to follow her, but to wait until she returned. They waited for a time, and then something frightened them, so that they ran back to the school, so fast that little Eleonore fell down and hurt herself."

"Well—well?" It was plain that ordinary speech was not quick enough for the Emperor.

"Mademoiselle de Vernon did not return for more than an hour," said Madame Campan im-

pressively. "And then she would give no explanation, Your Majesty, of her insubordinate and most improper conduct. As she has remained obstinate in her silence, I decided that I was bound to inflict the extreme punishment which you have yourself decreed, and to expel her from the school."

"So?" The Emperor stood in silence for a few minutes, staring intently at Madame Campan.

Then he turned towards the culprit, his thin, black brows drawn together, his lips set rigidly.

The Emperor and the schoolgirl faced each other. Patrice was very white, but her blue eyes looked straight into the strange, yellow-grey ones.

Napoleon spoke at last, in the queer, clipped phrases which were always so foreign and unfrench to his subjects.

"Well? Answer me at once. What have you to say for yourself?"

He spoke exactly as he might have spoken to a soldier of his army caught in the very act of desertion or some other serious military crime.

And Patrice answered very much as a scidier might have answered, also. Listening breathlessly, Mollie remembered that they were amon the first words which her friend had spoken that afternoon.

"I have nothing to say, Your Majesty."

"Nothing? But that will not do. I have ordered you to speak—to say something. You must have some defence, some excuse—some reason for what you did. You don't wish me to believe you an imbecile, girl? Come, come, find something to say—even if it is only lies."

Patrice flushed crimson, and flung back her head proudly.

"I do not lie, sire," she said. "I have nothing to say except this—that you would have done exactly the same yourself."

"I?"

The Emperor stared, as though he could not believe his ears. The aides-de-camp, the school-mistresses, Madame Campan, the packed crowds of girls stared, too. For everyone heard the clearly spoken words.

But as for Patrice, she was quite unconscious of all those many-coloured, terrified, amazed pairs of eyes gazing at her; she saw only the yellow-grey ones.

"Do you know what you are saying, young woman?" There was anger as well as surprise in the low, harsh voice. "You accuse me—of being capable of neglecting my duty, of deserting my post, of disobeying orders—I, who was a soldier before I was an Emperor!"

"Yes. I was thinking of that time, sire, before you were an Emperor, when you were—just a soldier."

"What do you mean?" The question was snapped out.

"Why, my father has told me of those days. He was at Toulon, and in the armies of Italy and of the Rhine, before he was killed at Austerlitz."

THE QUIVER

"His name?"

"Antoine de Vernon."

"His rank?"

"Captain."

"Captain de Vernon. Yes, I remember. So you are his daughter. He was a brave man—as brave as any in my armies."

"Yes, sire." Patrice's cheeks were flushed; she held her head high.

"And you . . . are a coward!"

The word struck like a whiplash, and all the colour left the girl's face in an instant.

"A coward, I say!" the Emperor repeated.

"You ran away—you deserted your post; you who bore the proud name of an orphan of Austerlitz, one of my adopted children—a Daughter of the Legion. And you dare to say that I would have done the same!"

"Once, sire, you *did* the same!"

It sounded as if all those present drew a long breath of horror at the same moment. From their faces one would have thought that they truly expected the earth to open and swallow up Patrice.

And, indeed, she wished that it would do so. But, since it did not, she must go on speaking, chokingly, unevenly, in spite of those fierce, yellow eyes fixed upon her.

"It was at Toulon. My father has told me—he was at Fort L'Eguillette also, sire."

"You need not tell me that—go on!" The Emperor bit off his words sharply.

"He told me . . . that one night you left your post and your men, that you disobeyed the orders of the general because—because—there was something more important to do."

"Well? And if I did? I do not see that this old story concerns you now. There were men's lives at stake, and I was obliged that night to take—certain risks—" Napoleon's voice was as curt and sharp as ever, but there was a queer, dancing light in his eyes, as if he loved to remember those old days.

"It was the same with me, sire. I had to leave my post, to desert my charge—to take risks also, for—for a certain reason—"

"Why?" The Emperor's single word cut through her hesitation like a knife. "Tell me the whole story, and at once."

"I—I cannot," Patrice steadied her voice with an effort and faced him bravely. "It concerns another, and—I promised not to speak."

"A very good excuse—to save your face," the Emperor sneered. "It sounds very noble, very conscientious, but . . . I do not accept a story like that, my child. So if you do not tell your story and prove yourself innocent—why, I shall take it that you are guilty."

"I—can't," Patrice repeated, and her cheeks were crimson again. "Besides, even if I hadn't promised—it would sound—it would sound—as if I were trying to make myself out to be—to be brave. And that would be horrible."

"All people do not find it so," Napoleon remarked dryly. "Come, you must overcome this modesty of yours, unless it is all put on to give

yourself time to make up a good story—or a good lie."

Patrice flung back her head defiantly at the stinging sarcasm in the Emperor's tone.

"I have said that I do not lie, sire," she said proudly. "But—I do not break my word, either. And I promised. . . . If only the little girls had obeyed me and stayed where I left them, there would have been no trouble at all. But they did not wait for me, they ran away—the little wretches!"

"Margot was stung by a bee," protested an indignant baby voice from the crowd of small girls. "And—and it hurt; and you told us not to come with you. So—so we ran back to school, and I fell down and cut my knee."

"What a cruel, traitorous insect to sting its namesake—eh, my little Bees?" Suddenly the Emperor's vivid, unexpected smile changed his whole face as he glanced across at the tearful children. "We must find something to heal the wounds of Margot and Eleonore. But, in the meantime, I am waiting for your story, mademoiselle."

"I can't tell it," Patrice repeated in a low voice.

"If *on't*, eh?"

"Won't, then, sire." She raised her head and met his eyes again.

The Emperor frowned impatiently, but before he could speak again an entirely new actor began to play his part. From amongst the little group of soldiers who formed the suite of Napoleon a tall young man came forward—a man who was really only a boy, for he was certainly not more than seventeen years old.

He was not in the least good-looking, but his fair face—very red at the present moment—was pleasantly ugly, and he had honest, wide-open brown eyes.

"May I speak, sire?" he said shyly. "*Instead* of mademoiselle, I mean."

"Eh, what do you mean, Captain Victor? How can you?"

"I think I can. I fancy I can tell you the rest of the story."

"But—how can you?" Patrice burst out. "I have never seen you before in my life!"

"But I have seen *you*, mademoiselle, unless I am much mistaken. I was fishing in the mill pond at the edge of the wood yonder one afternoon last week."

"Oh!" Patrice flushed. "Then—then you saw—"

"I saw a tiny boy fall into the water . . . and I saw a certain young lady come flying down through the wood to his rescue. I saw her save him—at the risk of her own life—while I was running along the bank and cursing the size of the pond and the fact that I cannot swim a stroke. And before I could reach the place you had gone, and the little boy with you."

"Is this true?" the Emperor said quietly.

"Yes; it was little Pierrot from the mill. . . . I *had* to try and save him. I ordered the



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A DAUGHTER OF THE LEGION

children not to move, and ran as fast as I could."

"But why did you not tell all this to Madame Campan first, and to me now?"

"Because I promised Laure at the mill that I would not say anything. She is the little boy's step-sister, and he was in her charge. Oh, she was so terrified that her step-mother would hear—and I know she is cruel to her often. She must not know; *please* do not let her know!"

"She shan't know—that I promise you, since you risked expulsion rather than break your word; eh, madame?"

"She risked more than expulsion, sire. It was a wonder she did not lose her life in the mill-race," said Madame Campan, and as she spoke a little thrill ran through the girls and mistresses, for they all knew the dark, swirling waters of the mill pond very well.

The Emperor spoke briskly.

"Come, come, don't get emotional! I hate emotion, and women give way to it so easily. Let us get straight to the point, and that is, I take it, madame, that this young lady deserves to be rehabilitated—reinstated—re-sashed!"

"Most certainly, Your Majesty." Madame Campan's voice was warm and eager enough now. "She has entirely vindicated herself—or this young gentleman has done it for her—and I cannot express my joy, my relief——"

"Don't try, I beg, or we shall have some more emotion." As he spoke the Emperor stooped and picked up the violet sash which lay on the ground at Patrice's feet. He flung it over her shoulder with a little laugh.

"There, tie it on yourself, my child; these fingers of mine are very clumsy at such things. But I'm glad to have had a hand in clearing your name, for your father's sake, and for your own, too."

"Oh, sire—I——" Patrice could say no more. She sank down upon her knees and kissed the Emperor's beautiful, white hand.

"Chut! Don't be emotional, child; haven't I just told you that I hate it?" But the Emperor's voice was very kind, so soft and tender that one would have said it was another man speaking. "Come, cheer up, my child—my daughter of the Legion—and, by my honour, a worthy daughter, too."

CHAPTER III

A Mystery

"O H, dear me, it's vastly dull to be back at this hateful dusting and sweeping again, after such an exciting day as yesterday," sighed Mollie O'Donald, trailing her broom dismally over the floor of the great hall. "I feel so depressed, so—so *flat*."

"Tis not the excitement which is making you depressed, Mollie," said Christine Crouzet,

in her solid, practical way as she polished a long mirror with a piece of leather. "It is the jam."

"It's nothing of the sort," began Mollie indignantly. "I am sure I——"

"There were at least twenty different kinds of preserves in the baskets which the Emperor sent for our supper, and I'm certain you tried them all," remarked Christine placidly. "Why, you told me so yourself yesterday evening, Mollie; you were *proud* of it. And then there was the ice-cream—I'm sure you had at least three saucers, and——"

"Well, what if I did!" Mollie spoke defiantly. "His Majesty meant us to enjoy his present, and I'm sure I needed something to cheer me up after that awful inspection. How could anyone expect that he would look at all our work and knitting himself? And me with the heel of my stocking wrongly turned, and a stitch dropped into the bargain!"

"The Emperor couldn't have noticed that, though. Why should he know anything about knitted stockings?" protested Zoë de Valence.

"My child, the Emperor notices everything and knows everything; I am quite convinced of that," answered Mollie solemnly. "I saw his eyes go *through* my stockings, and it made me so nervous that I——"

"Answered him in Irish instead of French," Patrice broke in merrily. "At least, it was such a mixture of both that he asked if you were speaking a foreign language."

Mollie tossed her head again, looked offended for a minute, and then joined in the laughter against herself, as she was apt to do.

"Well, I'm not ashamed of being half-Irish, so there!" she declared. "And, anyway, I wasn't the person who made herself most prominent yesterday. Tell me, Patrice dear, what does it feel like to be a heroine?"

"Oh, do be quiet!" Patrice broke out, with flushed cheeks and real anger in her eyes. "I won't be called by such hateful, ridiculous names. I wouldn't have thought it of you, Mollie, you, who are my friend. I want to forget all that absurd fuss just about nothing at all. Maman knows now that I wasn't just—just disobedient, and that's all that matters. As for the rest, I agree with His Majesty—I don't like *emotion*."

Patrice tilted her already rather impudent little nose still higher, and used her broom very vigorously.

"Oh, Patrice, do you really hate it *all*, even when that splendid young man came forward to defend you like—like a Knight of the Round Table?" Zoë sighed romantically, clasping her duster to her heart. "I should have loved that part—it must have been just wonderful."

"It wasn't wonderful at all—only very uncomfortable," Patrice retorted with a frown. "And, for the matter of that, I thought he was quite an ordinary-looking boy, with freckles all over his nose. Of course, I am very grateful to him for putting things right, and it was very

THE QUIVER

lucky for me that he saw what really happened; but—oh, I do wish that you wouldn't talk any more about it. We've got quite enough to do, without wasting any more time, if the hall is to be swept and dusted before Maman comes down."

Patrice proceeded to sweep so energetically, raising a cloud of dust, that she sent Zoë flying to the other end of the great hall, in which Madame Campan's own particular classes for the elder girls were held each morning.

It was the especial duty of the first class to keep this part of the school clean, and it was a tiring and grimy business after such extra festivities as those of the previous night, when dances and games and feasting on the Emperor's cakes and jam-tarts had lasted until the terribly late hour of nine o'clock.

The pupils at the Imperial Educational Establishment of Ecouen could not be accused of wasting too much time on useless accomplishments. The Daughters of the Legion—the Emperor's Busy Bees—were thoroughly trained in what we should now call domestic science. They learnt to cook, they kept the huge building clean, with the aid of very few servants, and those only for the roughest work; they mended, and marked their own clothes.

Friday of every week was washing-day, and the schoolgirls rose at four o'clock and stood for four hours at the wash-tubs before they began their regular lessons, afterwards spreading the clean linen to dry on the lawns at the back of the château.

On the other days of the week they were up and dressed at six o'clock in summer and seven in winter.

Besides this, the big girls of the first class had one other very important duty. Each one of them had to take care of a little pupil of the lowest class, washing her, dressing her, and in every way "mothering" the small child.

On the whole, the big girls rather liked it; it was much the same as having a live doll to play with—at least, that was how Mollie regarded Eleonore Verrey, who was her special charge, whilst little Margot Rousseau was Patrice's "baby."

For a few minutes the girls worked diligently and in silence, then Zoë spoke from the window-seat, where she had perched herself, for Zoë was terribly lazy, and always tried to make some excuse not to dirty her hands.

"What was his name, Patrice?" she said thoughtfully.

"If *hose* name?" Patrice asked perplexedly, pausing in her sweeping.

"Why, the splendid young man—your defender, your true knight. You cannot say that you don't know, for I heard the Emperor himself present him to you."

"Oh, you're still thinking about *him*," Patrice wrinkled up her nose in annoyance. "I believe he is called Victor—Captain Victor Victor."

"Victor Victor. Oh, how exciting—what a

wonderful name! I think it is simply beautiful!" Zoë declared, clasping her hands.

"I don't see anything wonderful about it," Patrice said carelessly. "He is a nephew of Marshal Victor; I suppose that is why the Emperor made such a *child* his aide-de-camp. But do try to forget about him, Zoë. I'm simply sick of the subject; and I've something *much* more interesting to talk about, if you'll only listen now that we've finished the sweeping."

"Oh, what is it, Patrice?" asked Mollie eagerly, her eyes beginning to dance in the way which always meant mischief.

"It's a plan—a splendid plan," Patrice told them solemnly. "I thought of it in the night, because the ice-cream did make me feel *rather* sick. It's a way to pay out those mean cats of Paulines."

"Oh, tell us quickly!"

Mollie's eyes were dancing more wickedly than ever as she spoke, and even slow Christine and lackadaisical Zoë crowded close to Patrice as she perched on the arm of Madame Campan's big, throne-like chair and waved her broom like a fairy's wand.

For Patrice was famous in the whole school for inventing plans, which were often wild and mischievous enough; and a plan to pay out the "Paulines" was just what was wanted at the present moment.

Each of the ten dormitories, you must know, was called after some member of the Emperor's family—his mother, his sisters, his step-daughter. There were the dortoirs Letizia, Hortense, Elise, Pauline, Caroline, and so on; and between these dortoirs, or dormitories, there was much rivalry, as was only to be expected.

At present the feud between the dortoir Pauline and the adjoining dormitory Hortense was very fierce. And it was to Hortense that Patrice and Mollie and all their particular friends belonged.

"They are such mean, shabby creatures, those Paulines," Patrice declared, with her nose in the air contemptuously. "And now they are planning another mean, shabby trick for to-night."

"What is that? And how do you know, Patrice?" asked Mollie eagerly.

"Why, this morning the door between the dormitories was just ajar when we were dressing, and I heard them talking—Agathe Marbois and that sly Rosette Grenx. You know how sharp my ears are—I just can't help hearing things; and I don't know that I would have helped *that* if I could," added Patrice honestly.

"Agathe. But she can't have been planning mischief surely; she is so *good*," Christine opened her honest round eyes very widely.

"Yes, she's good—on the outside. *Inside* she's a cat," said Patrice decidedly. "But we will pay her out to-night for all her cattiness."

"How?"

"I'll tell you if you'll let me speak. They've made this shabby plan, the Paulines."

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A DAUGHTER OF THE LEGION

"What is it they mean to do?" Mollie's voice was impatient.

"Why, to have a feast in the dortoir."

"A feast!"

"Yes; to-night, after we've all gone to bed."

"But, Patrice—a feast! Why, that's nothing. We've all had feasts in the dortoirs, and there's nothing mean about *that*."

"We've never had a feast like this one," Patrice said impressively. "Girls, listen. They mean to steal some of the *Emperor's* cakes and sweetmeats—that's what their feast is to be."

Patrice spoke very solemnly, and the faces of her hearers grew grave likewise as they listened. For the remainder of the good things which Napoleon had provided so lavishly from Paris for his protégées at Ecouen, and which had arrived at the school in huge wicker baskets, had been put aside by Madame Campan for a special purpose—to give a wonderful treat to some of the poor village children on the following Sunday.

"Oh, how mean! That's just like those pigs of Paulines!" burst out Mollie angrily.

"Didn't I say so? That's why I've made my plan—why I mean to put a stop to their feast."

"But how can you?"

Patrice leant forward and spoke in a slow, impressive voice, although her eyes were shining.

"I mean to stop it by bringing Maman Campan herself into the dormitory, just at the moment when they are planning to creep down to the still-room and steal the things. They've stolen the key—oh, yes, I heard *all* about it."

"But, Patrice"—Mollie wrinkled her forehead perplexedly, staring at her friend. "I don't see how . . . you—you wouldn't tell tales, would you? No, you couldn't do that."

"No." Patrice shook her head vigorously. "I'm not a sneak and a tell-tale, Mollie, my child; you ought to know me better than that. Of course, I shan't say a word to Madame Campan."

"Nor to any of the other mistresses?"

"Nor to any of the other mistresses."

"But I don't see . . . do you mean . . . are you going to write a letter, then, to tell madame about it?" Christine asked slowly.

"Of course not, Christine. That would be just the same as speaking to them—just as sneakish and mean. I'm not a Pauline, thank you! No, I'm not going to tell anybody anything; but Maman Campan will give those horrid creatures a fine fright, all the same, I can tell you."

"But I don't see——" Christine began again perplexedly, her eyebrows almost disappearing in her hair.

"I don't intend you to see, my dear; nor you, Mollie, nor anybody else. That's my plan, so far as I'm going to tell it to you now, and it's the very best I ever made. But don't worry. You'll know everything, all in good time. You will see what you will see—if you look through the keyhole into 'Pauline' this evening."

Not another word or hint could her companions extract from Patrice with all their coaxing. She jumped lightly down from her throne, and ran away to bestow her broom and duster in the cupboard where such things were kept, each hanging neatly upon its appointed peg.

The inmates of dortoir Hortense, who had been admitted to even this small share of Patrice's great plan, found the day drag its length away very slowly indeed. They were all full of badly suppressed excitement, and Mademoiselle Durand, who was in charge of these thirty girls, wondered what was amiss with them when they showed such unusual eagerness to go to bed in good time, and seemed so very soundly asleep when she made her final rounds half an hour later.

"I trust they are not sickening for a fever," she said with anxious gravity to the head mistress, and Madame Campan, who was not without a sense of humour, answered as seriously:

"I think 'tis far more likely, mademoiselle, that they are sickening from the Emperor's sweetmeats. It is just as well that he does not pay these surprise visits to the school *every* day."

The two dormitories, Pauline and Hortense, were connected by a door, which was always locked by the mistress in charge. Towards this door the two white-clad figures of Mollie O'Donald and Christine Crouzet crept stealthily, when faint sounds from the next room told that the Paulines were stirring.

Very quaint the two girls looked in the hugely full nightgowns, made of stiffly starched piqué, which all of them wore. Christine's fair hair was in a thick, soft plait, falling nearly down to her knees, but Mollie's stiff red locks stuck out wildly in two odd little pigtails—which were really rather like their name, as it happened.

"Aren't you coming to look yourself, Patrice?" whispered Mollie, as the other girl did not stir from her narrow bed, which was nearest to the dividing door between the dormitories.

"No, I'd rather stay here, warm and comfortable. I'm not a bit excited, Mollie. I know all about it, and just what you'll see. H'sh."

A whisper had come to them through the door—faint, but just audible.

"Are you ready, Claire? Here is the key of the still room, then."

"Cowards! They are sending poor little Claire Romaine, because she's weak and silly, but I'll stop them!" came from the bed where Patrice still lay curled up, and at the same instant a muffled cry broke from Mollie, who for the moment was monopolizing the keyhole, and stood with one of her eyes pressed tightly against it.

"Oh! She's there—Maman is there!"

"Maman!" Christine gasped at her shoulder.

"Yes; she's standing in the window—watching. Oh, Patrice, I didn't really believe you could—I thought you were only jacking."

THE QUIVER

"Let me see—let me look at once," Placid Christine was quite excited for once as she pushed Mollie aside and applied her own eye to the opening.

"Well, what happened?" Patrice demanded as she sat up in bed, and Mollie crept across the floor between to perch on the end of it and give her account.

"Why—why—I could just see the window nearest this door, you know. And suddenly the curtain was pulled away, and there stood Maman herself in the moonlight, staring into the room."

"You're *sure* it was Maman?" Patrice whispered back eagerly.

"Sure? Of course I am. Do you think I could make any mistake? There she stood in her black gown and her big black hood. Oh, listen—"

There were audible gasps of terror from the next dormitory, then a creaking, rustling sound, which told of hurried returns to bed. And then Agathe Marbois's voice, frightened but prim.

"Truly, madame, we—meant no harm. Sure, little Claire had complained so of tooth-ache, and I did but mean to fetch a shawl from the chest of drawers and wrap it round her face."

"Oh, fibber," gasped Patrice, hugging her knees now, and gurgling with suppressed laughter. "Christine, tell us what they are doing now—quick!"

"Maman stands there in the window, never moving," Christine whispered back. "She hasn't spoken yet, not a word; won't it be *terrible* when she does? And 'Gathe is trying to wriggle out of punishment, as usual—to pretend that she was being such a good girl. . . . And—oh!"

A gasp of utter amazement broke from Christine; she turned a face white with terror towards her companions.

"Oh!" she gasped again, and this time not only Mollie, but Patrice also was startled.

"What is it? What is the matter?" she asked. "Tell us quickly, Christine."

"There are—there are—oh, but 'tis impossible!"

"What are there? What have you seen, Christine, to frighten you so?" Patrice whispered impatiently, whilst all the girls in the dormitory sat up in their beds, listening eagerly.

"There are . . . oh, I saw it myself!" Christine whispered brokenly. "There are *two* Madame Campans!"

(End of Chapter Three)



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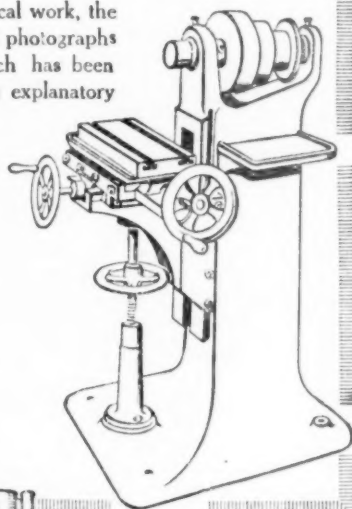
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